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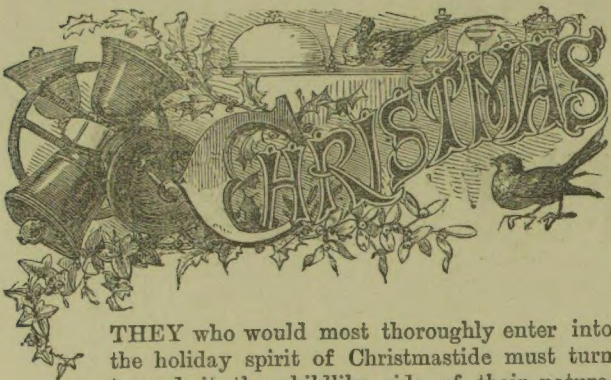
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SATURDAY, DEC. 16, 1871.

CHRISTMAS DOUBLE NUMBER } ONE SHILLING
AND COLOURED PICTURE } BY POST, 1S. 4D.



THE BURNING OF WARWICK CASTLE.



THEY who would most thoroughly enter into the holiday spirit of Christmastide must turn towards it the childlike side of their nature. Perhaps the most fascinating of the charms which it exerts upon us is, that it not only lures back our thoughts to the days of our own childhood, but gathers our liveliest sympathies around those who have not yet bidden adieu to that blissful season of existence. Apart from the mysteries of religion to which the great winter anniversary calls attention—with which, of course, it would be out of place here to meddle—'tis the children that make Christmas what it is. Take them away, and the bloom of the holiday is lost. The simplicity of their aspirations, the reality of their faith, the keen zest of their enjoyments, the spontaneous welling-up of their merriment, the efflorescence of their love, the purity and fulness of their joy—these are the things which unite to make the gladness of Christmas. They throw a potent and transforming spell over all who come within the magic circle of their influence. They rejuvenate even such as are far advanced in manhood. They reopen, for the time being, the springs of laughter-loving mirth, cleansing them of the cares which, like heaps of rubbish, have choked them, and causing them to run clear once more, as in the earlier and well-remembered times. Therefore, welcome—a thousand times welcome—Christmas, for our own sakes, as well as for “the younglings of the flock”! It is through their eyes we love to look at thee. It is with their hearts, throbbing with fresh emotions, we delight to converse with thee. It is with their expectations we greet thine approach with wistful joy. It is in and through them we appreciate the kindly humour of thy transient reign.

We are not likely—this year, at all events—to forget the rougher and sterner traits of Christmastide. There is usually a character of weather in the season which challenges our powers of endurance. Doubtless there are some who find their highest luxury of life in the frost and snow and keen blasts of winter. It is their sport to brave them. It is not merely health but pleasure to them to test their strength, and get the mastery over them. But most people shrink from a severe season, even although they may think, and justly think, that when resolutely met it does them good. Be their taste in this respect, however, what it may, they ordinarily enjoy the festivities of Christmas all the more on account of the bleak and ungenial atmosphere which commonly prevails in December. The contrast between indoor pleasures and out-of-door severities heightens the sense of enjoyment. Under a blazing Midsummer sun, as in Australia, it would seem to us that the peculiarly domestic and social elements of the holiday might disappear. Even in our northern climate it is wont to be felt that a mild, balmy, enervating interval of weather at this period takes the crispness out of our hilarity. It is preferable to wet certainly, but not to frost—at least, in the estimation of those who are blessed with a fair measure of health, animal spirits, and means of subsistence. No; barring indigence and sickness, most folk like their Christmas holiday to be set off, if we may so say, with the atmospheric conditions best symbolised by the holly—in which the clustered bright scarlet berries are environed by dark green, hard, and prickly leaves. A clear, still sky above; hard ground below; eaves and windows hung with crystal drapery; snow, if you will, but free from dampness; every sound audible and ringing; every twig coming out distinctly above the horizon; Nature cold, nude, and statuesque, but with a smile on her countenance and a loving expression in her eyes—nothing better harmonises with the festivities of the season.

And now we pass from the open—to use a military phrase—into the domicile. What an outburst of winter greenery! Mouldings, cornices, mirrors, picture-frames, every “coigne of vantage” laced or draped with evergreen; somewhere amid which, duly conspicuous, hangs the bough of mistletoe. Fires are bright and cheery, and all things wear an aspect of uncommon snugness. The boys and girls, home from school, impatient of any loss of time, have had their preliminary opening of budgets, their confabs, their foretastes of anticipated pleasures; and as you step across the threshold merry voices come upon your ear and stir affectionate emotions. There is a mustering of relatives, the unmarried and the childless, once more rejoicing to contribute their part towards making up the family circle. And there are mutual greetings, and loving inquiries, and tender reminiscences, and mingling sympathies, and a refreshing of old ties, and a gradual melting into reunion. The absent ones—alas! too often there are absent ones to be remembered—link those who remain into closer unity, and all remind each, and each all—not in words, perhaps, but in looks—that life is not an unbroken holiday, but a battle, with many alternations of

triumph and defeat. Then comes the feast, presided over, in most cases we may hope, by the household sanctities, and filling all hearts with hilarious affection. In due time follow the evening sports. What they are scarcely signifies, for children mingle and sparkle in them, imparting to their seniors, nothing loth, some fresh life from the exuberance of their own. Philosophy may laugh at the custom of observing, and especially of thus observing, the season; but most people, after all, are glad to purchase a momentary reversion to the days and feelings of childhood, at the not very burdensome expense of a jeer from the few men who cannot appreciate its worth.

With scenes such as we have suggested in reserve for them presently, our readers, we trust, will not object to glance round them, by way of preparation, at the present aspect of public affairs. There is a cloud of domestic affliction which, even while we write, has not ceased to impend over the Royal Family and the nation of Great Britain, but we hope and trust it will pass away. The political aspect of this kingdom and of Europe is fair. Last Christmas one of the most gratuitous, the cruellest, the most murderous and destructive wars of modern times was being waged on the soil of France. It cast a broad, dark shadow of grief and anxious fear over the minds of neighbouring nations. Thank God, it is gone, and exists now only in the past. This year our customary rites will not be saddened by thoughts of international conflict. There is “peace on earth.” Everywhere, we may say, there is peace, together with a good promise that it will be enduring. As to this United Kingdom, it has never looked abroad upon so tranquil a prospect since the Crimean War. East and west alike, the sky is for the present unclouded, and the political barometer points to “set fair.” Appearances, we know well enough, may be fallacious; but, after every deduction has been made on this ground, we are warranted in expecting a long spell of international quiet. And, happily, there is general prosperity—activity in almost all trades, full employment of labour, good wages, easy rates of discount, courageous, perhaps somewhat too reckless, commercial enterprise. A glow of thankfulness may well fill our hearts, that we are about to “keep the feast” free from the apprehensions and anxieties which cannot but accompany the clash of arms without, or the wails of misery within, our beloved country.

Gratitude, however, which does not take a concrete shape is but a shabby gratitude. Christmas bids us to be liberal, and we can obey the injunction without fear of intensifying or extending the evils we wish to assuage. The season is an exceptional one. Even in our work-houses the poor inmates are feasted. The practice is praiseworthy. “Christmas comes but once a year.” We can hardly do wrong in helping to make it a time of gladness to any of our neighbours. It is quite possible to do so without ministering to depraved appetites or adding to the momentum of pauperising tendencies. “Good-will towards men.” Be this our motto, the dictate at once of our humanity and our religion. If reason distribute the oblations which benevolence proffers to it for disposal, satisfaction may be diffused so as to reach all families, and the whole nation may be the better for a brief interval of universal joy.

The Coloured Picture.

“HOLIDAY TIME.”

Swing, little Red-Legs, swing while you may:
Make a grand use of a good summer day.
Heels on the gravel a moment, and now
Eyes that are gleaming above the big bough.
Ah! the last toss was a trifle too high,
We must mind and not kick a large hole in the sky.
What, and you nearly had slipped, little lad?
I should have caught you, be sure, if you had.
Now—easy—a careful mamma you have got,
And it's worth uncle's place if he makes you too hot.
No fun like a swing, it's the royallest play:
Swing, little Red-Legs, swing while you may.

Dear, if we tall folks, in ways and degrees
Were but permitted to swing as we please,
O what a world of debate we should save!
O how politely we all should behave!
If upon matters, of which you, the small
Swinger, know happily nothing at all,
We were allowed, without logical bother,
First to take one side, and then take the other!
But an ugly old word and a stupid old thing
“Consistency,” darling, forbid us to swing;
And you're not caring twopence for two words I say;
Swing, little Red-Legs, swing while you may.

If we might oscillate (that's a good word)
Just as the whim or the fancy occurred;
If uncle, for instance, the freedom could borrow,
To-day to be Tory, and Liberal to-morrow—
To-day might declare Mr. Stoneglad a hero,
To-morrow compare him to Otho and Nero:
To-day praise the statesman who wrote us *Lothair*,
To-morrow demand “Where's his statesmanship, where?”
To-day proclaim thanks for a Chamber of Peers,
To-morrow cry “Tumble it over their ears.”
Ah! that would be swinging, and so folk would say.
Swing, little Red-Legs, swing while you may.

Which is the wiser, my dear, of us two,
I who am talking such nonsense to you,
Or you who sit gazing, n't caring a pin,
With your collar eclipsing your round little chin?
Perhaps you can oscillate, too, in your way;
Yesterday's likings not those of to-day.
Who said that tarts were the crown of all joy,
Yet refused them for cream, tergiversating boy?

Who would play only with merry-eyed Jane,
But next day went back to grave Hester again?
Ah! have I brought you to mind what I say?
Swing, little Red-Legs, swing while you may.

Swing away, pendulum hung from the lime,
Pendulum marking but Holiday Time.
What do you fancy yourself, swaying now
Backward and forward—a bird on a bough?
A poet would probably call you a bird,
Your uncle's no poet, nor half so absurd;
You know you're no bird, and no nonsense of his,
But a bright little boy in a big state of bliss;
And you wish I'd behave like an uncle and man,
And just come and toss you as high as I can.
You're wiser than I am, I'll venture to say;
Swing, little Red-Legs, swing while you may.

S. B.

THE FIRE AT WARWICK CASTLE.

Some account of the partial destruction of Warwick Castle by fire on Sunday, the 3rd inst., was given in our last, with a view of the scene in the courtyard when the pictures and costly furniture were hastily carried out there to save them from the flames. The view of which an Engraving appears on our front page is from a sketch made on the spot, and shows the aspect of the burning pile from the river Avon and the bridge, with Caesar's Tower and Guy's Tower, which, fortunately, were not injured by the conflagration. Two or three days after the disaster, a party of thirty or forty labourers entered the ruins, and, under the directions of Captain Fosberry, Lord Warwick's agent, commenced removing the many tons of rubbish which filled the desolate chambers. There are twenty-three apartments destroyed, not counting the great hall or the great staircase, near the main entrance, both of which are in ruins. Of the former, there are now left only four bare walls, blackened, scorched, and open to the sky. With regard to the walls of the hall, it is some comfort to find that their stability has not been interfered with, and the room can be easily restored to its former grandeur. There is no crack or fissure of any importance in the surrounding masonry, and the work of restoration will be confined to a new roof and the re-decoration of the walls. Among the works of art rescued is a small painting of the bust of Shakespeare in Stratford Old Church, of great national interest, being one painted by Hall before he re-coloured the bust, in 1748.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will of Sir Henry Byng Harington, K.C.S.I., formerly of her Majesty's India Civil Service, a member of the Supreme Council of the Governor-General of India, and late Lieutenant-Governor of the North-Western Provinces of India, was proved in London, on the 10th ult., under £14,000 personality in England, by Thomas Loughborough, Esq., of Austin-friars, the surviving executor. Sir Henry commenced life as a commissioned officer in the Bengal army, but was transferred to the civil service in 1828. The testator died, Oct. 7 last, at his residence, Oxford-terrace, Hyde Park, aged sixty-three, having executed his will Dec. 7, 1868, and a codicil, Feb. 7, 1871, in which is this clause, “I hereby authorise and require my executors and trustees to return the insignia of a Knight-Commander of the Most Exalted Order of the Star of India to the secretary or registrar of the Order.” After leaving other directions and making some bequests, he bequeaths the income arising from the residue of his property, real and personal, to his wife for her life, and the principal afterwards to his three children equally.

The will of Charles Babbage, Esq., M.A., F.R.S., late of 1, Dorset-street, Portman-square, was proved in London, on the 13th ult., under £40,000 personality, by his son Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Prevost Babbage, and the Right Hon. Sir Edward Ryan, late Chief Justice of Calcutta, the acting executors and trustees, power being reserved to his sons Benjamin Herschel Babbage and Dugald Bromhead Babbage, Esqrs., also executors and trustees, to prove hereafter. The will is dated Oct. 13 last, and the testator died on the 18th of the same month, aged seventy-nine. He leaves to his son Benjamin a legacy of £1000. He bequeaths to his son Henry, for his own absolute use and disposal, his calculating machines and the machinery, tools, models, and drawings of every kind relating thereto, and all the contents and materials of his work-rooms. After making a few other bequests, he appoints his three sons, Benjamin, Dugald, and Henry, residuary legatees, in equal shares.

The will of Walpole de St. Croix, Esq., late of Fornham, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, dated June 5, 1869, which has just been proved in London by his relict (power being reserved to his brother, Nicholas de St. Croix, to prove hereafter), contains this bequest:—“I leave to my brother all prints and etchings, consisting of 500 portraits, more or less of the old school; landscapes and etchings of Rembrandt, Albert Dürer, Vandyke, and other masters; also the painting of the ‘Battle of Agincourt,’ by Titian and Tintoretto.”

The will of John Scott, the trainer, was sworn under £5000; that of Thomas Pain, of Southwold, Essex, under £14,000; and that of John Okines, Esq., formerly of St. John's-hill, Wandsworth, and late of Holly Lodge, Battersea-rise, under £70,000.

The Marquis of Bute has discharged the debt of £195 on the School for the Deaf and Dumb at Llandaff.

The sum obtained for the endowment of the Syme Surgical Fellowship amounts to £2500, which will yield £100 per annum.

Mr. T. S. Aldis, formerly scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge (2nd Wrangler in 1866), is to be an inspector of schools.

The Trade and Navigation Returns show that the great increase in our trade which has prevailed during the year continued last month.

The Bishop of Winchester, who has been ill, was sufficiently recovered to be able to lay the foundation-stone of the National Consumption Hospital at Ventnor on Monday.

The Londonderry estates of the Marquis of Waterford were, on Tuesday, sold in the Landed Estates Court. A considerable number of the lots were bought by tenants. The entire amount realised was £234,262.

The Right Hon. William Monsell, M.P., the Postmaster-General, has been appointed Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the County of Limerick, and Lieutenant of the County of the City of Limerick, in the room of the late Earl of Dunraven.

The Festival of the Three Choirs of Worcester, Gloucester, and Hereford will be held next year at Worcester. The Dean and Chapter of Worcester, on the application of the stewards, have granted the use of the nave of the cathedral for the oratorios, as usual.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The all-absorbing topic of thought and conversation since the date of our last weekly Number going to press has been the progress of the malady under which his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales had lain four weeks on a sick bed, with the fears which have lately been entertained that it would come to a fatal termination. The following are the bulletins successively issued by his joint physicians, Sir William Jenner, Bart., M.D.; William Gull, M.D.; and John Lowe, M.D., at Sandringham House, Norfolk:—

THURSDAY (Dec. 7), 9 a.m.—His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has passed a quiet night. The decline of the symptoms continues regularly. 5 p.m. His Royal Highness has passed a quiet day; there is no material change in the symptoms.

FRIDAY, 8 a.m.—His Royal Highness has passed a very unquiet night. There is a considerable increase in the febrile symptoms. 1 p.m. The Prince of Wales has slept at intervals during the morning, but there is no abatement of the graver symptoms. 5.30 p.m. His Royal Highness continues in a precarious state. The exacerbation of the symptoms which began late last evening has been attended by a great prostration of the strength. 9.30 p.m. The Prince has slept, but still continues in a prostrate condition.

NIGHT, 1 a.m.—His Royal Highness continues in the same condition as at 9.30 p.m.

SATURDAY, 8 a.m.—His Royal Highness the Prince has slept. The exhaustion has not increased, and the general conditions are somewhat more favourable. 12.15 p.m. His Royal Highness has passed the morning more tranquilly. The febrile paroxysm of yesterday is subsiding; there is no increase of exhaustion. 5 p.m. The Prince has passed the afternoon quietly, but there has been no change in the symptoms since noon. 10 p.m. His Royal Highness has slept at intervals during the evening. There is no improvement in the symptoms since noon.

NIGHT, 1 a.m.—His Royal Highness has had some sleep since ten o'clock. The symptoms continue unchanged.

SUNDAY, 8 a.m.—His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has passed a quiet night; although there is still great prostration, the graver symptoms have not increased. Noon. His Royal Highness has passed the morning tranquilly; the general condition is somewhat more satisfactory than yesterday. 5.30 p.m. The Prince of Wales has passed an unquiet afternoon, with a return of the more urgent symptoms. 10.30 p.m. The Prince has been restless during the evening, and there is no abatement of the urgent symptoms.

NIGHT, 1.30 a.m.—His Royal Highness has had a little sleep, and symptoms are unchanged.

MONDAY, 8.15 a.m.—His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has passed a restless night, with a further recurrence of the graver symptoms. The state continues precarious. Noon. The Prince of Wales remains in the same precarious condition. There has been no alteration of the symptoms during the morning. 5 p.m. His Royal Highness has passed a very restless afternoon, but the exhaustion does not increase. 10 p.m. His Royal Highness has not slept during the evening but the general state continues unchanged.

NIGHT, 1.30 a.m.—The Prince of Wales is passing a very restless night, without signs of improvement.

TUESDAY, 8 a.m.—His Royal Highness has passed a very restless night; though there are no signs of improvement, exhaustion has not increased. 12.30 p.m. His Royal Highness has passed a very restless morning. In all respects the general condition continues unchanged. 5 p.m. The Prince of Wales has passed a somewhat less restless afternoon. The general condition remains unchanged. 10 p.m. The Prince of Wales has passed a very unquiet evening, but the prostration has not increased.

NIGHT, 1 a.m.—The Prince of Wales's condition is unchanged.

WEDNESDAY, 8 a.m.—The Prince of Wales has passed another very restless night. The conditions do not improve. Noon.—His Royal Highness has passed the morning without change of symptoms.

AFTERNOON, Sandringham, 5 p.m.—His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has passed a very unquiet afternoon. There is no abatement in the gravity of the symptoms.

On Friday week, at an early hour of the morning, the Queen, at Windsor Castle, was informed of the critical condition of her eldest son. She at once intimated her intention to proceed without loss of time to Sandringham. Her Majesty left Windsor the same day, at half-past two in the afternoon, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh and the Princess Louise and attended by the Duchess of Roxburghe and Colonel Ponsonby. A special train, which was under the direction of Mr. Simpson, the deputy chairman, and Mr. Robertson, the superintendent of the Great Eastern Railway, was timed to reach Wolferton at ten minutes past seven in the afternoon. Punctually it steamed into the station. Several carriages had been sent down from Sandringham to convey her Majesty and suite up to the house, which is about two miles from the station, the road running over a bleak heath. Mr. Grieves, the station-master, had made the usual preparations for the reception of her Majesty at the station. A square piece of crimson cloth was laid down on the platform, by the side of which a two-horse brougham was drawn up. When the train came to a stand General Knollys and Colonel Ellis, who were in attendance, advanced, and assisted her Majesty as she alighted. The Queen, with the Duke of Edinburgh, at once entered the brougham, which drove off, followed by other carriages containing the members of her Majesty's suite. A week had just elapsed, that day, since her Majesty returned to Windsor from her former visit to the Prince's sick bed.

On the same day his Royal Highness Prince Arthur, who was at Dover, received the alarming news. He had the evening before presided with much ability at the annual festival of the Dover Sailors' Home. He at once left by the mail-train on the South-Eastern Railway for London on his way to Sandringham. He arrived at Charing-cross at five o'clock in the afternoon, attended by Sir Howard Elphinstone. His Royal Highness proceeded without delay to the Bishopsgate-street station and left by a special train for Sandringham. He arrived there about half-past one o'clock in the morning.

The Queen and Princess Louise drove out for a short time, on Monday afternoon, at Sandringham. Her Majesty has borne the trial with resignation and fortitude, and her great sorrow and motherly solicitude have displayed the more clearly those high qualities which belong to her as head of a nation and of a tenderly-attached family.

The intimate sympathy which has existed from the first between the Queen and the Princess of Wales has of course been strengthened by their common trouble; and the presence of the Queen in a time of so great anxiety and responsibility has been by all felt as a great support, and by the Princess of Wales especially as an infinite comfort. Princess Alice of Hesse has been constantly engaged in nursing her brother, with the help of the Princess of Wales, who left his bedside only to attend church on Sunday morning.

In another page will be found the special form of prayer appointed by the Archbishops to be read in every church in England and Wales. In many cases, it is stated, the prayers were received too late for use on Sunday morning. In some instances extemporary prayers were offered by the clergy before the sermon, in addition to the prescribed forms, and this was generally done in those Protestant congregations which do not use the Anglican liturgy. Special forms were used in the Roman Catholic churches and by the Jews. Preachers very generally referred to the Prince's illness in their sermons. Canon Liddon, at St. Paul's, and Dean Stanley, at Westminster Abbey, did so at some length. The telegrams from the provincial towns inform us that the interest felt in the news from Sandringham was fully as great as that shown in London. Some of the provincial clergy had received the special prayers by telegraph. In Scotland as well as in England the clergy very generally led their flocks to join in the national supplication.

Several important public meetings, such as the Education Conference of the Nonconformists at Manchester, and that of the Roman Catholics at Dublin convened by Cardinal Cullen, as well as public festivities and ceremonies of different kinds in many towns of the United Kingdom, have been postponed from their appointed days this week on account of the Prince's dangerous illness, and as a token of sympathy with the Queen and Royal Family.

OBITUARY OF EMINENT PERSONS.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR JAMES YORKE SCARLETT. Lieutenant-General the Hon. Sir James Yorke Scarlett, G.C.B., died, on the 6th inst., at his country seat, Bank Hall, Burnley, Lancashire. He was born, Feb. 1, 1799, the second son of the celebrated advocate Sir James Scarlett, eventually created Baron Abinger, by his first wife, Louisa Henrietta, daughter of Peter Campbell, Esq., of Kilmory, in the county of Argyle, and was brother of the late, and uncle and heir-presumptive of the present, Lord Abinger. Educated at Eton, and at Trinity College Cambridge, he joined, in 1818, the 18th Hussars. In 1840 he became Lieutenant-Colonel of the 5th Dragoon Guards, and in 1850 attained the rank of Colonel, and was appointed Brigadier-General commanding the Heavy Cavalry Brigade in the expedition to the Crimea. Scarlett signally distinguished himself at the battle of Balaklava; and subsequently took command of the whole of the British cavalry in the Crimea. For his eminent services there he was made Major-General in 1854, and was created K.C.B., Commander of the Legion of Honour, and a Knight of the Medjidie. Returning to England, he was given the command of the Cavalry Division at Aldershot, and was Adjutant-General to the forces from 1860 to 1865. He became Colonel of the 5th Dragoons in 1860, was honorary Colonel of the 40th Middlesex and 3rd Lancashire Volunteers, and in 1862 was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-General. From 1865 to 1870 he commanded the Aldershot division; and was made G.C.B. in 1869. The Hon. Sir J. Yorke Scarlett sat in Parliament for Guildford from 1837 to 1841, and was a J.P. and D.L. for Lancashire. He married, Dec. 19, 1835, Charlotte Anne, second daughter and coheir of the late John Hargreaves, Esq., of Ormerod House and Bank Hall, in the county of Lancaster, but had no issue.

ADMIRAL SIR WILLIAM RAMSAY, K.C.B. Admiral Sir William Ramsay, K.C.B., died, at Edinburgh, on the 3rd inst. He was born in Scotland, 1796, the sixth son of Sir Alexander Ramsay, Bart., of Balmain, by Elizabeth, his wife, daughter and coheir of Sir Alexander Bannerman, Bart. Having received his education at Durham School and at the Naval Academy, Gosport, he entered the Royal Navy in 1809; was at the Battle of Navarino, in 1827; and, as a Lieutenant, in 1831, commanded the Black Jake, greatly distinguishing himself by the capture, off the coast of Africa, of a slave-ship, the Maranivito, thus liberating nearly 500 slaves. In 1845 he was appointed to the command of the Terrible; and during the Crimean War was Captain of the Hogue, in the Baltic, taking charge of the seamen who were landed for the siege of Bomarsund. Ramsay became a Lieutenant in 1821, Commander in 1831, Captain in 1838, Vice-Admiral in 1864, and an Admiral in 1870. He received the insignia of a C.B. in 1855, and of a K.C.B. in 1869. Sir William was a director of the Bank of Scotland, and of several charitable institutions. He was the author of the article on "Seamanship" in the eighth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

GENERAL SIR E. F. MORRIS, K.C.B. General Sir Edmund Finucane Morris, K.C.B., Colonel 49th Regiment, died, on the 4th inst., at his residence, St. George's Lodge, Ryde, Isle of Wight. He was born in Jamaica in 1792, the third son of the late Samuel Morris, Esq., by Rachel, his wife, daughter of the late John Samuels, Esq., and was educated at Somers Hill Academy, Gloucestershire, and at Kent House, Hammersmith. In 1810 he entered the Army as Ensign in the 49th Foot, and shared in the actions of Fort George, Stoney Creek, and Plattsburg, in Canada; and subsequently at the Cape of Good Hope and in Bengal. Proceeding with his regiment to China, he commanded a brigade at the storm and capture of the heights above Canton, and for his gallantry on that occasion was made a C.B.; and afterwards, in the absence of the Commander-in-Chief, being in command of the troops, successfully repulsed the attack on the city of Ningpo. In 1843 he retired on half pay, and held, from that year to 1846, the office of Civil Commissioner and Resident Magistrate of George, Cape of Good Hope; he was also appointed an Aide-de-Camp to the Queen. Morris was made Colonel of the 49th Regiment in 1861, and nominated K.C.B. in 1867. He attained the rank of Major-General in 1854, and the brevet rank of General in 1868. He married, in 1827, Elizabeth, second daughter of the late Samuel Delpratt, Esq., of Widcomb House, Bath.

THE HON. R. F. HANDCOCK. The Hon. Robert French Handcock, Lieutenant-Colonel Commandant of the City of Dublin Artillery Militia, who died at Boulogne-sur-Mer, on the 3rd inst., was the youngest son of Richard, second Baron Castlemaine, by Anne, his wife, third daughter of Arthur French, Esq., of French Park, Roscommon. He married, April 11, 1848, Isabella Louisa, only daughter of the late James Gordon, Esq., and leaves issue.

MR. TINNEY, Q.C. William Henry Tinney, Esq., Q.C., a well-known Chancery lawyer, died, on the 30th ult., at Snowdenham, Torquay, aged eighty-eight. Mr. Tinney graduated at Oxford, and became a Fellow of Oriel College. He was called to the Bar by the Hon. Society of Lincoln's Inn in 1811, and soon attained eminence at the Chancery Bar. In 1829 he was made a Queen's Counsel, and the same year became a Bencher of his inn. Subsequently

he was made a Master in Chancery, but retired on a pension of £2500 a year on the abolition of that office. He was the contemporary of Brougham and Campbell, and, with the latter, was selected, for his deep knowledge of the law of real property, as one of the Real Property Commissioners. He married a daughter of the late Rev. Canon Hume, but leaves no issue.

MR. W. R. CROMPTON-STANSFIELD. William Rookes Crompton-Stansfield, of Esholt Hall, in the West Riding of the county of York, and of Frimley Park, in the county of Surrey, Esq., a magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant for the West Riding, died at Frimley Park on Dec. 5. He was born Aug. 4, 1790, and was the second son (the eldest died young) of Joshua Crompton, Esq., by Anna Maria, daughter of William Rookes, Esq., of Roydes Hall, near Bradford, in the West Riding, and heiress of her mother, Anne Stansfield, of Esholt Hall. He was educated at Harrow, and at Jesus College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1813 and M.A. in 1816. He was called to the Bar by the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn in 1819. On succeeding to the Esholt Hall estate he assumed the name and arms of Stansfield in addition to those of Crompton. He represented the borough of Huddersfield in Parliament from 1837 to 1853. He married, in 1824, Emma, eldest daughter of William Markham, Esq., of Becca Hall, in the West Riding, by Elizabeth, daughter of Oldfield Bowles, Esq., of North Aston, in the county of Oxford, and granddaughter of Dr. William Markham, Lord Archbishop of York. By Mrs. Crompton-Stansfield, who survives him, he had no issue.

MR. SANFORD, OF NYNEHEAD COURT. Edward Ayshford Sanford, Esq., of Nynhead Court, in the county of Somerset, J.P. and D.L., formerly M.P. for Somersetshire, died at Nynhead on the 1st inst. He was born May 23, 1794, the only son of William Ayshford Sanford, Esq., of Nynhead and Lynton, by Mary, his wife, daughter of the Rev. Edward Marshall, of Breage, Cornwall, and was grandson of John Sanford, Esq., of Nynhead, by the Hon. Jane Anstruther, his wife, daughter of Lord Newark. He received his education at Eton, and at Brasenose College, Oxford; represented in the old Whig interest Somersetshire from 1830 to 1832, and West Somersetshire from 1833 to 1841, and served as High Sheriff in 1848. The head of two very ancient houses—Sanford, of Nynhead, in the county of Somerset, and Ayshford, of Ayshford, in the county of Devon—Mr. Ayshford Sanford, personally very popular, held a leading position in the county in which he resided. He married, first, Nov. 4, 1817, Henrietta, daughter of Sir William Langham, Bart., and, secondly, Aug. 1, 1842, Lady Caroline Anne Stanhope, daughter of the third Earl of Harrington. By the former (who died in 1835) he had a numerous issue. His eldest son and heir is William Ayshford Sanford, Esq., now of Nynhead, author of works and papers on geology.

PRIZE ANIMALS AT THE SMITHFIELD CLUB SHOW.

During the week of the cattle show at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, upwards of 125,000 people were present. Although this number is slightly below the number of visitors in 1862, when the hall was first opened, it is a considerable increase upon later years, and the show of our finest specimens of Christmas beef is becoming yearly a more popular exhibition.

We this week present illustrations of several prize winners. The red steer in front of page 568 was bred by her Majesty, at the Prince Consort's Norfolk Farm, Windsor, and is a particularly neat, well-trained young animal, 2 years 3½ months old, live weight 10 cwt. 1 qr. 16 lb. He was exhibited at the Birmingham Fat Show, where he won the first prize in his class, and also the first prize of £20 in class 1 at Islington, there being seven competitors, the Prince of Wales coming third in the same class. Her Majesty's herd of Devons has been very successfully exhibited. In 1849 a Devon ox won at Birmingham, and in 1856 a young bull took the first prize as a yearling at the meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society of England at Chelmsford.

The large white ox with the sweet head and gracefully-curved horns was the "lion of the show." He not only won the first prize of £30 in his class, but took the £40 silver cup for the best steer or ox, and the £100 plate for the best beast exhibited. He was bred by the late Mr. R. Stratton, and exhibited by his son, Mr. Joseph Stratton, of Alton Priors, Wilts. His sire, Bude Light, was also a son of a Smithfield gold-medal cow, and, though bred by Mr. Stratton, has the blood flowing in his veins. His dam, April Rose, has been quite a matron, and produced Flower Girl and Village Rose, two noted prize heifers. From a calf he has always been "a good grubber," and even when down with foot-and-mouth disease, a year ago, kept his appetite well through it. Six lb. of oilcake, 4 lb. of meal, with roots and hay at pleasure, and Thorley's food as a sweetener, have been his daily portion, and, wet or dry, he has never missed his half-hour constitutional. In four years and three months his gigantic frame had evenly swelled out to a weight of 22½ cwt., and his measurements are—3 ft. 6 in. in girth; length, shoulder to tail, 5 ft. 5 in.; height, 5 ft. His grandest parts are well-developed back and ribs, an immense rotundity of chest, and very full thighs. Last spring he grew a little slack in his middle, but this point has since well filled up. At Birmingham he was also exhibited, and won the first prize in his class and medal as the best ox or steer; but judges there considered the black heifer (as seen in the other Engraving) slightly superior, and awarded her the plate as the best beast; the decision was reversed at Islington, where the judgment in favour of the white ox seemed unanimous.

The sheep on the right (page 568) is one of Mr. A. Morrison's first pen of Hampshire Down, and on the left one of Messrs. Wheeler's prize Cotswolds.

The black Scotch polled heifer (page 569) was bred by Mr. A. Paterson, of Elgin, and exhibited by Mr. J. Bruce, of Fochabers. She gained the first prize of £15 in her class and the £40 cup as the best female exhibited. Her dimensions are—girth, 8 ft. 7 in.; length, 5 ft. 2 in.; height, 4 ft. 5 in.; live weight, 18 cwt. 2 qrs. 5 lb.; age, 3 years 8½ months. She is a very beautiful specimen, exceedingly round and level, standing very wide in front, and of the finest quality. Both these animals were intended for the Leeds exhibition.

The long-horned ox in the same picture, bred and exhibited by Sir J. H. Crewe, won the £10 prize in his class, and weighs, at four years nine months old, exactly a ton. Eighty years ago this breed was extremely fashionable; but there are now but few herds left, and only three specimens were exhibited.

The sheep in this picture illustrate Pen No. 252, which received the £50 cup as the best pen in the show. They are of the Lincoln breed, and bred by Mr. J. Byron, of Kirkby-green, Sleaford. Six sheep were prepared; but as they were coming from Birmingham one of the three died, and another had to be substituted. Two of them were by a tup of Mr. Collingwood and one by Mr. Kirkham's ram; all three being from ewes by a sheep of Mr. Clarke. They won at the Oakham and Birmingham shows. The fleeces are particularly good, and the necks and forequarters wonderfully developed. This is the first time the club cup has been awarded to the Lincoln breed.



PRIZE CATTLE AND SHEEP AT THE SMITHFIELD CLUB SHOW.



PRIZE CATTLE AND SHEEP AT THE SMITHFIELD CLUB SHOW.

BIRTHS.

On the 12th inst., at Hill Foot, Ulverston, the wife of Myles Kennedy, Esq., J. P., of a son.
At 16, Queen's-gate, Lady Fairfax, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

On Sept. 2, at Valparaiso, by the Rev. W. H. Lloyd, Robert Hurst McKay, eldest son of Dr. John McKay, of Lebu, to Sarah Caroline, second daughter of the late Henry Arey, M.D.
On the 9th inst., at the parish church, Woolfardisworthy, near Bideford, North Devon, by the Rev. William Holderness, Vicar, Arthur, youngest son of Edward Rees, Esq., to Thirza, youngest daughter of Mr. John Bailey, Woolfardisworthy, in the county of Devon.

DEATHS.

On the 9th inst., at his residence, 11, Hyde Park-square, London, James Lees, Esq., of Green Bank, Oldham, in the 78th year of his age.
At Babraham, Cambridge, Laura, Lady Templemore.
At Colberg Kop, South Africa, Hans Blackwood Clements Skeffington, eldest surviving son of the late Hon. and Rev. Thomas Clotworthy Skeffington, aged 26.

•• The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths is Five Shillings for each announcement.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 23.

SUNDAY, Dec. 17.—Third Sunday in Advent.

Divine Service: St. Paul's Cathedral, 10.30 a.m., the Rev. Robert C. Packman, B.A., Minor Canon; 3.15 p.m., the Rev. Canon Liddon.
Chapels Royal: St. James's, noon, the Rev. Canon Kingsley, M.A., Rector of Eversley. Whitehall, 11 a.m. and 3 p.m., the Rev. William West Jones, B.D., Vicar of Summertown, Oxford. Savoy, 11.30 a.m., the Rev. Henry White, M.A., Chaplain of the Savoy and of the House of Commons.
Temple Church, 11 a.m., the Rev. Dr. Vaughan, Master of the Temple; 3 p.m., the Rev. Alfred Ainger, M.A., Reader at the Temple.

MONDAY, 18.—Oxford Michaelmas Term ends. Moon's first quarter, 8.41 p.m.
Royal Asiatic Society, 3 p.m.
London Institution Lecture, 4 p.m. (Prof. Huxley on Locomotion, Voice, and Speech).
Institute of Actuaries, 7 p.m.
Russell Institution, 8 p.m. (Lord Wm. Lennox on the Duke of Wellington).
Printers' Pension, &c., Corporation (Election of Orphans), 7.30 p.m.
Anthropological Institute, 8 p.m. (Mr. Joseph Kames on the Anthropology of Comte; and Mr. G. Harris on the Hereditary Transmission of Endowments).
Medical Society, 8 p.m.
Royal Institute of British Architects, 8 p.m. (Mr. Arthur Cates on the Life and Works of Penninthe).
Society of Arts, Cantor Lecture, 8 p.m. (Mr. C. Haughton Gill on the Manufacture of Sugar).
National Science Association, 8 p.m. (Professor Jacob Waley on the Devolution, Transfer, and Disposition of Land).

TUESDAY, 19.—Royal Humane Society, committee, 4 p.m.
Statistical Society, 7.45 p.m. (Dr. Balfour on the Comparative Health of Seamen and Soldiers).
Pathological Society, 7 p.m.
Civil Engineers' Institution, 8 p.m. (Anniversary).
St. Paul's Cathedral, lecture to young men, 8 p.m. (the Rev. Canon Liddon).

WEDNESDAY, 20.—Ember Week. Pharmaceutical Society, examinations, 10 a.m.
Royal Society of Literature, 8.30 p.m.
South Kensington Museum, lecture, 2.30 p.m. (Professor Duncan on Elementary Physiography).
Geological Society, 8 p.m.
Society of Arts, 8 p.m. (Mr. James Collins on Economic Botany).
Temple Church, special service, 8 p.m. (the Rev. Dr. Vaughan, the Master).

THURSDAY, 21.—St. Thomas the Apostle. Shortest day.
Election of Common Councilmen for the City of London.
The Bishop of London's ordination.
Zoological Society, 4 p.m.
Philosophical Club, 6 p.m.
London Institution, lecture, 4 p.m. (Mr. J. C. Brough on the Philosophy of Magic).
Numismatic Society, 7 p.m.
Linnean Society, 8 p.m. (Professor Owen on the American King Crab).
Inventors' Institute (conference on Patent Law Reform).
Chemical Society, 8 p.m.
Royal Society, 8.30 p.m.

FRIDAY, 22.—Sacred Harmonic Society, 8 p.m. (annual performance of "The Messiah").
Quekett Microscopical Club, 8 p.m.

SATURDAY, 23.—St. Victoria, virgin and martyr.
Royal Horticultural Society, promenade, 2 p.m.

TIMES OF HIGH WATER AT LONDON BRIDGE

FOR THE WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 23.

Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.
h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m
5 42	6 9	6 36	7 2	7 32	8 3	8 35
9 10	9 47	10 20	10 50	11 22	11 51	—

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manager.
Mr. H. L. Bateman.—Every Evening, at Seven, MY TURN NEXT—Mr. George Belmore; at Eight, the Drama, in Three Acts, by Leopold Lewis, entitled THE BELLS, adapted from "The Polish Jew," a dramatic study by MM. Erekman-Chatrain. Mr. Henry Irving, Mr. F. Hall, Mr. F. W. Irish, Mr. H. Orellin, Miss G. Pauncefort, and Miss Fanny Heywood. The Music composed and arranged by M. E. Singla. Scenery by Haver Craven and H. Cuthbert. The whole produced under the immediate direction of Mr. H. L. Bateman. To conclude with PICKWICK—Messrs. George Belmore, Gaston Murray, Addison, F. Hall, Odell, Irish, Dyas, Branscombe, and H. Orellin; Mesdames M. Hill, Leigh, Ewell, Lafontaine, and Kate Manor. Doors open at half-past six; commence at seven. Box-office open daily from Ten till Five.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE. Bishopsgate.
On BOXING DAY, DEC. 26, at 12.30 and Seven o'clock, will be produced a new Comic Spectacular Pantomime, entitled HARLEQUIN ALADDIN, and the Wonderful Lamp. The most magnificent Pantomime ever produced. No charge for booking seats.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.
Conductor, Sir Michael Costa.—On FRIDAY NEXT, DEC. 22, the Fortieth Annual Christmas Performance of THE MESSIAH. Principal Vocalists:—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Enriquez, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. Whitney. Band and Chorus of 700 Performers. Tickets, 3s., 5s., and 10s. 6d., now ready at 6, Exeter Hall. Note.—A larger number of 3s. and 5s. Tickets than usual can be issued for this performance. Early application is essential. "The Messiah" will be again performed on the 29th inst. Post-office orders and cheques payable to James Peck.

ST. JAMES'S GREAT HALL, Regent-street
and Piccadilly.—THE CHRISTY MINSTRELS' SEVENTH GRAND CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL will be celebrated upon a very grand scale this year.

THE CHRISTY MINSTRELS' CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL.
Performances will be given in

ST. JAMES'S GREAT HALL, Every Afternoon at Three
during the Holidays, commencing TUESDAY, DEC. 26.

ST. JAMES'S GREAT HALL.—The CHRISTY
MINSTRELS' HOLIDAY PERFORMANCES, Every Day at Three, and

EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT, commencing BOXING DAY,
DEC. 26.—Two Thousand Luxurious Seats at One Shilling.

ST. JAMES'S GREAT HALL, Sumptuously and
Emblematically Decorated during the term of the CHRISTY MINSTRELS' HOLIDAY PERFORMANCES.

ST. JAMES'S GREAT HALL.—The Grandest and most
Animated Sight in London during the term of the CHRISTY MINSTRELS' HOLIDAY PERFORMANCES. 2000 Shilling Seats.

VISITORS to LONDON during the Christmas Holidays
should make it an especial engagement during their stay to witness the glorious and brilliant Entertainment of the only recognised CHRISTY MINSTRELS, at ST. JAMES'S GREAT HALL.

PERFORMANCES by the CHRISTY MINSTRELS at
ST. JAMES'S GREAT HALL, during the Holidays, Every Day at Three, Every Night at Eight, commencing BOXING DAY, DEC. 26.

OMNIBUSES direct to the CHRISTYS, at ST. JAMES'S
GREAT HALL, from every railway station in London. Every West-End omnibus runs direct to one or other of the doors of the Christys' Hall, an advantage which no other place in London possesses.

MACCABE.—ROYAL CHARING-CROSS THEATRE.
King William-street, Strand.—Every Evening, at Eight; Illuminated Day Performance Every Saturday, at Three o'clock, in TWENTY-FOUR of his ORIGINAL PERSONATIONS and SONGS, a superb exposition of VENTRILOQUISM, and New Musical Effects. Admission, 1s.; Balcony, 2s.; Stalls, 3s.; Fauteuils, 5s.; Amphitheatre, 6d. Private Boxes, One and Two Guineas. Ticket-Office open Daily from Eleven till Four. Seats may be booked in advance, free of charge. Tickets and Programmes can also be obtained at all Music-sellers' and Librarians'.

LAST REPRESENTATIONS OF "A PECULIAR FAMILY."

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.
entitled A PECULIAR FAMILY, written by William Brough, and ECHOES OF THE OPERA, by Mr. Corney Grain. Every Evening (except Saturday) at Eight.—ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION, 14, Regent-street. Admission, 1s., 2s., 3s., and 5s.

CHRISTMAS LECTURES.—ROYAL INSTITUTION OF
GREAT BRITAIN.—Professor TYNDALL'S Course of Six Lectures on ICE, WATER, VAPOUR, and AIR will begin on THURSDAY, DEC. 23, at Three o'clock. Admission to the Course, One Guinea; Children under Sixteen, Half a Guinea.

H. BENCE JONES, Hon. Sec.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, Piccadilly.—Newly and Splendidly Decorated.—George W. Moore and Frederick Burgess, Sole Lessees. THE CHRISTY MINSTRELS all the year round, Every Night at Eight; Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays at Three and Eight. Private Boxes, £12s. and £12s. 6d.; Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Doors open 2.30 and 7.30. No fees of any description. Ladies can retain their bonnets in all parts of the Hall.

BRIGHTON SEASON.—For Train Service from Victoria, Kensington, and London Bridge, see Time Tables of London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway; also page 48, and outside cover of "Bradshaw."
Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets between London and Brighton available by all Trains.
Return Tickets for two days, and from Friday till Monday.
A train for horses and carriages and servants in charge leave Victoria for Brighton every week day at 11 a.m.
The West-End Brighton Railway Office is at 23, Regent-circus, Piccadilly.
(By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

TO ISLE OF WIGHT.—INCREASED FACILITIES.
THROUGH TRAIN and BOAT SERVICE, from Victoria, London Bridge, &c., as under:—
WEEK-DAYS.

	Fast.	123	Fast.	123	Fast.	123	Fast.	123	Fast.	123
Victoria .. Depart ..	6.50	7.45	9.50	11.40	11.40	2.0	4.0	4.55	6.50	
Kensington	—	7.25	9.35	11.17	11.17	1.25	3.40	3.40	6.17	
Chelsea	—	7.30	9.40	11.22	11.22	1.29	3.45	3.45	6.22	
Clapham Junction ..	—	6.59	7.54	9.59	11.49	2.9	4.9	—	6.59	
London Bridge ..	7.40	8.0	10.0	11.50	11.50	2.5	4.10	5.5	7.0	
Portsmouth .. Arrive ..	—	11.55	12.55	2.5	3.5	4.50	6.32	7.20	10.30	
Ryde	10.40	12.40	1.45	2.45	4.36	5.40	7.15	B	—	
Sandown	11.26	1.24	2.29	3.29	5.21	6.31	8.4	B	—	
Shanklin	11.30	1.30	2.36	3.56	5.28	6.38	8.10	B	—	
Wroxall	11.40	1.36	2.43	3.43	5.35	6.45	8.16	B	—	
Venator	11.47	1.42	2.50	3.50	5.42	6.52	8.22	B	—	
Cowes	1.15	1.15	3.5	3.5	5.25	—	—	—	—	
Newport	1.55	1.55	3.25	3.25	5.55	—	—	—	—	

B The 5.5 p.m. Fast Train will be a Train for these places in the Isle of Wight on Dec. 22 and 23 only.

Through Tickets to the Isle of Wight are issued from London and Stations, as under:—
To Cowes, Newport, Ryde, Brading, Sandown, Shanklin, Wroxall, and Ventnor, from London Bridge, New-cross, Victoria, York-road; 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly; Kensington, West Brompton, Chelsea, Battersea, Clapham Junction, and Brighton, inclusive of all charges—Railway, Tram-carriage, Steam-boat Fares, and Pier Dues.
To Cowes, Newport, Ryde, Sandown, Shanklin, and Ventnor, from Brockley, Forest-hill, Norwood Junction, Wandsworth-common, Epsom, Leatherhead, Dorking, East Croydon, Redhill Junction, Brighton, Hastings, St. Leonards, Eastbourne, Tunbridge Wells, Worthing, Littlehampton, Bognor, and Chichester, inclusive of all charges—Railway, Tram-carriage, Steam-boat Fares, and Pier Dues.
To Cowes, Newport, and Ryde, from Battersea Park, Crystal Palace, Wimbledon, West Croydon, Sutton, Three Bridges, Horsham, Guildford, Shoreham, Bosham, and Lewes, inclusive of all charges—Railway, Tram Carriage, Steam-boat Fares, and Pier Dues.
The Through Tickets do not include Pier Dues at Portsea Pier, when incurred.
Portsmouth Station and Southsea Tramway.—The Tramway Carriage runs to and from all Trains.

Ordinary Return Tickets issued to Cowes, Newport, Ryde, Sandown, Shanklin, and Ventnor, vice versa, are available to break the journey at Portsmouth, Ryde, or Cowes, and to return within four days, including date of issue and return.

Luggage.—First class passengers are allowed 120 lb.; second class, 100 lb.; third class, 60 lb. Any excess will be charged, to Havant or Portsmouth, 3d. per lb.; to Cowes and Ryde, 3d. per lb.; to Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor, and Newport, 8d. per cwt. Luggage from London and other stations is now labelled through to the Isle of Wight.

A van for the delivery or collection of luggage in London can be obtained at London Bridge or Victoria Stations by previous application to the Station Superintendent.
Ventnor, Undercliff, Niton, Sandrock, Blackgang, Chale, Brixton, Chine, and Fresh water.—Coaches run every weekday.

POSTAGE OF THE CHRISTMAS DOUBLE NUMBER OF THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, FOR SATURDAY, DEC. 16, 1871. A PICTURE AND TWO SHEETS AND A HALF. AT HOME.

Copies for the United Kingdom and the Channel Islands must be prepaid by affixing halfpenny postage-stamps.

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An Edition is printed on thin paper for foreign postage, the ordinary Edition is charged double the above rates.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON: SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1871.

Writing on the one topic which now engages all pens, tongues, and hearts, we have to write at a moment when it would seem that there is hope of the life for which all pray. These lines cannot be read by many persons until three days shall have passed, and in that interval, in all human probability, the best or the worst will be known; in any case, our reference to the condition of the illustrious sufferer will be long out of date. We will but note, therefore, that these words are penned on the day on which we are told that no additional prostration had been manifest over night, and that no change was seen in the symptoms of the morning. This endurance, and the absence of what was most dreaded, justify a feeling of hopefulness, and eagerly, indeed, do all of us yield to—nay, welcome—that feeling. May we, when next writing, be privileged to narrate how it grew from a timid hope to a burst of gratitude!

It is impossible not to be touched by the display of sympathy which the condition of the Heir Apparent has aroused in every part of his Royal mother's dominions. The emotion has been manifested in the most genuine manner, not by noisy or intrusive demonstration. Men and women have simply and sadly abandoned the pursuit of pleasure and of other than pressing business, and have waited upon the telegrams from Sandringham. Places of public amusement, as in the darker days of the Crimean War, have been deserted except by the class from which outward show of sorrow is not to be expected; and social gatherings have been everywhere given up. Assemblies for political objects have been postponed; the Catholics, the Dissenters, nay, even the votaries of "Home Rule," have felt the influence of the hour, and have refused to attend meetings for which preparations had long been made, and to which importance was attached. In the households the sentiment has prevailed in a way which will not be paralleled in the recollection of many readers. It has been the one object with all to obtain the latest news of the Prince, and the one happiness with all when the fresh bulletin has contained a cheering word. Should it please Providence to raise the Prince from the bed of sickness where he now lies, inter-

maternas, heu, lacrymasque patriæ, we can scarcely imagine a time when his own emotions should be deeper than when he will gather from the press the proofs of the affectionate loyalty of his fellow-subjects. To the Queen, even amid her anguish, there must be something, we dare not say consolatory, but at least supporting, in the knowledge that the people whom she has loved to take into her confidence are with her heart and soul in this her darkened hour.

Tenderly, indeed, too, are all thinking of the young wife whom the nation loves so well. The vision of that fair face, worn by sorrow and long watchfulness, comes sadly before the eyes of those who have delighted in its grace and sweetness. That the Princess of Wales would be constant to her post by the Prince's side we needed not to be told. But the beautiful because simple letter in which she begged that a prayer might be introduced early in the service of the Church on Sunday last, that she might be able to come for a short time and kneel among the other worshippers who besought for the life of her husband, will be remembered for many and many a year. Sisterly and brotherly love is also beside the brother's couch; and the Royal family, in drawing nearer to him and to one another, draw nearer to us all. Earnest is the national prayer that the great Festival of our Faith may find them comforted by the assurance that the peril has passed away.

What more can be said at such a moment of anxiety? The settled gloom of the past few days is somewhat dispelled; but we must forbear to be sanguine when we reflect upon what the sufferer has gone through, and upon what grounds we are basing our trust that he will survive. Never, perhaps, has there been a more splendid illustration of medical skill, vigilance, and courage than has been afforded beside the bed of the Prince of Wales, and yet the struggle with the destroyer endures and its end is uncertain. The physicians have had one great difficulty which is not, perhaps, generally understood. The Prince's frame is strong; but the members of the upper and middle classes have not so strong a chance as the poorer sort in a case of disease of this kind. Accustomed to the use of generous wines and other stimulants, the former do not find in such things, when employed as remedies, the efficacy which is speedily shown where the patient has been unused to such excitements. We are stating only what will be regarded as commonplace by any professional man, but what should be comprehended by others who seek to understand the obstacles in the way of energetic treatment of the disorder under which the Prince is suffering. But even against this circumstance the wisdom of the physicians appears to be contending, and we are even informed that some form of nourishment has been found practicable. That, and healing sleep, and the absence of a certain symptom are the conditions, humanly speaking, of the Prince's recovery; and the nation's prayer goes up for their fulfilment. Less, we cannot bring ourselves to say—more, would be presumptuous.

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL NEWS.

FRANCE.

(From our Correspondent in Paris.)

Wednesday, Dec. 13.

The first place this week belongs by right to the Message of M. Thiers, the delivery of which to the National Assembly has unquestionably been the most important event since the dispatch of my last letter. It was read to the Assembly by M. Thiers in person, and occupied two hours in delivery. As a whole, it must be considered as weak, uncertain, and unsatisfactory. It treats of none of those ardent political questions which are foremost in the minds of all at the present moment; it confirms the present faulty organisation of the army respecting the principle of universal obligation in military service, and returning to the old system of substitutes; and its financial statement is complicated and over-optimist. Referring to the Treaty of Commerce with England, the Message says that France has suffered much from treaties of commerce; and, after giving a statement of pending negotiations, it concludes with the words, "We have resolved to give notice of the termination of the treaty in February next, and to negotiate on the question during the year that the treaty remains in force." In conclusion, the President remarked that France desires peace and order, that she requires military and financial re-organisation. "This is her right towards all and towards ourselves. No one can find fault with it. The haven is before us, and we can already sight it. I appeal to the moderation and sense of justice in the Assembly which should rise above all party spirit. I rely upon your wisdom: the country will be just towards you for the services you have rendered."

The Centre of the Assembly received the Message pretty favourably; but the Extreme Left and the Extreme Right were loud in their interruptions and in the expression of their dissatisfaction and displeasure; and, curiously enough, both extremes, although diagonally opposed, often interrupted together with marked disapprobation. With the Parisians the Message is not at all popular, for they do not find that it keeps the promises made by the Government during the recess, and they consider, justly enough, that it shuffles rather than settles the questions which it pretends to discuss.

Some stormy incidents have been raised in the National Assembly of late, notably on the presentation, by M. Pouyer-Quertier, of a bill to repeal the Bonapartist law which confiscates the property of the Orleans family; on the presentation of a bill, by Count Duchâtel, proposing the return of the Assembly to Paris, and during a discussion concerning the recent decision of the Committee of Pardons, when, in answer to a statement made by a deputy of the Right, to the effect that the whole Assembly associated themselves with that decision, M. Ordinaire, a Republican deputy, rose and said that such was not the case, and that neither he nor his colleagues of the Left intended to have anything in common with such a band of assassins. M. Ordinaire was called to order and publicly censured, and by order of the Assembly his pay was suspended for a month.

On Thursday afternoon the snow began to fall, and lasted incessantly for six hours. It still covers the streets, and, a thaw having set in, public traffic is greatly obstructed. Under the Second Empire, the snow which fell one day was always cleared away by the next, but now that Paris has a Municipal Council, and lives under the government of the Republic, the snow is allowed to remain in its streets nearly five days, during which time horses have been slipping down, even when going at foot pace, and all kinds of accidents have occurred. Great dissatisfaction is expressed by the Parisians at this negligence of the Council charged to watch over their interests, and which is whiling away its time in insignificant and unimportant debates.

ITALY.

In Monday's sitting of the Parliament the definitive Budget of revenue and expenditure for the year 1871 was agreed to, and all the clauses of the Budget of Foreign Affairs were adopted. On Tuesday General Riciotti laid on the table a bill for the reorganisation of the army, and Signor Ribotti a bill for the reorganisation of the navy. Signor Sella then made his financial statement, which shows a total deficit—including the new expenses to be incurred for the reorganisation of the army and navy—of from 148 to 160 millions of lire. Signor Sella made certain proposals the realisation of which would together yield 730 millions of lire, which are required to cover the deficit of the next five years.

GERMANY.

A bill has been introduced into the Lower House of the Prussian Parliament for reforming the system of taxation.

RUSSIA.

The festival of the grand military order of St. George has been celebrated in St. Petersburg with unusual magnificence, owing to the presence of distinguished Prussian guests and members of the order. At a banquet, yesterday week, the Czar proposed the health of his cousin, the Emperor of Germany, and hoped the friendship existing between the two empires will be perpetual, as he saw in that friendship the best guarantee for the peace of Europe. Prince Frederick Charles replied, and proposed the health of the Czar.

AMERICA.

A telegram from New York states that much sympathy with the Prince of Wales is being felt throughout the United States, and that prayers are offered up in the churches for his recovery.

CANADA.

The Lieutenant-Governor opened the first Session of the Second Legislative Assembly of Ontario yesterday week. The speech points to the continued and unexampled prosperity of the province, alludes to the improved class of emigrants who have arrived during the year, and adds that there is a large surplus fund in hand available for public objects. The telegram announcing the precarious condition of the Prince of Wales was received during the sitting, and elicited profound sympathy.

Three French half-breeds have been tried at Fort Garry for participation in the O'Neil raid; one has been convicted and sentenced to death.

The Imperial Order of the Medjidie has been conferred by the Sultan of Turkey upon Sir Daniel Adolphus Lange.

An international agricultural exhibition will be opened at Lyons in May next, to be closed on Oct. 30. English exhibitors of agricultural machinery, &c., are invited to contribute.

A telegram received, on Tuesday, at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, from Madras, announces that the observations on that day of the eclipse of the sun in Southern India were favoured by fine weather, and that the photographs were successful.

His Highness Aga Khan has given 30,000 rupees for distribution to the sufferers from the famine in Persia. During the last four months a large number of Persians, arriving destitute in Bombay, have been sheltered and fed by his Highness; and at the present time there are about 200 persons maintained and clothed at his expense.

The Board of Trade has awarded a binocular glass to Captain Louis Vantomme, of the smack *Edouard Auguste*, of Ostend, in acknowledgment of his humane services to the master and crew of the schooner *Petrel*, whom he rescued from their burning vessel on Aug. 26, 1871.—The Board has awarded a gold watch and chain to Captain Bandouin, of the French barque *Amiral Jurien de la Gravière*, in acknowledgment of his services to the master and crew, twenty in all, of the ship *Merrie England*, of Liverpool, whom he received on board his vessel from their sinking ship, on March, 6, 1871, in latitude 41 deg. south and longitude 79° 50 west.

From the beginning of next year the rate of postage on a newspaper not exceeding four ounces in weight, addressed to Egypt, and sent by the route of Brindisi, will be reduced from threepence to twopence, twopence being added for every four ounces in excess.—In consequence of the great acceleration of the mails for India, China, and Australia by the adoption of the route to Brindisi, those mails will, from the commencement of next year, arrive at Alexandria about two days earlier than they arrived when sent by Marseilles; and in order to prevent their suffering any detention in Egypt, it will be necessary to dispatch the packet from Southampton two days earlier than at present. Commencing, therefore, with Thursday, the 28th inst., the mails for India, &c., intended to be forwarded via Southampton will be made up in London on Thursday mornings.

Monday was the great show day at the Metropolitan Cattle Market. The Scotch classes numbered about 12,000 head.

At a meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society of England held on Thursday week, it was stated that the Oxford and Wolverhampton shows had entailed a loss of £4000, owing to the expense attending the trial of implements.

The subscriptions of old Marlburians and other friends towards the Bradley testimonial now amount to about £1800. Designs for the proposed building have been laid before the committee. The subscription-list will close on Feb. 1, 1872.

At the annual distribution of prizes, yesterday week, at the Whitelands Training Institution for Schoolmistresses, an address from Baroness Burdett-Coutts was read. In addition to much excellent advice, the benevolent Baroness enters a protest against the wearing of chignons.

In noticing the awards of prizes at the Birmingham Dog Show, it was stated that Mr. Holford's bloodhound Regent gained the first prize. This was not strictly correct, that dog having taken the honours of its class in former years, and being therefore placed first among the champions, without claiming a prize. The first prize for bloodhounds was awarded to Roswell, belonging to Mr. W. Bird, of Bute House, Hammersmith.

HOME NEWS.

THE COURT.

The Queen, accompanied by Princess Louise, left Windsor Castle for Sandringham yesterday (Friday) week, immediately upon the receipt of a telegram announcing the alarming condition of the Prince of Wales. The Duke of Edinburgh joined the Queen at the Victoria-Park station, and travelled with her Majesty. Prince Arthur arrived at Sandringham at midnight, and Prince Leopold and Princess Beatrice and the Duke of Cambridge arrived on the following morning. The deepest gloom has been cast over the whole nation, and the utmost sympathy has been manifested for the Queen and the Princess of Wales in their profound grief. The Princess sat alone in Sandringham church on Sunday, and joined in the prayers offered for the Prince, immediately after which her Royal Highness returned to the bedside of the Prince, where, with Princess Louise of Hesse, she has been in constant attendance. Special prayers have been offered for the Prince in all places of public worship, and many entertainments, both public and private, have been deferred in consequence of the heavy affliction of the Royal family.

Thursday was the tenth anniversary of the death of the lamented Prince Consort.

Earl Granville arrived at his residence in Bruton-street, on Monday, from Walmer Castle. In consequence of his Lordship still suffering from gout the Cabinet Council was held at his Lordship's residence.

The Earl and Countess of Minto left their residence in Eaton-square, on Saturday last, for Brighton.

The Earl of Dalhousie and Lady Christian Maule have left Claridge's Hotel en route for Cannes.

The Earl of Rosebery has left town on a visit to the Marquis and Marchioness of Lansdowne, at Bowood, Wilts.

The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., arrived in town on Saturday last from Hawarden Castle, Flintshire.

The Queen has given the suite of apartments at Hampton Court Palace, vacant by the death of Lady Augusta Paget, to the Hon. Lady Gore, widow of General the Hon. Sir Charles Gore, late Lieutenant-Governor of Chelsea Hospital.

METROPOLITAN.

At the South Kensington Museum, last Saturday, Professor Duncan gave another of his series of lectures on "Physiography," confining his observations in this instance to the formation of corals.

The Rev. William Rogers has, by letter to the chairman of the School Board for London, Lord Lawrence, definitively resigned his membership of the board. Mr. Sheriff Bennett offers himself as a candidate for the vacant seat.

Dean Stanley has consented to deliver a sermon, in Westminster Abbey, on behalf of the Printers' Pension, &c., Corporation, in commemoration of the fact that the art of printing in this country emanated from the abbey.

Mrs. Ryves, whose name used to be familiar on account of the claim she set up to Royalty as the daughter of Princess Olive of Cumberland, died, on the 7th inst., at her residence, at Haverstock-hill, in her seventy-fifth year. She leaves two sons and three daughters.

The annual presentation of prizes in connection with the 3rd Middlesex Artillery Volunteers took place, yesterday week, in Westminster Hall, before a large assemblage of members and friends of the corps. Lord Truro, the Lieutenant-Colonel Commandant of the regiment, distributed the prizes.

The Sacred Harmonic Society give their fortieth annual Christmas performance of "The Messiah," at Exeter Hall, on Friday next, the 22nd inst. The principal singers will be Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Enriquez, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. Whitney; conducted by Sir Michael Costa.

According to the Royal Humane Society's daily report, there were nearly 40,000 persons on Sunday upon the ice in the metropolitan parks, and 23,500 skaters and sliders on Monday, when the number of immersed persons rescued was sixty-eight. The public contributions to the society's funds in all the parks during the frost have amounted to the sum of nine shillings. One would like to know how much of this was contributed by persons whose lives were saved.

In the metropolis 2126 births and 1856 deaths were registered, the former having been 40 below, and the latter 158 above, the average. The deaths included 104 from smallpox, 81 from measles, 34 from scarlet fever, 10 from diphtheria, 85 from whooping-cough, 51 from different forms of fever (of which 6 were certified as typhus, 35 as enteric or typhoid, and 10 as simple continued fever), and 14 from diarrhoea.

An appeal has been made by Mr. W. Catlin, the superintendent of the Cow-cross Mission Schools, the committee of which are most anxious to provide a plain but substantial dinner for 800 families—the poorest of the poor—at their own homes, in the centre of the metropolis, on Christmas Day. Also, on or about Jan. 3, to give their school children a dinner of roast beef and plum-pudding in the Mission Hall. Contributions will be thankfully received by Mr. Rivington, the treasurer, at the schools, 52, St. John's-square.

Last Saturday a deputation, introduced by Mr. C. Reed, M.P., waited upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer to urge the claims of the population in the neighbourhood of Victoria Park to about thirty-five acres of land which are still unbuilt upon. The right hon. gentleman, while recognising the value of adding the land to the park, regretted that, as representing the ratepayers generally, he was unable to consent to a course which would benefit the inhabitants of one district in London at the expense of the nation.

Miss Reid, of Stamford-street, a rich and eccentric old woman, was found dead in her chair last week. She was tenant for life of a large quantity of house property in various parts of London, the utterly ruinous condition of which was so remarkable that the houses were popularly known as "the haunted houses," or the "houses in Chancery." Having quarrelled with her nephew, to whom it would fall in succession, and finding that she could not, by will, "cut him off," she at once got rid of the tenants, and let the property fall into a state of dilapidation. Such, at least, is the story of the gossips of Stamford-street.

At the meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, on Monday night, Sir Henry Rawlinson stated that the council intended to address the Foreign Office, with a view of arranging, either directly from the Foreign Office or through co-operation between the Foreign Office and the society, some means of communicating with Dr. Livingstone, either by sending messengers into the interior of Africa and offering a reward of 100 guineas to any African who will bring back a letter in Dr. Livingstone's handwriting to the seacoast, or by organising a direct expedition, headed by some experienced and well-qualified European, who should himself penetrate to the point where Dr. Livingstone is supposed to be.

Mrs. Gladstone has received from "N. P. T." to her Convalescent Home £1000, this being his third donation; the National Hospital for the Paralyzed and Epileptic, Queen's-square, Bloomsbury, has received £1000 from "W. X.," a third contribution of £1000 has been made to the funds of the Charing-cross Hospital by "W. S. N.," and another charitable person, under the initials "P. F. P.," has contributed £1000 in aid of the starving population of Persia. Mr. W. R. Cusack-Smith has given £1000 to the St. Paul's Completion fund. Mr. F. B. Chatterton, of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, has handed to the American Minister £250, the proceeds of a benefit for the sufferers in the late fire in Chicago. Sir Richard Wallace, Bart., has become a Vice-President of the Infirmary for Epilepsy and Paralysis, Charles-street, Portman-square, and has sent £200 towards the £2000 fund for the purchase and furnishing of new premises.

A conference took place, on Tuesday, at the Society of Arts, on the subject of out-patient relief. Mr. W. H. Smith, M.P., was in the chair, and amongst those who took part were Drs. Fairlie Clarke, Meadows, Rogers, Guy, and Acland, Sir C. Trevelyan, Mr. Stansfeld, and the Rev. F. J. Kitto. The resolutions, which were unanimously agreed to, were to the effect that there exists a great and increasing abuse of outdoor relief at the various hospitals, and that the best remedy would be the substitution, on a large scale, of provident dispensaries, not only in the metropolis but throughout the kingdom, by which any person by the payment of a trifling sum, would be secure of medical assistance in case of need, and through which, being affiliated to the great hospitals, serious or difficult cases may be passed on to the latter.

Two papers were read at a meeting of the Chemical Society, on the 7th inst., which was a very full one—the chair being occupied by the president, Dr. Frankland. The first was by Dr. J. H. Gladstone, F.R.S., "On Essential Oils," in which valuable and exhaustive communication the author gave the results of his examination of the physical properties of the hydrocarbons and oxidised oils obtained from various essential oils. He considers that these hydrocarbons may be divided into three groups, the members of which, respectively, not only have the same composition, but also a closely-marked resemblance in their physical properties, such as the boiling point, refractive index, dispersion, &c. An interesting discussion ensued, and then Professor H. E. Armstrong read his paper, "On the Nitrochlorophenols," in which he described the methods of preparation and properties of various chlorinated nitrophenols, and also of compounds derived from them.

A meeting of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution was held, on Thursday week, at its house, John-street, Adelphi. The silver medal of the institution was voted to Mr. J. Smallridge, coxswain of the Brauton life-boat, together with £13 to himself and the crew of the boat, in testimony of their recent gallant services in saving seven of the crew of the brigantine *Nigretta*, of New York, which had stranded on Staunton Sands. Mr. Smallridge had on several occasions assisted, in life-boats and otherwise, to save life from wrecks. Rewards, amounting to £220, were also voted to the crews of various life-boats of the institution for services rendered during the past month. In addition to the rewards, payments to the amount of £2430 were ordered to be made on different life-boat establishments. During the current year £16,836 has been expended by the society in the formation of new life-boat stations, and in the maintenance of its large life-saving fleet, now numbering 231 boats. In the same period the institution has contributed, by its life-boats and other means, to the saving of 729 lives from various wrecks, besides rescuing twenty vessels from destruction.

LAW AND POLICE.

In the Tichborne case the cross-examination of Mr. Baigent, one of the principal witnesses for the claimant, was continued yesterday week. He was questioned chiefly as to the expressions used by him in various letters, the claimant's visit to Wapping, and the assistance given to the latter by his committee. His cross-examination was brought to a close on Monday. One of the points taken up by the learned counsel was the similarity in many respects of several of the plaintiff's letters with those written by Arthur Orton. The last question asked by Mr. Hawkins of the witness was whether the action was now carried on by money raised upon bonds, and to this Mr. Baigent replied that he could not tell. This terminated his cross-examination, which had lasted a fortnight. On the following day he was re-examined by Serjeant Ballantine. The witness explained that by his strange marriage with Miss Plowden he did not obtain a shilling of her annuity. He was also re-examined as to various letters to which his attention had been drawn by the counsel on the other side. This occupied the greater portion of the day, and the foreman of the jury then put several important questions. Judith Woodman, wife of a clerk at Stroud, and who had known Roger Tichborne in his younger days, was afterwards called to testify to the claimant's identity. On Wednesday further evidence to establish his claim was given by Mrs. Pearce, who knew Roger Tichborne when in Ireland with the Carabiniers; by James Beehan, Thomas Ratcliffe, and John Henry Mundy, formerly privates in the same regiment; and by Thomas Dorday, a Clonmel hairdresser. Mr. Bulpitt, banker, was re-examined as to when he gave credit to the claimant. Captain Burton, the well-known explorer of Africa, spoke to meeting the claimant in Buenos Ayres. Sir William Ferguson followed with a statement of the result of an examination of marks on the claimant recently made by him. The Attorney-General postponed the cross-examination of Sir William until Thursday, and the sixty-fourth day closed with the evidence of Colonel Wortley as to his inspection of the daguerreotypes of Roger Tichborne and with the commencement of Mr. C. L. Webb's examination.

An action for breach of promise was tried on Monday in the Court of Exchequer. The plaintiff was Miss Charles, aged only seventeen years, and the defendant Mr. Peck, a colonial spice merchant in the City. The wedding day was fixed, the bridemaids appointed, the dresses made, and then at the last moment he refused to fulfil his contract. The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff, damages £125.

At the Manchester Assizes Sarah Wolstenholme, a milliner and dressmaker at Bolton, has obtained a verdict for £300 damages for breach of promise of marriage against John Buck, an ironfounder in the same town.

At the Mansion House, yesterday week, Michael David Sibbald Scott and Daniel Price were committed for trial, without bail, charged with having conspired to obtain £300 worth of goods by false pretences. Sir Sibbald David Scott, father of the former prisoner, said that during the past twelve months he had paid for him debts amounting to between £5000 and £6000. He allowed him a fixed income of £200 a year. Besides paying his debts, he had during the twelve months given him £2000, through an agent, and he had also received large presents from his mother.



FOR THE SQUIRE'S HALL—(SEE PAGE 602)

DRAWN BY E. N. DOWNARD.



THE ANCESTRAL PORTRAIT—(SEE PAGE 602.)
DRAWN BY E. N. DOWNARD.

NEW BOOKS.

"There is no recalling the thirteenth century; it went down long ago, with its good and evil men and deeds, with its kings and counsellors, its victors and vanquished, its tyrants and victims, into the fathomless abyss of the past. Can there be any use in evoking from that vasty deep any particular spirit whose works done in the flesh have left their indelible mark, for weal or woe, upon the history of humanity, and must be answered for at the tribunal of a Judge to whom all hearts are open, for the sole purpose of whitewashing it and giving it a more lustrous appearance in the eyes of the present generation? Perhaps the labour is not quite fruitless; for it is well on many accounts to have correct ideas about the characters of those men who have left names to point a moral and adorn a tale, and it is a good practice to get as near as possible to the truth in everything. It is not so very long ago since an anonymous author published an historical sketch, entitled 'The Greatest of the Plantagenets,' for the purpose of vindicating the memory of our Edward I.; and he certainly, whatever charges of partisanship and blind enthusiasm may have been brought against him, made out a good case, founded on trustworthy evidence. He, without the usual excuse, may have shown some inclination to win the verdict of the jury by abusing plaintiff's attorney, and in his anxiety to transform Gray's 'ruthless King' into a model of clemency he may have painted the devil too black and been too free with his mul in the case of William Wallace; but it was impossible to rise from a perusal of his work without feeling that before his time modern writers had not done full justice to his favourite Edward. The same author, still anonymously, has fortunately thought proper to develop his former sketch and publish the result in a volume called *The Life and Reign of Edward the First* (Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday), and this historical monograph, bearing traces of diligent research, and earnestly and interestingly written, cannot be omitted from the reading of whoever shall hereafter pretend to have carefully studied the events of that momentous century in which, to use Macaulay's words, 'the great English people was formed,' and 'the common law rose to the dignity of a science;' which, to use the words of Parker, was 'the period of the most perfect and beautiful Gothic buildings, when English art attained to the highest eminence it has ever yet reached;' in which the heir to the English throne first received his best-known style and title; and in which a Royal bereavement, followed by a lifelong mourning, foreshadowed, as it were, one of the most striking incidents of the nineteenth century. That Edward I., however, was very ready to smite, though he may have been equally ready to show mercy on unconditional submission, is clear from anecdotes recorded by our author himself; and that the same Edward was rather sorry to be forced into, than ambitious of attempting, the annexation of both Scotland and Wales, is a view more suited to the credulity of the marine than to the scepticism of the sailor. M. Guizot, who, as a foreigner, would probably take an impartial view of Edward's proceedings at home, if not on French territory, says, in the 'History of France,' now in course of publication, of Edward I., that, 'from his accession to the throne, in 1272, his "predominant idea and constant aim were the conquest of the countries of Wales and Scotland—that is, the union, under his own sway, of the whole island of Great Britain." Our author, let it be granted, has proved that Edward I. was not "vindictive" or "cruel"; but the proof is not strengthened or even at all affected by showing that in the suppression of the Indian Mutiny English officers were. This abuse of plaintiff's attorney is only recommended when the defendant's case is weak; and it has been admitted that our author has made out a strong one, which will undoubtedly lead many heretofore sceptics to believe that Edward I., whose motto was "Keep covenant," was not only "the greatest of the Plantagenets," but "regum optimus ille bonorum," to quote from the Latin grammar of our youth.

Another portion of English history has been ably dealt with in the first volume of *The History of England from the Year 1830*, by William Nassau Molesworth, M.A. (Chapman and Hall). The rev. author will be freshly remembered by his "History of the Reform Bill of 1832," in which, with admirable discrimination, he gave a vivid sketch, omitting nothing that was absolutely necessary and nearly all that was not, of a memorable political movement. That sketch, revised, corrected, generally abridged, and in a few particulars added to, is, of course, embodied in the present work. The volume is divided into six chapters, of which the first is "introductory;" the second and third tell the story, respectively, of the first and second introductions of the Reform Bill, the fourth shows us the Reform Bill carried, the fifth brings us face to face with the first Reformed Parliament, and the sixth is devoted to matters connected with "Corporation Reform." It has been remarked in these columns that a history of England will, in course of time, have to be at least tripartite—that is, English, foreign, and colonial; and the remark is singularly confirmed by the opening observations of our author, who says, as to the scope of his work:—"I shall not refer to Scotch, Irish, colonial, or foreign affairs, except in cases where they seem to me to have accelerated, retarded, or modified the course of English events." The author commences with a brief and rapid, but sufficiently commemorative and preparatory, review of the agitation which, initiated before the time of Cromwell and smothered during the reaction against him, ultimately "led to the introduction of the Reform Bill of 1831," and concludes his volume with the death of William IV., in June, 1837. The plan adopted by the author of confining himself strictly to English history has enabled him to be minute and circumstantial within reasonable limits of space, and to quote freely from important speeches; and amongst the most interesting quotations will be found some observations made by Mr. Gladstone, in 1835, when his views respecting the Irish Church were very different from those which he was subsequently destined to hold.

Whether Arthur and the Round Table do not belong to the English version of an almost universal and immemorial myth rather than to English history is a question upon which authorities differ; but, as our attention is just now concentrated upon different portions of our historical records, advantage may be taken of the doubt to make this a convenient place for alluding to *Popular Romances of the Middle Ages*, by George W. Cox, M.A., and Eustace Hinton Jones (Longmans). An inordinately long introduction—learned, however, and not without interest for scholars—ushers in "the story of Arthur and his Knights," followed by "the stories of Merlin, Tristrem, Bevis, Guy of Warwick, Roland, Olger, Havelok, and Beowulf;" and the romances are presented in a far less tedious and a far more graceful form than that which found favour with Sir Thomas Malory and his like. Not that, if memory may be trusted, it had been hitherto necessary to go to Sir Thomas for a sight of the sow's ear out of which Mr. Tennyson has, in the teeth of impossibility, made a silk purse; but the new version commends itself for the evident pains with which it has been constructed and for

the addition of the myths with which Arthur has nothing to do.

The Medici Venus remains to this day, in the estimation of many people, a goddess. It is, therefore, surprising to find that, whilst the figure, though admirable, is inferior to that of Hiram Powers's "Greek Slave" or "Eva," the face is "that of an idiot"; that the sculptor of the Medici Venus "did not know what he was about"; that in the Medici Venus the eye is "less like a human eye than a half-worn button hole;" the ear "a good deal too low on the head;" the forehead and the mouth "altogether wrong;" and the face "neither human nor divine". If it be flat blasphemy to suggest such a thing, something more than the suggestion may, nevertheless, be found in the second of two volumes called *Passages from the French and Italian Note-Books of Nathaniel Hawthorne* (Strahan and Co.). And yet of that same face Nathaniel Hawthorne had already in the same volume written "her face is so beautiful and intellectual that it is not dazzled out of sight by her form." If Hiram Powers uttered blasphemy, the consequence be on his own head; but it would certainly seem that Nathaniel Hawthorne, to judge from many of the remarks contained in his note-books, was far better fitted to write charming stories than to criticise paintings or sculpture. As for Hiram Powers, to judge, again, from the aforesaid note-books, one would say that he did not believe in the ability of anybody, save himself, to, as an American might express it, sculpt. And it is chiefly for the sketches which are given of little scenes in which Mr. Hiram Powers, Miss Bremer, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Browning, Mrs. Jameson, and others are introduced that the note-books are interesting. The author himself does not appear in them at his best or second best; and the reason, perhaps, is that the editorial scissors were used too sparingly and reverentially. One does care to know (and the knowledge is to be derived from the note-books) how and when Mr. Hawthorne came to set about his romance of "Transformation, or The Marble Faun," but one does not care to know that Mr. Hawthorne could not describe a "Carnival" nearly so well as most newspaper correspondents do. But all that relates to Hiram Powers is as precious as gold; he is quite unique as a specimen of self-confidence; he is not only himself, but his own prophet, too; and, when he is asked if he could "model a blush" he unhesitatingly answers "Yes." The bold assertion seems to have staggered even his own countryman.

The observant and benevolent London clergyman whose "Episodes of an Obscure Life" have been read with much interest for the sake of their characteristic portraits of the city poor, again presents himself with a series of sketches called *Friends and Acquaintances* (3 vols. Strahan and Co.). They are not entirely made up of London characters and incidents, nor are they confined to what he has seen and heard in his clerical ministrations. Some reminiscences of his boyhood in the country, and of an honest ploughman, Sam Siggers, whose native wisdom, learnt from the fields instead of books, used to delight his youthful mind, are put foremost here. There is a humorous account, too, of a supper party in the caravan of a travelling showman, to which the author was invited when a schoolboy fond of adventure, and where he met the Giant, and the Dwarf, and the celestial Zephyrine, in the guise of private and domestic life. The old sailor, "Jamaica James," whose story is a little romance, dwells at the fishermen's village of Spratlingsea, somewhere on the Kentish shore. The site of "Malyon's Cottage" is likewise on the east coast of England; and the scene of "Pont Derfel's New Mistress" is in Wales. But the other descriptions and narratives belong to the east end of London. They are quite as good as those of the former "Episodes," and some of them, as was remarked before, might pass muster with the most animated figures of their class in the novels of Dickens. They seem, at least, quite as truthfully drawn from nature, though not presented in such ludicrous attitudes. The aim of the writer is to make us sympathise with these poor folk, and pity some of them, respect and admire others, in spite of their oddity, which provokes a quiet smile. He does not endeavour to use the unavoidable defects of personal appearance and expression, which accompany too often a certain degree of poverty and want of instruction, as mere subject for laughter. On the contrary, these peculiarities—the ungainly features or gestures, the broken and confused language, the mispronounced words—are introduced by him to make a tale of real sorrow more pathetic or to enhance by contrast the dignity of genuine virtue in a humble social rank. In "Peggy's Haven," for instance, the last chapter of this book, he rather adds to the moral graces of that charming old woman, the contented lone widow in King David-street, Wapping, by letting her talk in her own style. The sweetness of her spirit breathes through all her speech. Lonely old women fill several of the best places in this collection. Mrs. Dennis, who has a lodging to let in Talavera-terrace, Bermondsey, and whose father was a rich citizen, as well as Miss Nene, the impoverished gentlewoman who picks crusts out of the ash-heaps, and is thankful to find even such wretched food, may teach the comfortable middle-class reader to feel compassion for those whose life is hard and sad. Plenty of more cheerful and delightful experience is offered. There is the successful enterprise of Sam Farrant, when, suddenly dismissed from his employment, he set up a trade in the street-sale of hot potatoes, and was soon enabled to marry the girl of his heart. There is "Hoppety Bob," the noble little cripple, who manufactures children's toys for a living, and teaches a crowd of children around him while he is at work. The Christmas feast and the rural excursion, with which he contrives to treat these little ones, are bright and pleasant topics of description. "A Vulgar Ministering Angel" and "A Missionary in the East" may be taken for examples of a fact which the educated and influential classes, when inclined to religious and charitable exertion, are perhaps in danger of forgetting—that some of the noblest, most constant, and most efficient workers in the cause are among the poor, the obscure, and simple. This truth, indeed, seems to be one that the author has much at heart. He would probably claim for John the Carman, Hoppety Bob, Betty Deadman, the coffee-stall keeper, and that good old fellow the Thames boatman, in his "Episodes," whose name we are sorry to have forgotten, the highest and foremost place among the agents of Christian benevolence and piety, or social reform. There can be little doubt that this view is right in the main; and that official philanthropy, lay or clerical, would do well to seek the guidance and to respect the intimate experience of such humble pioneers in the twice-blessed work of mercy. We are glad to observe that a second and cheaper edition of the "Episodes of an Obscure Life" is about to be published. Both that and the series of "Friends and Acquaintances" will be very serviceable, at the present time, in arousing, encouraging, and perhaps directing, the labours of many who wish to do something, if they can, to console the wretched and to reclaim the wicked in this enormous city.

A series of essays by the Rev. H. R. Haweis, reprinted from the *Contemporary Review*, under the title of *Music and Morals* (Strahan), makes a volume worthy of perusal. It consists of

four parts, the first alone of which is occupied with a half-philosophical disquisition on the relations between the sensations of musical sequence or concord of sounds, and the emotions of moral sensibility; but Mr. Haweis is not much of a psychologist, and this part of his book is rather inconclusive. His reflections, however, upon the characteristics of different schools of music, the mental dispositions of the several classes of people concerned in this art, as composers, executants, amateurs, and listeners, and its effects upon their personal habits, feelings, and ideas, seem to us in the main just and true. In the second division of his work are given short biographical sketches of the most eminent German composers, Handel, Glück, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Chopin, and Mendelssohn. The third part is a brief historical description of the improvements and use of some musical instruments, especially of the violin and pianoforte, with a chapter on church-bells. In the concluding portion of his work, Mr. Haweis criticises the mistakes and affectations of the present day in England with regard to musical accomplishments and enjoyments. He refers to the popular concerts and oratorio performances, in London and other large towns, as gratifying proofs of the growing taste for good music; but of ordinary drawing-room playing or singing, practised as a mere diversion at our social evening parties, he has not a very high opinion; and he thinks the opera an unmixed evil, injurious both to musical and to dramatic art. He commends the quartet of stringed instruments, played with due precision, as the most highly intellectual form of musical entertainment.

Among the books intended for Christmas gifts to boys, which now begin to multiply in their season, we notice *The Young Franc-Tireurs* (Griffith and Farran), by Mr. G. A. Henty, correspondent of the *Standard* in the late war. It is calculated to engage the lively interest of juvenile readers by its exhibition of bold adventures and skilful exploits, without exciting in their minds a feeling of animosity towards the opposite side in the conflict. Mr. Robert T. Landells, the Special Artist of this Journal, has drawn the illustrations, which are original in design, spirited and lifelike, and give a strong idea of the realities of battle.

MUSIC.

THE OPERA.

Mr. Mapleson's temporary occupation of the Royal Italian Opera House terminated on Saturday, when his autumn season closed, according to previous announcement. Mdle. Marimon repeated, on Thursday week, her performance of Norina in "Don Pasquale," her first appearance in which was noticed last week.

The opera given on the closing night was "Der Freyschütz," the original dialogue replaced with the Italian recitatives supplied by Berlioz, and in several other respects as heretofore performed. As one of the most representative and thoroughly national specimens of German romantic opera, this fine work is consequently one of the least suitable for such alteration, a redeeming feature in which, however, is the fine performance of Mdle. Titiens, whose nationality enables her to reflect the northern spirit of the music even through its adapted Italian medium. Her delivery of the great scena in the second act, including the exquisite prayer known in its English version as "Softly sighs," was one of the finest displays of dramatic singing ever heard, even from the same artist in the same music, and it created an impression equal to that of any former occasion. Signor Vizzani gave the tenor scena in which Max expresses his despair at his unsuccessful marksmanship with some effect, although evidencing in this and other instances that Italian music suits him better than German. Signor Foli's Caspar exhibited improvement, both in the "Revenge" scena and the drinking song, the latter of which was encored. Mdle. Bauermeister was an efficient Annetta, and gave her Polacca song and the legendary ballad, especially the latter, with much effect. The overture was finely played, and had to be repeated. The National Anthem supplemented the performance, and derived especial significance from the circumstances of the time. Signor Li Calsi conducted with the same careful supervision that he has exercised throughout the past season.

Covent-garden Theatre is now given up to the preparations for the forthcoming Christmas pantomime ("Blue Beard"), soon after the run of which, probably at the end of March, Mr. Gye will resume his accustomed position as director of the Royal Italian Opera, the next season of which will be the twenty-sixth year of that establishment.

The second oratorio concert of the fourth season took place last week, when "Elijah" was performed; the baritone solo music of the Prophet was sung by Herr Stockhausen; the tenor solos by Mr. Raynham, as substitute for Mr. Sims Reeves, who was unable to appear in consequence of hoarseness. In the great duet with the widow, in which Elijah effects the miraculous resuscitation of her child; in the declamatory air, "Is not his word," and the pathetic lamentation, "It is enough," and in other solos, Herr Stockhausen displayed his high artistic and intellectual qualities in spite of a cold. The principal soprano and contralto solos were sung by Madame Cora de Wilhorst and Miss Julia Elton, subordinate passages having been efficiently rendered by the Misses Poyntz and Severn. The choruses were finely sung by the largely-augmented choir trained by Mr. Barnby, who conducted the performance, which included the co-operation of an excellent orchestra.

The first portion of the sixteenth season of the Crystal Palace Saturday Afternoon Concerts will terminate to-day, with the twelfth performance, and the series will be resumed after the Christmas recess. Last Saturday's programme included Mendelssohn's "Scotch" symphony and his violin concerto, which was brilliantly played by Madame Camilla Urso. The clever overture to "The Regicide," an unperformed opera, by the late Charles Lucas (formerly Principal of the Royal Academy of Music), and Weber's overture to "Oberon," respectively commenced and terminated the concert. The vocalists were Madame Trebelli-Bettini and Signori Fanelli and Agnesi. For this week's closing concert of the year "Elijah" is announced.

"The Messiah" was performed at the Royal Albert Hall yesterday (Friday) week, when the solo singers were Mdle. Titiens, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Signor Foli. Sir J. Benedict conducted. Handel's sublime oratorio is to be repeated at the same place, with similar arrangements, on the afternoon of Christmas Day. Performances of the work are also announced at the Oratorio Concert of Dec. 20, and by the Sacred Harmonic Society on the 22nd and 29th of the month.

Herr Pauer was the pianist at this week's Monday Popular Concert, and his performances consisted of Mozart's solo sonata in F; and Beethoven's sonata in A, with the association of Signor Piatti as violoncellist. The quartets—Mendelssohn's in A minor and Haydn's in B flat from op. 64—were led by Mdme. Norman-Néruda, was supported by Messrs. L. Ries and Zerbini, and Signor Piatti, Miss Matilda Scott

was the vocalist, and Sir J. Benedict the accompanist. Next Monday's concert will be the last of the year.

THE THEATRES.

CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS.

The accounts we have received of the pantomimes are not so full as usual at this time of the year, and the various managements appear to observe, for some reason, a certain reticence. We find, however, that Covent Garden will produce, on Boxing Night, a grand spectacular drama, by Mr. H. J. Byron, on the old subject of "Blue Beard," at Drury Lane Mr. E. L. Blanchard will present the public with his customary annual. It is entitled "Tom Thumb the Great; or, Harlequin King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table." The principal parts will be sustained by the Vokes Family, Miss Harriet Coveney, Master John Manley, and Mr. Henry Colford. The Haymarket, we suppose, will depend on Mr. W. S. Gilbert's new mythological comedy in three acts, entitled "Pygmalion and Galatea," produced on Saturday. A new extravaganza is promised at the Adelphi, called "Little Snow-drop," for which Mrs. John Wood has been specially engaged. Mrs. A. Mellon and Mr. S. Calhaem will also appear. A grand spectacular pantomime will be produced at the Princess's, furnished by the Brothers Grinn, and named "Little Dicky Dilver and his Stick of Silver; or, Harlequin and the Three Comical Kings"—Miss Caroline Parks, Miss Hudspeth, and Mrs. J. L. Warner (Miss Leigh) sustaining principal parts. The Christmas piece at the Gaiety will be written by Mr. W. S. Gilbert, with original music by Arthur Sullivan, and dresses designed by Mr. F. Brunton. The subject is the adventures of Thespis amongst the Olympians; and Mr. Toole, who will play Thespis, will be supported by an increased company. The Crystal Palace directors have this year placed their Christmas pantomime in the hands of Mr. John Hollingshead, and it will be produced on Dec. 21, under the direction of Mr. W. H. Payne. The subject chosen is "Ali Baba; or, the Forty Thieves;" and it will be supported by the Paynes and a very large company of singers, dancers, and pantomimists. One of the scenic features is a gigantic tropical waterfall, the largest ever placed on any stage. The Vaudeville will rely on Mr. Byron's new extravaganza, "Camaralzaman and the Fair Badoura," and the Royal Court Theatre on their new burlesque, entitled "Isaac of York." Sadler's Wells will produce a grand comic pantomime on Christmas Eve, but the title is not yet announced. The Royal Alfred also promises a pantomime, without naming the subject. The pantomime at the Grecian will be produced on the 23rd, but the title is not yet given. The Standard entitles its pantomime "Butterfly Queen; or, Harlequin Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp." The New Pavilion has selected for its argument "Rip Van Winkle." The pantomime at Astley's is not yet named, and that at the Surrey is not yet announced.

HAYMARKET.

The classical comedy by Mr. W. S. Gilbert, produced on Saturday, under the title of "Pygmalion and Galatea," was deservedly successful. It consists of three acts and one scene, in blank verse, smoothly written, with a vein of sarcasm running through the dialogue. The whole action passes in the studio of the ancient sculptor; but a prospect of Athens and the appertaining landscape is seen through the open portal. The statue which wins the artist's love has been modelled by Mr. J. B. Phillips, R.A. Pygmalion is represented as a married man, his wife Cynisca fully appreciating his talents and acting as his model. These two parts are acted by Mr. Kendal and Miss Caroline Hill. The latter, a nymph of Artemis, has a privilege with a responsibility, in which her husband shares. Whichever of the two shall prove inconstant will become blind. Cynisca, however, is not afraid of his falling in love with one of his own statues, and willingly leaves him alone with them, while she goes forth to pay a visit. The dreadful event, however, happens. Pygmalion becomes enamoured of the image of Galatea (Miss Robertson). The animated form looks into the mirror and perceives that she is beautiful; but this does not lead her to despise her maker, whom she confesses she loves, and ventures to think that, as his wife loves him also, they may live amicably together. But this innocent sentiment finds no response in reality. Other complications occur. Chryses (Mr. Buckstone) wishes to purchase the statue, and mistakes Galatea for the model, and by his conduct provokes the jealousy of his shrewish wife, Daphne (Mrs. Chippendale). Leucippe (Mr. Howe), an Athenian soldier, excites Galatea's curiosity, and leads to explanations which kindle the resentment of Cynisca. She invokes the punishment on her husband, and he becomes blind. The second act ends with this incident, which was so effective that all the performers had to cross the stage, amid the acclamations of the audience. The third act of course reveals the solution of the difficulty. Cynisca repents of her jealousy and its consequences. Galatea, denounced as "the marble minx," prays the gods for Pygmalion. They hear her prayer, so that she becomes again a statue, and the sculptor and his wife are restored to happiness. The two ladies acted with wonderful vigour, and the rivalry of their talent added to the efficiency of the action. All the parts were admirably filled.

STRAND.

A new one-act comedietta, entitled "An Eligible Bachelor," has been produced at the Strand. The title rôle was sustained with great spirit by Mr. W. H. Swanborough, as Mr. Swainston Singleton, a rich young man, who desires and obtains a quiet villa where he shall not be overlooked and may live a bachelor's life. But a widow residing next door, with three daughters, contrives means of intruding on his retirement, and compels him to quit the premises. The young ladies are practised in archery, and shoot their arrows over the wall to engage his attention; but their efforts fail to change his resolution. The piece is written in a lively vein, but the unromantic conclusion rather disappointed the audience.

VAUDEVILLE.

A rattling piece, by Mr. James Mortimer, entitled "A Warning to Bachelors," was produced on Saturday, and, by force of excellent acting, was rendered successful. The incidents are familiar in more than one farce of the kind. Mr. Lin Rayne, as Dick Rattleton, a Government clerk, falls in love with an engineer's wife, and contrives to get her into his own apartment. Grimshaw, the husband, comes unexpectedly, and the lady is withdrawn; but her lord stays, takes supper, gets drunk, and commits extravagances which keep the stage in a great state of bustle. Mrs. Grimshaw ultimately escapes by a skylight, and re-enters, as if unconscious of what had happened, to take home her husband. Much laughter was provoked by the oddity of the incidents, but the piece itself has no pretensions to literary merit.

The Gaiety Comic Opera company—comprising Miss Julia Matlows, Miss Emily Muir, Mr. Stoye, Mr. Beverley, Mr. Carlin, &c., with a chorus, ballet, band, &c.—have started on a seven-months' tour through the principal towns of England, Ireland, and Scotland, under the direction of Mr. John Hollingshead.

CHESS.

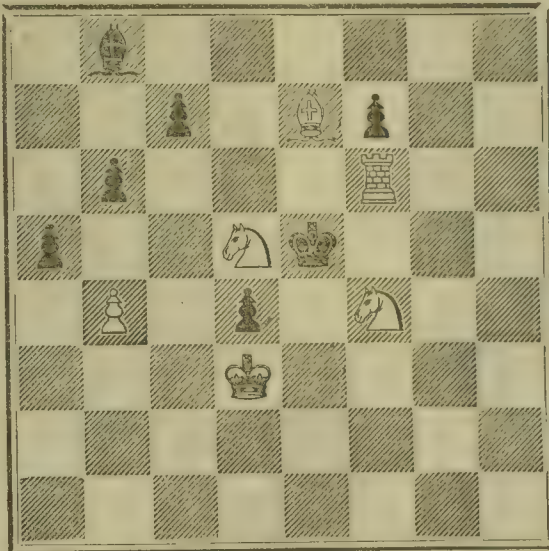
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. B. Melbourne.—Your letter and the newspaper slip of Oct. 9 have safely reached us, but of the *Londoner* we have received no copy for months. In future, be so good as to inscribe "Chess" on the copy intended to enlighten us as to colonial chess doings. DR. PHILIPUS.—It shall be reported on next week. The solutions are perfectly correct. HONEXWOOD.—If a chess problem admits of more than one solution it is, of course, imperfect. That is not the case, however, with No. 1447, as you will find on carefully examining it again. J. S.—It shall have due attention. C. W. PUNDY.—You are altogether in error, and have evidently not taken the pains to examine the position. If Black play "Q to her 3rd, giving check" (you, of course, mean "Q takes Q P, giving check"), White interposes his Kt, giving double check and mate. I. B. SPENCER, A. B. W. S., and Others.—Problem No. 1447 cannot be solved by L. K. to Q 3rd. The only solution is that we have printed. RED KNIGHT.—I. Have you not overlooked the fact that, if White were to play as you suggest, 25. Q to K 4th, his opponent could take the Q Kt for nothing? 2. It is much to be regretted, certainly, that there is no English chess periodical, worth the name, devoted to chess, and we shall be glad to know that this desideratum is likely to be supplied. THE TRUE SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 1419 has been received from M. M.—D. C. L.—Bishop—E. R. S.—Try Again—M. P.—Sawney—A. Clerk—Medicus—T. T. Weston—Geoffrey—A. B.—Leon—Box and Cox—D. E.—Ighite—Willie Holwood—B. A.—Manfred and Man Friday—Nauticus—B. C. W.—Pip—Emma Pasham—Alpha—James Allport—J. Sowden—F. H. Mena—Edmund—Beziqne—Abram—G. B.—S. W. B.—Eidolon—F. C. R.—Conrade—Peterkin—R. W. B.—S. Simcox—1871—Loeline—Emile Fran, of Lyons—H. B.—W. S.—Sigismund—C. R. N.—Felix—Bouhomme—Argyle—F. W. K.—Peggy—D. V.—A. Frode—W. M.—S. B.—Norman—Oyp. THE CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 1445 has been received, since our last list, from Penistone—W. Melwood—Achilles—Captain M.—I. W., Canterbury—Dr. Phillipus—Derevon—I. Milton—and E. Frau, of Lyons.

PROBLEM No. 1451.

By Mr. J. PIERCE, M.A.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in four moves.

THE KNIGHT'S TOUR.

No. VII.

cea	gre	su	cha	isc	dir	art	lan
isi	all	ild	aso	llp	evi	ord	ect
riu	ots	tot	ght	nce	mon	ive	ial
hec	ver	uss	stn	rsa	ola	ion	har
rha	ner	all	own	pit	can	yno	ola
isb	nkn	ate	cof	sto	lgo	con	whi
dei	lea	uta	nat	hou	uth	nds	tun
rtu	ure	pri	isc	pit	der	cht	etr

A solution of the above, which by a modification of the letters may be more difficult than preceding tours, is requested.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY AND CAMBRIDGE STAUNTON CHESS CLUBS.—The little contest between certain members of these clubs has terminated in favour of Oxford, the result giving—

Oxford .. 4 | Cambridge .. 2 | Drawn .. 1

We shall endeavour to find room for the best of the games shortly.

HANDICAP TOURNEY AT THE GLASGOW CHESS CLUB.—The following is the state of the tourney up to and including Saturday, the 9th inst.:

	Won.	Lost.		Won.	Lost.
Mr. Shann ..	5	2	Mr. Steegmann ..	5	4
Mr. Gilchrist ..	2	7	Mr. Macfadyen ..	0	0
Mr. Anderson ..	5	6	Mr. A. K. Murray ..	7	15
Mr. Hunter ..	9	3	Mr. Moffat ..	3	1
Mr. J. D. Campbell ..	1	2	Mr. Birch ..	3	2
Mr. Berwick ..	7	9	Mr. Jenkins ..	6	3
Mr. Henderson ..	4	1	Mr. J. B. Allan ..	1	11
Dr. Labone ..	2	2	Mr. Feanant ..	10	2

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

To review the spring or principal exhibition of this society is the least profitable task which the art-critic has to perform during the year; and naturally the smaller winter gathering of less-careful productions or mere studies and sketches will still less repay examination. The staple of the present collection consists, as usual, of examples of such obvious conventionality and mere picture manufacture that persons of cultivated taste can only mourn over the absence of artistic education in this country which renders the supply and demand of such things possible. Scattered amidst the mass are, however, a few works of some merit, though generally of slight pretension, by better men, promising tentative efforts by students. These it will suffice to enumerate, detailed remarks being seldom necessary; and the enumeration may be given in the order of the catalogue, as no object could be gained by an attempt at classification.

The following, then, we have marked as somewhat above the dull level of mediocrity, or, worse, imbecility:—"Under Surveillance" (13), by C. S. Lidderdale—the threadbare subject of a Spanish lady and duenna, painted with some sense of character, but in a dry, unoriginal, routine manner. "Winter" (17), by G. Sant—a snow scene in a plantation with dead ferns, warm in colour, artistic in the hues, and broad in treatment. "Asleep on Duty" (21), by J. T. Peele—the subject a girl who has rocked herself to sleep as well as the baby, and the rendering of which would be more acceptable with some

charm in the infant. "Rydal Mere, Cumberland" (24), by J. Peel, a good example of this painter, who, however, seems never to have done himself justice. "A Little Poorly" (43)—a sick child, and "Adelaide" (59)—a study of a head; two little pictures of some refinement, by F. Morgan. "The Well" (58), by Valentine W. Bromley; "Lambs at Play" (74), by J. W. Cole, nice in feeling. "An Interesting Story" (77), by T. Roberts—a little girl reading a book in a garden, with an apt expression of absorption on her pretty young face. "Reading Shakespeare" (78), by J. W. Chapman—a single costumed male figure—the best picture à la Meissonier we have seen by this artist: see also No. 116. "Adelaide" (99)—an expressive head, by Miss M. Backhouse. "Mischievous" (118)—a spirited little sketch of a girl and jackdaw, by E. Roberts. "Morning Grey" (157), by H. Moore—a brilliant seascape, with the clear, warm, grey light of morning breaking through a mackerel-back sky and glistening on the dancing wave, is, perhaps, the most vigorous bit of true art here. Very good, also, is the evening effect in "After Work Time, Sussex" (159), by the same, with cart-horses being turned into a field for the night. A clever little picture is "Morning" (165), by J. Emms—a child sitting up in bed watching the pigeons on the window-sill, a black kitten arching its back on the counterpane, the garret flooded with morning light. "The Romance of Queen Eleanor and Fair Rosamond" (175), by T. Davidson, one of the few pictures ambitious in theme here, containing much careful painting, but quite wanting in dramatic sentiment—the Rosamond a mere child. "Dawn—Portsmouth Harbour" (214), by J. Danby, has a fine glowing effectiveness. Mr. F. H. Potter's small half-length (215) of a young lady, with her profile and golden-brown hair relieved against a fan of silver-grey feathers, is one of the most original and promising studies in the collection; but colour of greater brilliancy and purity in the lights of hair and fan would better bear out the title—"Gold and Silver." A view of "Barden Tower, Yorkshire" (231), by T. Griffiths, evinces a nice sense of atmospheric gradation, though the "moonrise" effect is more like dawn. "The Day before the Gale" (233), by W. L. Wyllie, shows, like all this artist's works, that he observes nature for himself, though not free from his besetting faults of slaty colouring and hasty, hard execution: it is a calm at sea, the glassy surface only disturbed by gambolling porpoises; but a weatherwise sailor is gazing dubiously upwards at gathering, strangely-shaped, ominous rags of cloud. The merit of original observation is also displayed by J. B. Grahame in "Twilight"—a scene at the mouth of a harbour, with the pier-head and a boat's sail telling black against the darkling sky barred by a few streaks of sunset rose, and the long serried ranks of a sleepy swell laving the boat's flank and pier-wall.

In the two smaller rooms are a few oil-paintings, among which may be noted a well-painted and characteristic animal-piece, by H. H. Coudery, called "Juvenile Models" (449); "Val d'Aosta" (463), by J. Rutson; "On Hampstead Heath" (490), by C. Goldie; "Idlers" (508), by J. E. Williams; "The Fern-Gatherer" (523), by J. R. Powell—a ragged figure seated on a ferny bank doggedly contemplating a tremendous gathering thunderstorm through which he has to return home; a picture which, however unattractive and ill-drawn, has some fine qualities of colour and execution; "Left at School" (523), by J. Morgan—a girl left alone in the playground about to console herself with her skipping-rope; the little figure very natural and charmingly painted. In these rooms there are also water-colour drawings, among the most noteworthy being the contributions of E. M. Wimperis, E. Radford, T. C. Dibdin, C. Pyne, A. W. Weedon, T. F. Wainwright, J. J. Bannatyne, G. S. Walters, C. Rossiter, J. Salter, T. R. and P. Macquoid, Miss Clacey, and J. O'Connor. On a screen in the large room are several black-and-white sketches in Bohemia by R. Landells, evidently intended for engraving, which for this purpose leave nothing to desire. Lastly, in this room has been placed a bust by Jackson of the late J. B. Pyne, long a distinguished member of this society: it is the gift of his three sons.

The Winter Exhibition of Studies and Sketches at the gallery of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours opened on Monday last. A notice of the exhibition is postponed, on account of the pressure on our space.

THE QUEEN'S HOSPITAL, BIRMINGHAM.

The ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of a new wing or extension building to be constructed for the enlargement of the Queen's Hospital at Birmingham is the subject of one of our Illustrations. It was performed by the Right Hon. Lord Leigh, the Lord Lieutenant and Provincial Grand Master of Warwickshire, on Monday, the 4th inst., with full Masonic honours, in the presence of a large company of the townsfolk of Birmingham, the clergy, the medical and other professional men, and the gentry of that district. The Illustration shows his Lordship in the act of pouring the symbolic oil and wine upon the foundation-stone, having previously deposited the corn upon it. There was a great assemblage of people in front of the Rectory-grounds, in Bath-row, to greet the arrival of those engaged in the proceedings on this occasion. The laying of the foundation-stone, with the delivery of suitable addresses and replies, was followed by a luncheon at the Great Western Hotel. In the evening there was a public meeting at the Townhall; the Mayor of Birmingham presided, and speeches were made and resolutions were passed in commendation of the efforts made to raise new subscriptions for the building fund. The estimated cost of the proposed building is £20,000.

BURNING OF LEITH WEST PIER.

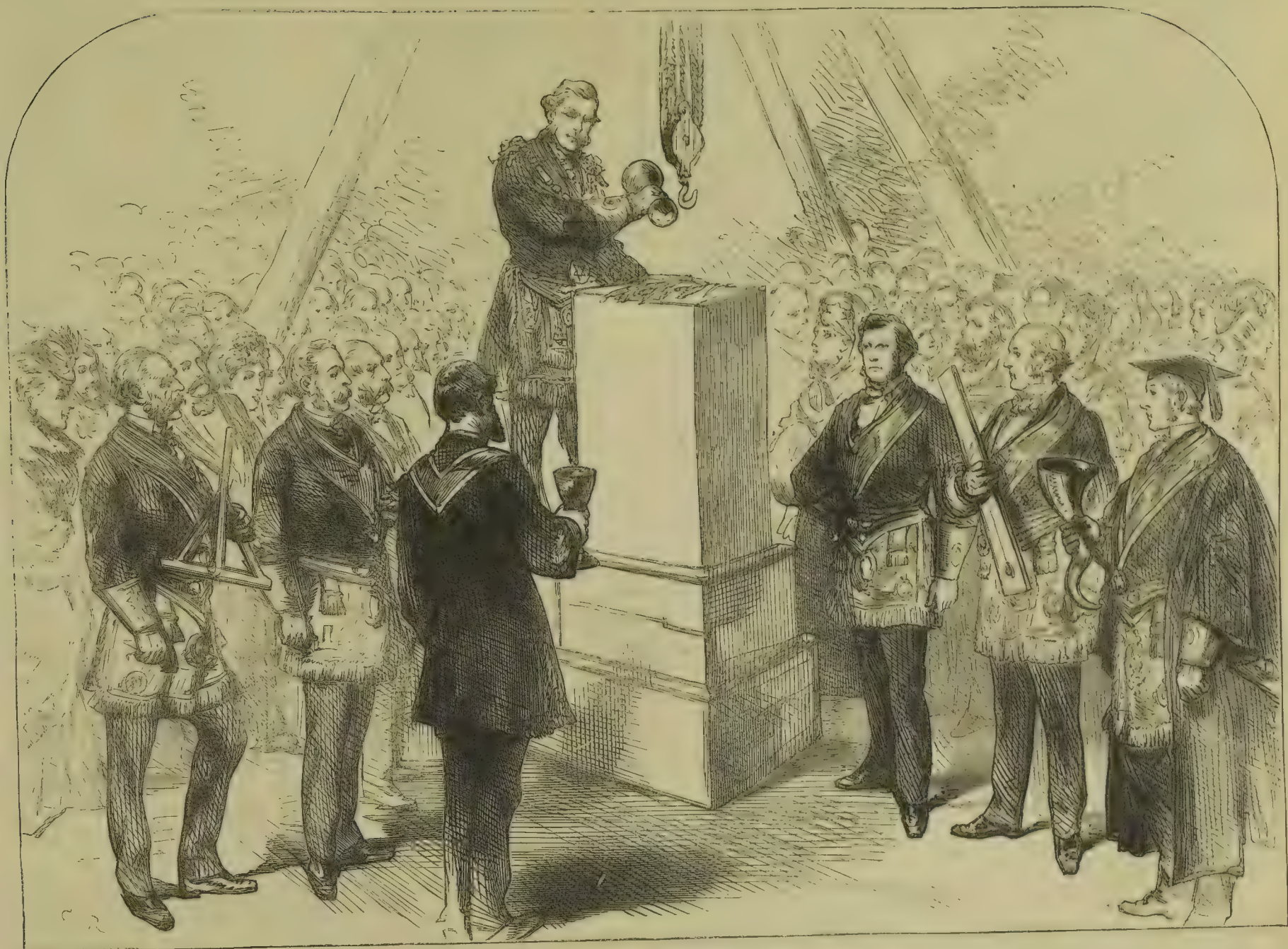
The West Pier of Leith Harbour, a wooden structure nearly 1300 yards in length, built on the stone breakwater that projects into the Firth of Forth from the Victoria Dock, was partly destroyed by fire on Saturday, the 2nd inst. Workmen tarring the timbers of the pier were boiling their pitch on the breakwater, close to the woodwork, at a place 350 yards from the pier head. It was between nine and ten in the morning when the tar somehow caught fire, and the pier was in flames in a moment. The fire, aided by a strong north-west breeze, spread at the rate of five or six yards a minute, taking hold instantly of the inflammable creosoted timber and the asphalt paving above it. The wind fortunately did not blow it towards the shipping in the dock, but an iron steamer, the Mid Lothian, lately launched, was lying alongside the pier, and seemed to be in great danger. The workmen of the pier, and dock commissioners, those of Mr. Hugh Morton, engineer, and of Messrs. Menzies, shipbuilders, with the dock fire-engine, two engines from the town, one from Newhaven, and one manned by the Royal Artillerymen from Leith Fort, made all possible efforts to stop the fire. They cut the pier across in more than one place, and poured masses of water on the flames. The mischief was thus arrested early in the afternoon.



THE FIRST SNOWBALL.—(SEE PAGE 570.)
DRAWN BY H. PETHERICK.



THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.—(SEE PAGE 598.)
DRAWN BY A. HUNT.



LORD LEIGH LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE FOR THE EXTENSION OF THE QUEEN'S HOSPITAL AT BIRMINGHAM.



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VELVETS.—A Select Stock, from the best manufacturers in Lyons, sold with a 7½ per cent profit only. Any quantity cut by the yard. Five per cent discount allowed on all orders of 15 and upwards. All goods sent, carriage-paid, to any part of Great Britain. ALBERT MARCHAUD, 189, Regent-street, London. Patterns free.

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BAY RUM, for arresting Baldness and preventing the Hair turning Grey, but especially as a restorative, is wonderfully efficacious. 3s. 6d. and 6s. 6d. UNWIN and ALBERT, Perfumers, 6, Belgrave Mansions, and 24, Piccadilly.

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A CHRISTMAS WELCOME.
DRAWN BY EDWARD HUGHES.



The cause of this sweet strife you wonder,
Why those fair damsels struggle so
To kiss their grim old uncle under
The mistletoe.

But knew you his chivalric story,
Th' heroic deeds of Colonel Doughty,
You'd know why so in him they glory,
Though old and gouty.

Among his comrades none could see a
Trimmer, sterner martinet:
His daring deeds in the Crimea
Are talked of yet.

At Inkerman, that dull grey morning,
He, when the Russian mighty host
Fell on us without note of warning,
Was at his post;

And when his ranks with shot were riven
"Close up!" were all the words he'd spare;
So fought until the foe was driven
Back to his lair.

Then of a wound at daybreak given
He staggering fell in deadly swoon;
With life-blood oozing, he had striven
From morn to noon.

And when Sebastopol was taken
His troops were foremost, you may swear;
And his hurrah the first to waken
The echoes there.

But ah, in India!—Each fair maiden
Weeps as she tells the tale of woe,
And with a bosom sorrow-laden
Speaks soft and low.

For there his heart's most precious treasure,
His much-enduring, noble wife,
She who had been his pride and pleasure,
Gave up her life.

In the Great Mutiny she perished,
When Murder reddened all the land;
Grim vengeance then the warrior cherished,
Nor held his hand.

Not till the Mutiny was ended
Did he the work of blood once stay;
Remorselessly the bolt descended
To smite and slay.

To deeds of cruelty averse he
Was in the tenor of his life;
What steeled him then to cries for mercy?
His murdered wife.

Except this passionate surrender
To fierce revenge and deadly hate,
His heart was pitiful, and tender
As dove to mate.

Nor e'en with duty sternly calling,
Did child or woman plead in vain;
He'd rush to save them where, fast falling,
Shot poured like rain.

Knowing his story, do you wonder
Why those fair damsels struggle so
To kiss their brave old uncle under
The mistletoe?

O lucky uncle, happy nieces:
Most favoured they of winsome Misses,
And he a veritable Croesus
Of untold kisses.

JOHN LATEY.

ENIGMAS.

No. 1.

As a whole, I am exceedingly proper.
Without the first letter, I become just the reverse.
Wanting the first two letters, I am a celebrated cook.

No. 2.

I am an important adjunct of most farms.
Dropping the first letter, I am what my whole ought to be.
Then take away my last letter, and you would die without me.

No. 3.

If you are as unyielding as I am, we shall soon have what I
should be without my first letter.
Lacking the first and last letters of my curtailed self, there
would still be "much virtue" in me.

No. 4.

A proverb says that everyone has me.
The first letter gone, I grow only in warm climates.
Another letter taken away, I require severe cold to exist.

No. 5.

I am the aim and object of many politicians and statesmen.
Without the first letter, ladies and soldiers wear me.
Shorn of the first two letters, kings and queens fall before me.

No. 6.

My whole is of divers forms, colours, and proportions, and
figures at banquets.
A letter gone, and I see myself in my whole.
Docked of another, and I become a fitting term for him who
does not love my first a little and my second very much.

No. 7.

The Tichborne topic is become my whole.
I drop a letter, and no Christmas Number of the Illustrated
London News would be considered complete without me.
Another letter dropped, and I am essential to a Christmas
table.

(The answers will be given next week.)

CHRISTMAS EVE AT PENRYDIN.



the state of his ancestors, and continued to exercise very considerable influence in county affairs. Lady Penrydin was even more stately than her husband; so that between their pride and poverty they found it no easy task to make both ends meet.

Richard, the heir to the estate and baronetcy, occupied himself chiefly with the sports of the field, yachting, and smoking; and beyond the interest he took in the life-boat when a storm-tossed or misguided vessel had been driven on shore in Mount's Bay, it was not easy to understand for what purpose he existed, except to enjoy himself and win the heart of Lucy Bernard, the only child of a neighbouring squire, whose lands Sir Everard had long coveted, and whose wealth had far greater attractions in his eyes than even so charming a girl as Lucy. But she would have nothing to say to the heir of Penrydin, as her affections had already been set on Frank, his younger and only brother. Lucy and he were more of an age; they had played together in childhood; he was her youthful adviser in every little trouble; and when he left to take up the cadetship which his father had obtained for him in the Indian army she thought her young heart would break.

It had long been understood between Sir Everard and Squire Bernard that the eldest son of the one should marry the only child of the other; and the wide difference in their tempers and dispositions, or the fact that Lucy could never have been happy with Richard Penrydin, were matters of no consideration compared to the alliance of two such families. Why should love and future happiness stand in the way of Sir Everard replenishing his scanty exchequer and securing for Mr. Bernard's daughter the titles of an ancient family? But no family arrangements could be of avail in restoring what had been already lost. When Frank and Lucy parted they were too young to speak of love, and they had not ventured to correspond as they grew older. His regimental duties had, moreover, occupied his attention very fully on his arrival at Bombay; and the arduous and perilous campaign against the Afghans, which soon followed, left him little time for writing. But she was often the subject of his thoughts, and when he did write to his father and mother he never failed to ask to be remembered to Mr. and Mrs. Bernard and their daughter. I daresay no member of either family circle felt half so much interest in those letters as Lucy, for when Lady Penrydin conveyed the message her son had sent, she blushed and seemed anxious to read the letter itself. Frank had no idea that his letters to his mother descriptive of the hardships of the Afghanistan campaign, and relating how his regiment fared, and how he himself had to fight the battle of life in tents, ill-fed and ill-found, as well as fight an indomitable and daring enemy amidst their mountain passes and rocky homes, would be read with such zest and eager anxiety by Lucy Bernard.

Though his communications for the first six months had been irregular, he seldom, during the subsequent three years, missed a mail, except when the division of the army to which he had been attached was on the march. But a change afterwards came over him in that respect; and Frank, to her sad disappointment, became remiss in the number and regularity of his communications with home. On one occasion more than six months elapsed without any letter, and, though Lucy felt that some disaster had befallen him, she dare not tell her feelings; neither her parents nor any of the inmates of Penrydin Castle had ever dreamt that she was in love with Frank, though they must frequently have noticed that her affections were not set upon his brother Richard.

"Dear me!" said Lady Penrydin to her husband on the evening he had received a letter from the India Office informing him that his son had been promoted to the rank of captain. "What can Lucy Bernard mean? Every day this last week she has been here, and she does not seem to have had any errand beyond wishing to know if you had heard from London in reply to your inquiry about Frank, and on none of the occasions did she ever inquire after Richard. I used to think that she liked Frank merely because he was Richard's brother, but now I suspect something very different."

"Nonsense!" said the Baronet. "Bernard and I have thoroughly arranged matters; and when she is twenty-one she and Richard are to fix the day for their marriage. It is quite understood. You don't suppose that, though she is only seventeen, she does not know the advantage of marrying an eldest son?"

Any close observer, however, might have seen her coldness to Richard and her anxiety about news from the East relating to the northern army, and even she herself could not hide from her unobservant elders with what intense delight she read in the newspapers a despatch from India wherein honourable mention had been made of the services of Frank Penrydin during a skirmish in which his troop had been engaged. All these were unmistakable signs of the depth of her affection for him, and him alone.

As years rolled on, that affection increased; and when a letter reached Penrydin Hall informing its inmates that he had been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and expected to be allowed a lengthened furlough to visit England, Lucy's joy was unbounded, damped only by the thought that her expectations might not be realised. However, the following mail set that question at rest, for in his next letter to Sir Everard he stated that his leave of absence had been definitely arranged, that he had taken his passage in the Serampore from Bombay to London, and would be certain to be home in time to spend his Christmas with them.

In the south-west portion of Cornwall Christmas, as in most other parts of England, has ever been a time of happy family gatherings; but the family of the Penrydins had through many generations considered it the great festive

day of the year, and had invariably extended their invitations to the neighbouring gentry. Sir Everard continued to maintain in all its grandeur and importance the annual custom of his ancestors. For more than two centuries the feast and dance had seldom or ever been neglected; and as it proved a somewhat heavy tax upon his reduced income, many comforts were dispensed with in the hall throughout the course of the year, so that the annual entertainment at its close might lose none of its former magnificence. Indeed, on this occasion Sir Everard and Lady Penrydin made arrangements for the ball on a more extensive and gorgeous scale than ever it had been. Lucy Bernard would then be twenty-one years of age, and consequently have reached the time when she and their eldest son were to fix the day of their marriage; and on this Christmas Eve they would have the society of Frank, after an absence of more than nine years. Long before the time invitations were issued to almost every family of consequence in the county, and preparations made on the most extensive and costly scale for the entertainment.

But, as the time approached, apprehensions arose as to the arrival of the Colonel. He had written that he should be in England without fail by October, and as the Serampore—one of the fastest of the modern Indiamen—had left Bombay towards the end of June, he had not over-estimated her sailing capacity. Having, however, encountered very severe weather off the Cape of Good Hope, and been obliged to seek shelter in Table Bay to repair the damages she had sustained, her detention there for more than a month rendered it unlikely that she would reach home before the middle of November.

But November passed away without her appearance, and as she was reported to have sailed from Table Bay on Oct. 20, and ought to have made the passage thence to England in seventy days, Sir Everard became anxious about her safety, and wrote to the owners of the ship, who assured him that there was no cause for alarm. Nor were any apprehensions for her safety felt by them when Sir Everard again wrote, about the middle of December, there being still no signs of the long-expected ship. Easterly and north-east gales, they remarked, were of such frequent occurrence at that season of the year in the Chops of the Channel, that there need be no cause for alarm, even if nothing was heard of her before the close of the year. These assurances in a measure relieved Sir Everard's mind from any immediate anxiety about the safety of the Serampore. But Lucy Bernard had her forebodings, and when the gay and glittering throng had gathered, on Christmas Eve, in the old oak hall she did not display her wonted gaiety.

At no time of its history had the old castle presented a gayer appearance; and though a violent southerly gale swept amongst the turrets of Penrydin, and whistled, with unusual shrillness, through the uninhabited and ruined portion of the great feudal structure, everything was peace, mirth, and happiness within. There were, however, signs of suffering from without. The carol had just been sung that ushered in that Christmas morn, and the twenty-first anniversary of Lucy's birthday, when a fisherman attached to the life-boat called at the castle to inform Sir Everard and his son that a ship off the coast was evidently in great distress, from the number of blue lights and rockets which the crew sent forth.

Signals of various kinds were, however, of too frequent occurrence on that part of the coast to be a source of anxiety; and had the gale not blown dead on shore, and had the fisherman not added that the vessel had also fired minute-guns, Richard might not have troubled himself much about the matter; but under the circumstances he felt it to be his duty to accompany the man back to the beach, in case the services of the life-boat should be required.

Nothing, however, could be seen of the stranger beyond the lights and rockets which ever and anon pierced the darkness. The wind, then veering from S. to S.S.E., blew in violent gusts, while the whole sky being densely overcast rendered it impossible to see any object even at a few yards' distance. But ere the lapse of an hour the increasing sound of the guns and the greater brightness of the rockets and blue lights told too plainly that a doomed ship was fast driving towards the rocky shore upon which the waves broke with tremendous fury.

By this time numbers of fishermen from the neighbouring village and not a few of the guests of Penrydin had found their way to the beach. There is something terribly exciting in the thought, when nothing but signals of distress can be heard or seen, of a ship driving to her destruction upon a dangerous coast; and on such a night that thought, contrasting with the gay scene they had just left in the castle, had a most thrilling effect upon those who had forsaken the dance, and the song, and the revelry of the old oak hall for the storm-lashed shore on which some stout ship with her crew was every instant expected to be dashed. But their suspense was of short duration. Ere the party from the castle reached the cluster of fishermen's cottages which stood at the mouth of Penrydin Chine, approached by a winding footpath from the edge of the high cliff where they had first gathered, a cry from a group of men who had collected for shelter under the lee of the life-boat told the terrible tale that the strange ship had struck upon a reef of rocks to the north west of Meantale Point. As there are no parts of the coast more dangerous than the Black Reef, or where there was less hope of saving life, the cry of despair which rang through the valley where the fishermen lived, rousing every inmate, soon found its way to Penrydin Castle. Sir Everard and those of his guests who had not already left, and who felt they could face the awful storm of wind and rain then raging, started for the shore.

Though nothing could be seen of the ship, the gale ever and anon brought to the shore a cry of anguish, while the cessation of the report of guns and the diminishing number of rockets and bluelights too plainly indicated that the stranger was no longer contending against the storm, but lay helplessly on the Black Reef at the mercy of the waves. Various articles which were washed on shore confirmed, not merely her hopeless position, but they revealed to an experienced eye the sad tale of the decks having been swept, and told as plainly as sight or language could have done that a large passenger-ship was in course of rapid destruction; and when, at last, a temporary lull in the storm allowed the rays of the moon, then in her last quarter, to show to the persons on shore, though only for a few minutes, the dark hull of a large vessel, completely dismantled, on the south-west edge of the reef, a cry arose to man the life-boat. Almost hopeless, indeed, was the task; but though the boat, one of a much inferior class to those now in use, could make little progress in such a gale, there was no lack of brave men to man her. Nor amongst the fishermen could there be found a more skilled pilot and oarsman than Richard Penrydin, who undertook the arduous office of steersman.

The effort proved as tedious as it was dangerous, for, after repeated failures to force their way through the surf, four hours elapsed ere they reached sufficiently close to the ship to see that she had parted in midships. But though they could not approach within hail, they had not exerted themselves in vain, for Richard, having placed the life-boat, with much skill, under the lee of a portion of the wreck, was enabled to

rescue three persons, who had clung to it as it broke away from the ship.

As the tide, now at its height, washed over the reef in large and almost unbroken volumes, and rendered beaching a most hazardous task, the people on shore were in a state of great anxiety about the safety of the life-boat and her crew; and not without reason, for when she reached the surf a huge wave struck her on the quarter, and threw her bottom upwards. Sir Everard, who, with the group from the castle, had not ventured from the shelter of the cottages, the instant he heard of the disaster rushed to the spot, and, in his eagerness to render assistance to his son, was struck down, and only rescued from the grasp of the receding surf by the prompt exertions and daring of some of the fishermen. But, though the boat had instantly righted herself, Richard Penrydin could nowhere be found when she was hauled upon the beach. He had been thrown from the stern where he stood as steersman, with the sweep oar in his hand, at the moment the life-boat broached to windward, while the reflux of the wave had carried him to sea; and, ere the old man recovered his senses, the lifeless body of his eldest son, borne on the shoulders of four stalwart men, passed the cottage where he lay.

Alas! troubles come not singly. The crew of the doomed vessel who had been saved revealed the terribly startling fact that it was the Serampore, the ship in which Colonel Penrydin, the Baronet's now only son, had taken his passage from Bombay, which lay a helpless wreck on the reef. She had been detained, as her owners had supposed, in the Chops of the Channel by a long continuation of north-easterly gales. After making the Scilly Islands her captain considered it advisable to haul up and sight the Land's End, intending to keep close to the weather-shore, whereby he might hope to make greater progress up Channel. The wind, however, suddenly backed round to the southward, and commenced to blow from that quarter with great force dead upon the coast of Cornwall. Instead, therefore, of reaching, as he had hoped, a safe weather-shore, along which he might shape his course, the ship became embayed between the Land's End and the Lizard Point, unable to weather either unless by a very heavy pressure of sail, under which he had the misfortune to carry away the bowsprit, and with it the fore and main topmasts. While the Serampore lay thus disabled, the gale increased in fury and drove her rapidly towards the shore; and at the moment when the happy gathering at the home of the Penrydins had been welcoming the advent of Christmas morn and the birthday of the betrothed bride of its heir, the Indianman, with her only true love, his younger brother, on board, was drifting, a dismasted hulk, upon the fatal reef.

The crowd feared to reveal the name of the ship to Sir Everard, but it reached the hall almost as soon as its inmates had become aware of the sad fate of his eldest son. Any attempt to describe the scene would be vain. The accident to the Baronet, whose corpse of his eldest son, and the thought that Frank, whose career in India had been so just a source of pride, then struggled with the waves or lay buried beneath them, were events more than Lucy Bernard's brain could bear. She wept, then she laughed, she sang, she danced; but, oh! how different to the laugh and the song which only a few hours before had rang through the old oak hall! Poor Lucy had, to all appearance, lost her reason!

The dawning morning afforded no relief to the screeching, screaming gale; but it exposed to the view of the crowd upon the beach the wreck of the ill-fated ship, which during that long night had been the plaything of the winds and the waves in their maddened fury. Though parted in midships, she still resisted in some of her parts the surge of the angry elements, and the most desperate efforts were made by the people on shore to save those of her crew and passengers who appeared to be still clinging to the wreck. Futile, however, were most of these noble and daring efforts. One by one the ill-fated crew were borne away by the waves which washed over the few visible remains of the once proud Indianman.

Though the first crew of the life-boat had been thoroughly exhausted, there was no scarcity of brave volunteers—as there never are amongst our seafaring population—to supply their places; but their herculean efforts to clear the boat from the surf and reach the wreck would have been altogether unavailing without some fresh invigorating spirit, and had Lucy Bernard not appeared at the most critical moment upon the scene the last attempt to launch the boat must have been abandoned. From her childhood she had been accustomed to the sea, and though she had frequently been a witness to its ravages, they were as nothing when roused by the hope of saving the life of that one being who had so long occupied her thoughts and who had won her affections, the despair which made her frantic having given way to the thought that Frank still lived and might be saved. Unknown to any of the inmates of Penrydin she had stolen away from the castle, dressed for the occasion; and, with a heroism which love alone could inspire, she leaped into the stern sheets of the life-boat, a model for manly vigour and courage, to give new life to the almost superhuman efforts of the crew.

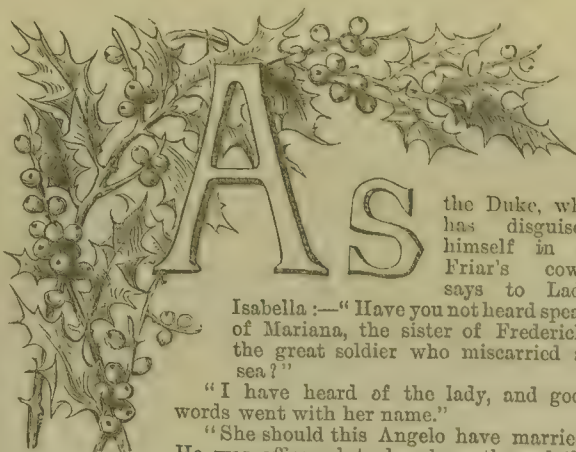
Those who seek their livelihood by going down to the deep waters are a credulous and impressionable race, and the hardy fishermen on the wild coast of Cornwall are not the least superstitious of their special calling. They seemed to feel as if Lucy, whom they had known from infancy, had become one of their patron saints, whose protection their progenitors had so often invoked, and whose aid they fancied they had at times received. At the call of her familiar voice the boat cleared the beach, and, amidst the cheers of the mingled and excited throng who then lined the shore, shaped a course for the reef.

"Row, men, row! or it will be too late!" she cried as she stood by the steersman; "row hard, and you may win a noble prize!" And, as if in dreamland, the sturdy limbs of the crew unconsciously obeyed while yet their minds were scarcely capable of guidance.

"Give way—give way, brave men, or all is lost!" exclaimed the frantic girl. Heartily they obeyed her call, and though wave after wave threatened annihilation, and the gale blew right ahead with unmitigated fury, the life-boat, now advancing, now receding at last foot by foot and yard by yard, reached the wreck. Seven human beings still clung to the foremast shrouds. By the most desperate efforts five of these were saved, and amongst that number Frank Penrydin, but at the cost for the time of Lucy's reason, who, seized with brain fever, lay long afterwards in a hopeless state. Months elapsed before she could be made aware of all that had occurred; and the Christmas gathering, which had met with so fair a prospect and amidst the sounds of mirth, broke up in sorrow. Sir Everard never recovered the shock which his nervous system had sustained, and within six months from the time of that awful gale he was buried in the family vault by the side of his eldest son.

Lucy, when she had completely recovered, became in due time the wife of Colonel Sir Francis Penrydin; and the Christmas Eve which brought about that event and the amalgamation of her father's large possessions with the estates of Penrydin, may yet be considered worthy of record in the historic annals of Cornwall. W. S. L.

"THE MOATED GRANGE."



the Duke, who has disguised himself in a Friar's cowl, says to Lady Isabella:—"Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick, the great soldier who miscarried at sea?"

"I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name."

"She should this Angelo have married. He was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed; between which time of the contract and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befel to the poor gentlewoman. There she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love towards her ever most kind and natural; with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage dowry; with both, her contracted husband, this well-seeming Angelo."

"Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?"

"Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonour; in fine, bestowed her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake. . . . I will presently to St. Luke's; there, at the Moated Grange, resides this dejected Mariana."

So far Shakspeare, in that truthful and touching dramatic lesson of Christian charity and humility, his play of "Measure for Measure." Now for Tennyson, whose imagination is not dramatic, but idyllic; conceiving apart and representing, each by itself, different scenes and moods of human life; but not combining their mutual action to create a world of various characters working upon each other to develop the capabilities of every nature. Tennyson is therefore content to see this forlorn, rejected maiden sitting alone in her desolate abode, where she lingered five years, despondently brooding over the memory of her slighted love. The sad refrain of these pathetic verses still haunts the reader's ear and heart:—

She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am weary, weary;
I would that I were dead!"

But the picture of Mariana's lonely dwelling-place in Tennyson's poem, which he published so early as 1830, was inspired by his youthful fondness for the rural scenery of his native land. He had no intention of providing for any sort of resemblance to the aspect of an ancient foreign mansion—a country house in the neighbourhood of Vienna. At the supposed date of the old story, borrowed from an Italian novel by Gerald Cinthio, which Shakspeare put on the Blackfriars stage. Tennyson was born and brought up in the weald of Lincolnshire; and his familiarity with some characteristic features of English landscape, of the English climate and weather, of English domestic buildings, gardens, fields, and farms is one of his recommendations to the English mind. In this respect he has a great advantage over some other poets—Browning, for example—who have followed Shelley and Byron in fixing their residence during a large part of their lives in the south of Europe. The description of country which Tennyson chiefly affects, and which may be endeared to him by associations with his childhood, is not so striking to the eye of fancy as the lakes and mountains of Westmorland or Scotland. But he is little disposed to view-hunting, nor does he cherish much of the sentiment of awe caused by physical grandeur of dimensions. Peaks and precipices, mighty cataracts, and perhaps even the sea, fail to impress him so rapturously as the commonest and smallest manifestations, in tree, grass, or wayside flower, of the organic forces of nature. He prefers, too, studying these in friendly neighbourhood to the homes of ordinary mankind. He likes the bright corn-field, the cool pasture-meadow, the weedy, blossomy hedge-row, and the trimmed copse; the brook, overhung with alders, still and deep, just above the leaf of the mill-pond, or babbling over the stones where the village children fish for minnows; the broad heath with crossing roads between adjacent parishes, where you see, once in an hour, a waggon or a drove of sheep or oxen going to market. Tennyson sees more poetry of nature in all this, sociably allied with the habits of humanity, than in masses of stone five miles high with ice and snow on their tops, or in floods of mere water pouring over a ledge of rock.

We are not at a loss to apprehend Tennyson's evident partiality for the scenery of the agricultural districts of England, especially a level, cultivated plain, with a free sky above it, frequently traversed by the fertilising rainclouds, and ever fresh in the verdure of its grass, its trees, and its green crops. But the locality in which he places this poor deserted Lady Mariana's habitation is cheerless and comfortless. Its prospect is such as might have been found in certain parts of Lincolnshire a century and a half ago; though to a period forty or fifty years before, we should say, the latest architectural additions to "the moated grange" may be referred. Here are "the glooming flats," and "the dark fen," as yet undrained; here is a solitary poplar, but on every side

For leagues, no other tree did mark
The level waste, the rounding gray.

The simple grange, built originally, we may conjecture, by a wealthy yeoman rising to the rank of squire under the Tudor reigns, has since been enlarged with new buildings at one side, in a handsome style of Roman arches, pilasters, sculptured coigns, and terminal orbs or lanceheads. This part of the edifice bears record of worldly advancement, of fortune and honours won by a gentleman of the old family in the time of the Stuart kings. It is a piece of English history exhibited in the growing fabric of a private abode. But now we see the house in its decay, after the impoverishment and decease of those who formerly possessed this mansion, with its annexed revenues and demesnes. The neglected garden is overgrown with rank weeds. The destroyers Time and Waste have invaded its once stately precinct of fence and gates. As Tennyson says

The broken sheds looked sad and strange,
Unlifted was the clinking latch;
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch
Upon the lonely, moated grange.

We see it all in the poet's description; but how well the Artist has rendered this scene in the drawing we have engraved! Mr. S. Read, who depicted Hood's "Haunted House" some years ago, has a genius for these subjects. His

picture of "The Moated Grange," from which our Engraving is drawn, is one of those bequeathed to the National Gallery by the Rev. Chauncey Hare Townshend, and now at the South Kensington Museum. How well his pencil has given the effect of these verses:—

About a stone-cast from the wall
A sluice with blackened water slept,
And o'er it many, round and small,
The clustered marsh-mosses crept.
Hard by, a poplar shook alway,
All silver-green with gnarled bark.

It is the shadow of this poplar, falling in the moonlight across the sleepless lady's bed, as she lies and muses of her sorrow in that upper room with the dormer window, that makes her feel the night more dreary than ever. Or she wearily watches the fitful motion of this shadow in the white curtain of her chamber, swayed to and fro by the wild wind; or she listens to the rustling of the dry boughs, mingled with the slow clock ticking, and the sparrows chirping on the roof, till her mind is confounded by the monotony of repeated sensations. It is a melancholy situation indeed for a bereaved and disappointed woman, languishing there "without hope of change"—

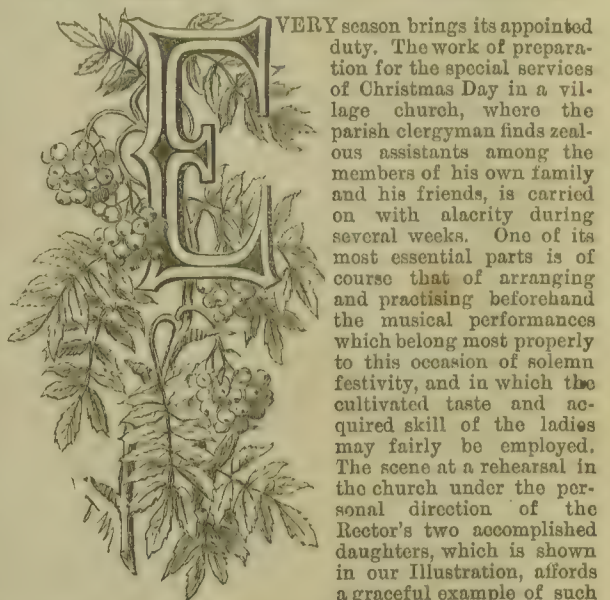
All day within the dreamy house
The doors upon their hinges creaked:
The blue fly sang 't the pane; the mouse
Behind the mouldering wainscot shrieked
Or from the crevice peered about.
Old faces glimmered through the doors,
Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
Old voices called her from without.

Her tears fell with the dews at even;
Her tears fell ere the dews were dried;
She could not look on the sweet heaven
Either at morn or eventide.

She wakes sometimes in the middle of the night from a sleep in which "she seemed to walk forlorn." She hears the cock crowing, and the ox lowing, an hour before the morning dawns. She painfully awaits the coming of another day, which she knows will be even more tedious than the night she has endured. The sights and sounds which continually beset her, in that dismal Moated Grange,

Did all confound
Her sense; but most she loathed the hour
When the thick-moted sunbeam lay
Athwart the chambers, and the day
Was sloping toward his western bower.
Then said she, "I am very dreary,
He will not come," she said;
She wept, "I am weary, weary,
Oh God, that I were dead!"

THE VILLAGE CHOIR AT REHEARSAL.



VERY season brings its appointed duty. The work of preparation for the special services of Christmas Day in a village church, where the parish clergyman finds zealous assistants among the members of his own family and his friends, is carried on with alacrity during several weeks. One of its most essential parts is of course that of arranging and practising beforehand the musical performances which belong most properly to this occasion of solemn festivity, and in which the cultivated taste and acquired skill of the ladies may fairly be employed. The scene at a rehearsal in the church under the personal direction of the Rector's two accomplished daughters, which is shown in our Illustration, affords a graceful example of such a custom, to be conveniently adopted in cases where no professional musician is engaged as organist. One of the sisters, we see, has long since been regularly installed as the official instrumentalist of the ordinary Sunday services, and plays the harmonium which is placed for her use in the pillared arch nearest her father's pulpit and lectern. The other seems to have undertaken the tuition of a set of youthful vocalists chosen out of the Sunday school. A gentle young curate, who may be their brother or else the betrothed of one of them, stands beside the instrument and beats time for his own sole satisfaction, being in such a position that the movement of his hand can scarcely be observed by any of the performers. It would not be safe to speculate on the probable effect of the distribution of parts in rendering the Christmas Hymn with the desired fulness of harmony, for the number of the choristers, in their several ranks of vocal capacity, does not appear to be complete. Some of the female voices destined to take an important share in the concerted result belong, perhaps, to young women who have already gained sufficient knowledge of music to be relied upon without attending this rehearsal. The four middle-aged men in the pew, who contribute the bass, barytone, and tenor elements of concordant sound, look very much as if they were used to do the business in their own way, and the clergyman's daughter will not be expected to become their teacher. Of the five boys under her immediate instruction, the least promising pupils, to judge from their faces and gestures, are the two elder fellows, the tallest of whom lounges indolently, with his back against the boards, while his comrade has a sheepish and drowsy expression of countenance. They are not very willing to learn or eager to please the lady by exerting themselves at this lesson. The boy in the middle, a sturdy young rustic in smock-frock and long leather gaiters, is certainly trying to do his best, fixing his whole mind on the task; and, if nature has given him an ear for tune and the faculty of measuring time-intervals, that boy will sing correctly enough, with such voice as he happens to possess. The others would be content to rest in passive admiration of this novelty in their juvenile experience, but they seem to belong to the parson's family, and their sisters will insist on making them sing. At the opposite side, to the left hand of the player on the harmonium, is a row of little girls, two or three of whom we should guess to be her younger sisters, or the children of a visitor or friend. Their soft treble voices are to join in the singing, and there will be less trouble with them than with the boys, when they have once got over the shyness of a first attempt. To be sure, one of them has carelessly dropped her book, and a glance of mild remonstrance is cast upon her by the presiding instrumentalist, while the girl next her suffers a momentary fit of abstraction. But the two ladies will succeed, by their patient forbearance of temper, and by their sweetness of manner, combined with strict and firm per-



THE MOATED GRANGE.
DRAWN BY S. READ.



THE VILLAGE CHOIR AT REHEARSAL.

DRAWN BY M. W. RIDLEY

sistence in requiring due execution of each part, in training this choir to a very tolerable degree of efficiency before Christmas Day. Then, as the annual triumph of evergreen garlands bedecks the sacred building, the social congregation of neighbours, assembled with their pastor in celebration of a grand religious anniversary, shall listen to the joyful strain—

Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.

Or else they may hear, "While shepherds kept their flocks by night," or some other familiar composition of the same class, sung in a manner worthy of the church, and likely to inspire feelings of sober joy in the hearts of the audience. It is unquestionably much better, where it can be done, to train a choir selected from the members of the congregation, or their sons and daughters, than to rely upon hired vocalists.

THE "BELL-BUOY."

A BLIND MAN'S STORY.

BY W. W. FENN.



LOOK! yonder is an old ruined fort, Sir; and that there dark line running from it is a groin, or kind o' pier, like, as was built for to make the shore bank up; and the bell-buoy is rather better than a mile out to sea, just off the end of the spit of sand. You may see it plain enough—there, just where I'm pointing. Look, Sir!

"Ah! my man, it is of no use my looking, for I am blind, and cannot see an inch before me!"

"Blind! be ye, Sir? Why, surely, I shouldn't ha' thought so. Your eyes look quite clear—but that's a bad thing."

"Yes, it is. But never mind. Go on telling me all about the land and the sea; I like to hear, and can understand pretty well what they look like. I have not been blind all my life, you know. Tell me about the bell-buoy."

"Well, Sir; there's not much to tell. It's always ringing, night and day. The action of the water keeps it going. You always hear it more or less, according to which way the wind sets, and according to what sea there is on. Sometimes it only just tolls, like, as it's doing now; but it's always ringing, for there's a strong current off there—runs fourteen knots an hour with the flood, and faster, too, sometimes. It's a dangerous place, and at low water the sands is a'most as dangerous as the tide; for they'd suck you up in five minutes. There's hundreds of poor souls lies buried there, I reckon. The craft coming up to the little river here always give the bell-buoy a wide berth."

"It's chiefly useful in foggy weather, I suppose?"

"Yes, and at night, you know; and at all times when you can hear it and can't see; and there's a deal of fog off here, too, in the fall. It comes up of a sudden, a'most while you are speaking, sometimes, in calm weather; but I could row you out to it now, Sir, if you'd like—it's a beautiful evening for a row—and then you'd comprehend, perhaps, more what sort of a thing it is. We could close up alongside of it, with the sea as quiet as it is now."

And so, after a little more talk, we went up close alongside it, and the rough lecture on the geography of the coast, with its landmarks, light houses, tides, currents, and sandbanks, was continued throughout the half-hour's pull; but the bell-buoy, and how it was laid, how the divers went down and the diving-bell was used, and how the rock beneath the sand was reached, and the ever-speaking beacon anchored safely, was the chief topic of interest. And when a boathook from the tiny row-boat held it within a yard's length, the din and booming of the bell was almost deafening, and nearly drowned the explanation of its form and structure. In snatches only was it possible to hear about its size, how it was swung, and what its four clappers looked like, and how there was a certain sort of refuge on the planking, with room for two or three men to cling, and chains to help them, if, shipwrecked on the fatal bar, they were lucky enough to reach the buoy, and that there was a little cage, or cupboard, on the top, where some biscuits and a flask of brandy were always kept, whereby the chance of saving life might be increased. It was getting late in the year now; bad weather would be coming on soon; and maybe the little stock of provisions would be of use before long.

"Had it ever been the means of saving life?"

"Yes, now and then; for when a gale blew dead on shore it was not always possible to hear the buoy at sea, although, of course, it rang much louder in rough weather than in calm; and many a craft in a wild winter's night had struck and gone down with all hands, save an odd one or two who had chanced to gain the buoy. Then, when the daylight came, and the weather moderated, perhaps they could be seen from the shore and taken off. Visitors? Well, no; they hadn't often many, for Sandholm was a poor place, without much accommodation for gentlefolk; only fishermen and the like lived there, and but few of them now, since these emigration days. The gentry from the Priory House sometimes came down and rambled about the sands; a party of them had been doing so lately a good deal. The fine evenings and moonlight had tempted them out. There were two or three rare young madcaps amongst them, up to all kinds of tricks; and it would be well if mischief did not come of their doings some day, for they were for ever wanting to go out boating, and none of them understood much about it."

Thus still the native lecturer, until the mainland was once more reached and the little row-boat made fast against the steps of the rough landing-place whence the expedition to the bell-buoy had started.

Vague, indeed, at the best, must be a blind man's description of locality. With the utmost difficulty only is it that he can realise the look of outer things for himself, far less put their aspect graphically before others. Hence, therefore, beyond gleaning that the land was fair and fertile, as it sloped gently down to the sea for many miles in each direction; that the village was small and very thinly populated, that it was quiet and retired to a degree, and that the air was pure and

invigorating, I can tell little more about Sandholm and its neighbourhood than my sturdy, kindly-spoken fisherman pilot told to me that lovely autumn evening when I, led down and left seated alone for awhile upon the shore, fell into conversation with him. I heard him come to his boat hard by and begin to set some of its gear in order. Nothing else for an hour or more had disturbed the stillness of the air, save the gentle lapping of the tide over the stonework at my feet, and the one never-ceasing, half-mournful, yet melodious, ringing of the bell-buoy in the distance. The sound was, as all melodious sounds are to the blind, peculiarly grateful and soothing; it harmonised deliciously, too, with the murmuring of the tide. The perfect quiet which otherwise prevailed gave full scope for this primitive but most sweet music to travel gently across the water and to become in such transit, as all music does, doubly tender in its tone. There was, moreover, to me something especially poetical and attractive in this contrivance, speaking, as it did, of the thoughtful ingenuity of man in thus turning to account the very elements against the treachery of which its warning voice was raised to guard his fellow-creatures. A new experience, too, as it was to me of coast life, it had lured me out to some distance from the village upon a little causeway, which brought me more within the sound than any spot upon the shore.

Although I grudged the interruption to my dreamy enjoyment caused by the thuds and thumps the boatman made with his oars and spars, I hailed him, and so learned what I have had written down about the bell-buoy and its use. The seat in the stern of the little boat was snug and comfortable, and, when she had been made fast on our return, I said I would sit where I was until my guide came back for me.

"Did I not want to go home?"

"No; I was in no hurry."

"But it was getting dark."

"Well, that made little difference to me. How should it?"

"No, surely, more was the pity; but was I quite certain my guide would come for me? I must be careful how I got out of the boat. Had I not better let its owner at least help me up the steps before he went home to supper? It went against him," he said, "for to leave anyone so helpless-like, as I must be, quite alone."

"No, no; I would rather stay where I was. I was quite safe, and was getting used now to be alone, and preferred it sometimes. So he should go home to supper, please, and I would meet him again to-morrow, for I was going to stay, I hoped, for some time at Sandholm."

"Well, it would be very solitary for me, for there wasn't a house nearer than a mile, nor another creature about within sight or hearing. They turned in, too, pretty soon after dark, at Sandholm, and it was doubtful whether anybody would be down again to the boats that night. However, he supposed I was the best judge; and, as the moon would be up in half an hour, my guide would have plenty of light to see to take me home by."

And then, with many a warning and respectful "Good-night!" my companion departed, leaving me to the solitude and quiet which I so coveted and enjoyed, and which seemed to be the only balm now which my bruised and troubled spirit could receive.

"Helpless!" Yes, that was the cry—the never-failing utterance! She had pleaded it, and most people would indorse the expression. Even this good, honest fisherman here had just used it as the fittest to describe my state. This was the trial; this the blow! The shutting out of light, and with it the faces of one's friends and all the beauties of the outer world, was hard to bear, but not so hard as this same state of dire dependence on the aid of others. This same dreadful, hopeless helplessness! And she? She had had the heart to plead this as a reason—for what? For releasing me from my bond, forsooth! for finding out that she had all along mistaken a feeling of friendship for one of love; for suddenly closing to me the well-springs of her affection, upon which, months before the affliction fell upon me, I had almost lived; for closing these sources of happiness at the very moment when I stood in need of them most, and when to take them from me was to render doubly bitter and heart-breaking the resignation of all my most cherished hopes and plans. It is not to dwell needlessly here upon all this that I have it written down; it was an old story now; two years and more had passed since the fatal and mysterious curtain had gradually closed in upon me, and my sight had been pronounced as irretrievably gone, but only to hint sufficiently at the constant agony of mind which this same helplessness induced.

What galled me still more even than my affliction itself was this dependence on strangers, from the sense of which only would a wife's affection and assistance have freed me. With her love to fall back upon, strong, active, and energetic as I had ever been, I should have forgotten my bodily incapacity for exertion in the happiness of domestic life. She would have been eyes and hands for me, and in time, no doubt, I should have become resigned, if not reconciled, to my fate. Now, as it was, I fretted and raged against it. At times I was half mad, and wildly longed for some chance, some most unlikely opportunity, to prove that I was not yet quite so useless and helpless a being after all as was supposed. At others I sank into dire despondency and blank bewilderment at the treatment I had received. It seemed impossible that the one being on earth whom above all others I had in my wild love invested with every virtue under heaven could so abandon me! The veriest stranger and the roughest nature, as I had just now experienced, was loth to leave me quite alone; yet she had done so! This helplessness, in itself a natural pretext for tenderness, which even the untutored fisherman had recognised, she had held up as an excuse for casting me off. It was too monstrous, but it was true. Did I still love her? Well, I suppose I did, in spite of it all; the end, perhaps, will show. She was seldom out of my thoughts; but I had borne up against the double deprivation manfully, and people were good enough to say I was very brave in my helplessness—they never forgot that—and that it was quite wonderful to see how I managed for myself, and how handy I had become. The truth is, I was always tolerably handy, and, although my sight was gone, there was but little alteration in the look of my eyes, and I was not what is called stone blind; that was to come, the doctors said, if I lived long enough. I could still just barely distinguish light from darkness, night from day.

Frequently, therefore, I could move about to some extent alone in places I was accustomed to, and chose, in my increasing hermit-like tendencies, repeatedly to be taken to some such place as a quiet garden, or, as in this case, down to the seashore, and left within a certain range, which, once knowing, I could traverse in safety. Constant as were the acts of friendship proffered on all sides, it was yet necessary for me, of course, to retain some one in my service who could at once combine the office of reader, amanuensis, and guide. A wife could have been all these to me; as it was, the right person was very difficult to find. Thus I had made frequent changes, and now had brought with me here, to my temporary, out-of-the-way retreat, only a mere lad, a simple fellow, but one who served my purpose better, perhaps, in the mood I was than a more officious attendant would have done.

Here, then, I sat in the stern of the little boat, far into the evening, pondering over the one theme, and moodily enjoying the never-flagging sounds from the bell-buoy as they were borne towards me on the quiet air. I could just distinguish that the short autumn twilight had faded into night, and that the moon was rising superbly over the sea. My repeater told me that it was only a little past seven o'clock, and I had not ordered the lad to fetch me until ten. I have said I was accustomed to this *dolce far niente*, and the exceeding mildness and beauty of the weather were very favourable to the indulgence of my habit. I had smoked one or two cigars, and I suppose an hour and more had elapsed since the boatman had departed, when I heard the sound of distant laughter coming nearer and nearer. With a blind man's usual acuteness of ear, I soon discovered that it was a party of people on the shore making for the little causeway at the end of which my boat lay amongst two or three others. Peal after peal of mirth ringing out, mingled with here and there a distinguishable sentence, soon enabled me to identify the young roysterers as some of the "gentry" from the Priory, spoken of by the boatman. They were, doubtless, bent on one of the moonlight excursions to which he had referred; and of this there was no question when the foremost of the party came clattering down to the boats. My presence was evidently an unwelcome surprise, for it put a momentary check upon the conversation and led to a short consultation.

"Never mind! we can take this one; they are all tubs at the best, and I daresay there'll be room. Wheugh! tis rather tall of the fish, though. Come along, Georgie; stow yourself away here. Now, little one, give us your hand. How silent you are!"

Then, in an undertone, which, however, did not escape me, "Confound the fellow for taking our boat! Wonder who he is?"

Then a girl's voice broke in—"What a muff you are, Tom! There! you nearly let me slip in. I've wetted my foot as it is; and I have spoiled that lovely little rosette on my shoe, I know!"

"Did it let 'um spoil its two shoes, then! Tom is a muff, everybody knows. Come to me, Georgie, next time, and I'll carry you. What a stunning moonlight night it is, and what a row that old bell-buoy is making! It sounds as if it were ringing for evening service. Come, let us go and say our prayers! There! Now, who is going to pull? No, no! not you, Georgie, the tide will be too strong for you; you shall take an oar coming back. We'll go out and salute our bell(e) of the ocean! She must have a damp time of it on the whole! I don't think I would care to be the bo(u)y attached to that bell(e)!"

And then, with a burst of laughter at these not very original puns, and with a good deal of clatter of chains, bumping of oars, pulling and hauling, the party pushed off from the steps, and I could hear them for a long while as they rowed out in the direction of the floating beacon. As the voices grew fainter, but before they were out of earshot, I gleaned that Georgie was constantly persisting in her desire to take an oar. She insisted that Tom was still a muff, and did not know how to pull a bit; that he would upset them, and that she knew how to manage a boat better than he did. Then followed several little exclamations about being careful or they would be upset, and they must mind how they changed places; and I seemed to understand that the fast "Georgie" at length had her way, and was indulging in her manly exercise. However this may have been, the sound of the oars in the rowlocks, as it faded entirely out of hearing, told me that the boat was now going through the water much more steadily. One's acuteness under certain circumstances becomes almost intuitive; otherwise, it would appear strange when I say that I could distinguish pretty well that the party consisted of four—two young men and two girls—and that three of them only had spoken, she who was designated as the "little one" having, apparently, been quite silent.

Truly, the boatman was right in suggesting that mischief might come of such inexperience amongst the dangerous shoals and quicksands abounding on that coast. I felt an undue anxiety about these foolish young people, and kept my ears for a long while on the strain to catch some further clue to their doings; but the tide was beginning to flow now, and the increased, but still gentle, lapping of it against my boat was sufficient to drown any ordinary sounds fainter than the ringing of the bell. A certain damp chilliness, too, was coming on, and I was gradually sensible of a diminution in the brilliancy of the moonlight. Suddenly the truth flashed upon me—a heavy sea-fog was rolling up fast; and in a few minutes I was enveloped in the clammy, salt folds of an atmosphere, the ghostly stillness and darkness of which were sadly depressing. This, indeed, would endanger the boat. How would it manage to regain the shore? Madcaps such as its occupants were would have taken no heed of their bearings, and would not have an idea which way to steer when every vestige of the shore was shut out.

As the thought shot through my mind I listened again with my utmost power. I concentrated my whole attention, and after a while, with a thrill of horror, I heard, very faint and far off, but very distinct, in the direction of the buoy, a scream, and then another and another still louder. They rose, clearly to my sharpened sense, above the never-ceasing booming of the bell, which sounded ominously like a knell as it mingled with the cries, now growing fainter and fainter. A knell, too, I felt instinctively it was to some one, and who so likely as to some one in that luckless boat? I stood up suddenly, as if with an uncontrollable impulse to action. My first idea was instantly to go forward and unmoor the boat. For a second then I forgot my helplessness; but, alas! only for a second. The consciousness of it was back upon me with redoubled force even as I moved, and I sank down again upon the seat with a sense of bitterness such as I had never experienced before. What could I do, miserable imbecile that I was? How could I assist my fellow-creatures in such a strait? The most I could do would be to shout, to scream for help like a child. I, a strong, active man, was reduced to that—to call upon others to perform a part for which I had here been obviously cast, and yet I dare not stir! I was imprisoned, chained to the spot like the veriest slave!

For a moment I was frantic, and, scrambling forward over the thwart of the boat, began to grope wildly for the painter. A sharp blow which I gave myself on my leg in this endeavour recalled me to myself a little, and again I listened with all my might; but there was nothing now to be heard except the bell, tolling slowly and solemnly, more slowly even now than ever. Yes, I must shout; that was all I could do. I was a helpless child, and I must fall back on a child's resources. Ah! but who was to hear me? I was far beyond calling distance of the houses, and it would be a mere chance if any one was abroad. My stupid lad was doubtless asleep at our little inn up the village, and would not think—nay, would not dare to come for me a minute before the appointed time. I had forbade his ever doing so, and he would know it was as much as his place was worth to disobey me. Meanwhile, life, perhaps, was being sacrificed, and all through my helplessness. Most likely no one else had heard those agonising screams: a very fine ear only, and that strung to its full tension, could

have heard them. Conscious of some terrible accident having happened as I weighed these things quickly in my mind, I shouted with all my force—shouted over and over again, until I had no voice left—and sat down, fairly exhausted at last, in the bows of the little boat. Still the same gloomy silence all around, with the one exception. I began to hate this bell-buoy now; its melody seemed gone. The fog had muffled it, and what I had heard made it sound funereal. I was beginning to think that I would try and scramble on shore, and grope my way home alone; this inaction was becoming intolerable. Anything would be better! At the worst, I should but tumble down once or twice. If I could only get up the steps, I could feel my way with my stick along the ridge of the causeway to the sand; and then, although the place was new and strange, I would trust to my instincts to put me within reach of assistance.

Yes! this was what I would do, when, in a moment, my whole intentions were altered by a sudden change in the sound of the bell. Instead, now, of the slow, measured tolling, it rang violently, unequally, and in jerks, but still violently. I listened, and there was no doubt about it. What could it be that caused it? A change of tide? No! I was sure that would not produce the action. Wind? There was not a breath! Seas rolling in? Impossible without wind! No! it was a human hand acting on one of the clappers, striving to draw attention from the land. I felt certain of this, for now and again the ringing grew fainter and fainter, as though the hand got tired, and then it was renewed fiercely, despairingly, for a while, and then it stopped entirely, only to begin again suddenly. This was not the action of the elements. With superhuman strength, I once more raise a shout, but in vain! I can bear it no longer. Some one is clinging for dear life to that buoy, and their safety depends on what exertion I alone can make! I have the painter in my hand; I let it go, it runs through the ring to which it was made fast, and the boat gently drifts away from the steps. Too late to hesitate now, even if I think of doing so! I tear off my coat, feel for the oars, adjust them in the rowlocks, settle myself upon a thwart, and in another minute am pulling away lustily towards the buoy. Time has been when rowing and the management of a boat were my delights. What is to prevent a temporary renewal of the habit? I have only the sound to steer by, it is true, but what more would anyone else have in such a fog? No! a man in full possession of his sight on this occasion would be no better off than I. Nay, I may even have the advantage. Not quite helpless, then, perhaps, after all. This is my thought, the feeling that stimulates my nerve. I give way almost joyfully, and the boat flies through the calm and oily water. I have no difficulty in keeping her head straight upon the sound. It grows louder, but has resumed its regular action, yet only for a while. The hand-ringing of the bell is constantly recurring at intervals. If the way is clear before me, if I come upon no unexpected shoal, I shall reach the buoy. Two hours ago I was traversing the same tract of water. The boatman then, I am sure, made no detour, but pulled, as I am doing now, straight upon the sound. Not quite helpless, then, after all. Nearer! nearer! The tide is against me; a powerful current obliges me to put forth great strength, and I fancy from an increase of light that the fog is lifting. Nearer! nearer! I must be within hailing distance soon.

"Hallo! hallo!" I cry. "Hold on! Help is at hand!" No answer. Another vigorous effort with the oars. The bell deafens me by its proximity, as it did two hours ago. Its whirr drowns my voice, which perhaps cannot be heard by anyone on the buoy itself. But is there anyone on the buoy? The ringing is only from its natural motion now. No hand assists it. It only tolls loudly, solemnly! The boat's nose must be close. I cannot cease rowing, or she would drift away in a moment. I try to judge the distance. One more gentle pull, and her bows graze the planking. With a fierce yell I scream out, "Jump for your life, jump!" and again the boat touches the buoy with a heavy thump. Another wild exhortation—"If anyone is there, let them jump for their lives; I dare not come closer."

A momentary lull of the bell allows me to hear a faint moan, followed by a heavy splash. A second afterwards my little craft is canted violently on one side. Some one is clinging to the gunwale. I unship the oars, stretch out my arm, and, seizing firm hold of a half-helpless woman's form, drag it up over the side only just in time to prevent its frantic and convulsive struggles from upsetting the boat.

It was a fearful moment, but I had saved a human life. This delicate, fragile creature, though speechless from terror and exhaustion, would live—I felt sure of that; and I had rescued her from an awful death. Not quite, helpless, then, after all; but were there no other lives to be saved? With the thought I began to feel for the oars, but could only find one; the other evidently had rolled overboard, and the tide was now drifting us far away, I could hear, from the bell-buoy. It was useless, therefore, to attempt to manage the boat, or get her again near the spot with a single oar. I knew from the struggle I had had in stemming the current that it must carry us towards the land—probably towards the little river of which the boatman had spoken. I muttered a prayer of gratitude as I remembered this, and rejoiced as I became distinctly conscious of the moon once more glimmering on the water. Reluctantly giving up, then, all idea of being of any further use, except to my companion, I devoted every effort towards restoring her to something like consciousness; and this, to my intense delight, I soon succeeded in doing. After gently and tenderly managing to place her, half sitting, half lying, in the bows of the boat, and, wringing the water from her long, loose hair, she drew a deep breath, and I doubt not, could I have seen the action, opened her eyes, for almost immediately she uttered a little wail, followed by a sort of exclamation of surprise. An unaccountable thrill of increased anxiety, not unmingled with a sense of supreme joy, beyond anything that the mere saving of life could have caused, passed through me. I did not wait to try and account for this; I accepted it, as it seemed, as a matter of course. Intuitively I felt as if it was quite natural, nothing to be wondered at, but only as something that I had earned and that was my due. I was as cool and collected from that moment as if I had been in the full possession of every faculty; as if, indeed, I had suddenly come under the influence of a powerful restorative; for, securing the oar in the stern, I began paddling or sculling the boat along with the tide, just as if I knew precisely where I was steering, or as if I could see my way.

That upon speedily reaching the land depended the full completion of my task I was well aware. A conviction that this fellow-creature whom I had saved (without a doubt the only remaining one of the four that had pushed off so gaily on the merry moonlight excursion but so short a time ago) was destined directly to influence my future, endowed me, perhaps, with almost supernatural instincts. Anyway, the sound of the pulling of a boat and approaching voices just then breaking on my ear told me distinctly that help from the shore was on its way towards us. As clearly did I divine then, as I know now, that the long absence from the Priory of the boating party, with the sudden discovery of the fog that had come

on, led to an alarm being raised and a search immediately instituted. My boatman had been pressed into the service, and, with a mate or two, soon had us in tow. Two or three more boats were dispatched to the vicinity of the bell-buoy as soon as I had told my tale to the anxious and bewildered groups assembled upon the little causeway, and the still helpless though breathing form of the rescued girl had been carried away to the house.

Of little avail, however, were the weary hours spent round about the fatal quicksand. The boat even had been swallowed up; and, to make an end at once of this sad part of my narrative, I may as well say that the sole survivor afterwards explained, although vaguely, that she and her companions reached the bell-buoy just as the fog came on; that they grew alarmed at not being able to see in which direction to steer back, and determined (wisely, so far!) on remaining close to the floating beacon until the obscurity should pass away. The current, however, ran, as I had experienced, so strongly, that it required more continuous strength to keep the boat's head up to it than the rowers (one being a lady) could put forth; and it was whilst the poor Georgie was resigning her oar to the hapless Tom, and in again changing places with him, that they upset their rather "cranky" craft.

Little more could be remembered after that beyond a gurgling of water mingling with wild shrieks; the discovery that a chain had somehow been grasped and a foothold gained upon the buoy itself; then the idea, so happily successful in its issue, of swinging one of the huge clappers to and fro in the hope of being heard on shore; then long, weary waiting, with a full consciousness of the horror of the situation, with the full consciousness of being left quite alone on that precarious and desolate refuge, with the full consciousness that the waters, having already swallowed up for ever three young lives, were eager to engulf a fourth; then exhaustion, faintness, inability longer to continue ringing the bell; utter despair, scarcely arrested by the return of the bright moonlight and the disappearance of the fog. Finally, at the moment when strength was failing, and the hold upon the buoy seemed fast relaxing, came the revival of hope by the approach of my boat, followed by the desperate plunge made in the effort to gain it.

Nearly three months have passed, and there is a certain show of Christmas at Sandholm Priory. The gloom, however, which has been shed upon the house has scarcely lifted, and such preparations as are being made for the festive season are necessarily of the quietest character.

Nevertheless, happiness, subdued though it may be, is not quite banished from beneath that roof. In the midst of the misery a mighty magician has been at work, and has wrought a change in one of the few intimate friends of the family there assembled which rejoices the hearts of all who see it. As she sits by the side of the blazing wood fire in the snug library thoughtfully watching the sparks and embers as they rise and fall—quiet, staid, pale, and dressed in the deepest mourning—I am told she is scarcely recognisable as the same being who a few weeks back, light, frivolous, and vain, and arrayed in a costume of the fastest fashion, fluttered about like a gaudy butterfly. She, who then appeared devoid of almost every truly womanly attribute and incapable of a single earnest thought or utterance, now speaks and thinks, as it were, from the depths of a soul aroused to the full consciousness of its powers of deep sympathy and love.

Yet such is the transformation effected in Marian Bridgeworth. Humbled and awakened from her apathetic dream of selfish complacency by the terrible ordeal through which she has so lately passed, she has had the moral courage to throw herself at the feet of the man she once in a fit of caprice and thoughtlessness so cruelly wronged, imploring his forgiveness. Is it likely from what he has shown in his narrative, of his feelings towards her, that he hesitates, or that he fails to take her at once and for ever to his heart of heart? No! a thousand times, No!

When on the day succeeding the night on which he had saved her life, he was led into her presence and she spoke to him in the voice he on the instant recognised, he knew for the first time whom he had rescued. She had seen him as, with her companions, she came to the place where the boats lay. The moonlight fell upon him, and she scarcely believed her senses. Nay, so far from her thoughts was he at the time and so little could she realise a coincidence so extraordinary that she imagined, sitting silent and motionless there, that the figure was an apparition. Daunted, abashed, and conscience-stricken, her spirits fell, and she relapsed into the silent mood noticed by one of her friends as he helped her down the steps. Later on, after all was over, and when in the boat, returning consciousness for a moment revealed that face bending upon her its vacant eyes, the shock was so great that she failed to recover her power of speech, and remembered no more till she found herself once again in Sandholm Priory.

Was there, then, any further cause for wonder at that mysterious sense of happiness, that mysterious thrill of anxious joy that shot through the frame of the sightless man as he knelt over her in the bows of his little craft, as it drifted with the tide? Did he fail to understand in the fate which took him to Sandholm, and in the coincidence which enabled him to "lay" the haunting, galling, phantom of helplessness, the working of that glorious power of compensation which, if we will but only recognise it, is ever active in our behalf? Is she, too, less conscious than he of the fact that a blind man may still be of some use in the world?

That Christmas at Sandholm Priory was not the least happy of the many I have by this time numbered.

THE WINTER VIOLET.

The purple violet, blooming and sweet scented,
Breathes its rich perfume on the wintry air,
On a south bank beneath green foliage tented,
In hidden beauty rare.

Where withered leaves fall rustling all around it,
Cradled in snow, and dandled in the storm,
Smiling in summer loveliness I found it,
In its most perfect form.

So the rich fragrance of a life devoted
To virtue's loving deeds, and others' good,
Is wafted, like the violet's scent, and noted,
With living power endued.

And this lone violet a lesson teaches
Of modest meekness hid from public view,
Blessing the sight and scent where'er it reaches,
In bloom the winter through.

Beautiful violet! all in blossom cheery,
Shake out the incense of thy welcome scent;
To loving hearts even winter is not dreary,
In acts of goodness spent.

BENJAMIN GOUGH.

SURPRISED.

BY ANNIE THOMAS (MRS. PENDER CUDLIP).

The Presbyterian and Independent seed
Springs with broad blades; to make religion bleed
Herod and Pontius Pilate are agreed.

With my own self my majesty they wound;
In the King's name the King himself uncrowned;
So doth the dust destroy the diamond.



THE memory of the man who wrote these verses had been drunk in many more bumpers than were good for the drinkers. The old fat flagon of Venice glass had been replenished more times than can be enumerated from the fatter butt down in the cellar. The serving-maid Jenifer—Guinevere's sweet name lingers still in a corrupt form in the far western county wherein these Royalists were revelling in safety, they thought, one Christmas-tide during the Commonwealth—Jenifer had just been summoned to re-fill the claret-jug, when the old times they were toasting so vigorously seemed

about to return in sad reality. Sir Harry Trevarna and his friends had been appropriately celebrating the eve of the birth of the King of Peace by sack-wild and claret-valiant suggestions for the promotion of war in these realms. In that last stronghold of loyalty, where fealty to Charles Stuart made men loathe the Puritanic power that was, the wish that the King might have his own again was an honest and ardent one, especially after strong potations in Cavalier company.

Trevarna Castle had a good reputation for being able to hold its own. It had stood a siege for the King ages ago; and "it was ready to stand a siege again for the King at any moment," its lord was wont to aver at such hours as these, when he had his friends and kinsmen about him around a well-covered table.

Standing well up on the brow of a cliff that presented a sheer declivity to the great mad sea, that was always roaring and tumbling at its base, Trevarna Castle is even at the present day a striking object, in its isolation and magnitude, on the Cornish coast. How grand it was in the days when the scene depicted was enacted by living actors cannot be conveniently told here without the aid of a book on antiquarian details, which might possibly avert architectural mistakes.

The banquetting-hall had this day been dressed in its seasonable garb of holly and laurel by fairer hands than Jenifer's. The late Queen's own godchild, "Mistress Henrietta Maria Trevarna," had pricked her fingers with a light heart, towards the excellent end of making the decorations that may be seen festooning the apartment. And now, while her brother starts from his seat to interrogate the man-at-arms who comes too late to give timely warning, for the foe is at his heels, the daughter of the house is compensating herself for her pricked fingers by gathering her roses.

They were not the cool, insipid roses of Christmas that Miss Trevarna had gathered, but the brighter, sweeter flowers of love and youth. Unfortunately, staunch Conservative as she was, by right of the traditions of her race, she was very liberal in this matter, and so domestic dissensions ensued. An argument against those who would put the temptation of political power in the path of a woman.

She had been in delightful spirits all this day, as she made preparations for her brother's guests, and saw to the disposition of the banquetting-board and the true and conscientious carved-oak chairs that stood around it. She had been so genuinely pleased to hear that her brother would be so engaged with his friends on the subject of another projected return of the King that she would be in solitude; that, had he been a child, or an old woman, or anything, in fact, save a confiding, honourable gentleman, he would have suspected something. As it was, he did not suspect anything; he only hoped that his pretty sister would suffer that long-drawn-out flirtation of hers with Pendarves to come to an engagement on the morrow.

The Queen's godchild—that only sister of his—was very pretty: "straight-laced," as was the fashion of the day, "but all too full in bud for Puritanic stays;" a lovely, slender creature, slim and tall. She would have been supple had not the costume in which she decked her beauty forbidden the latter fact asserting itself.

Nevertheless, the costume became her well. The golden-brown hair raised high off her forehead showed the half-moon shape of the latter to perfection. Let it be understood that it was quite a little half-moon, not a ghastly one arching itself into space in vain endeavours to look intellectual; and under this brow two of the softest, largest, cleverest of brown eyes, black lashed, looked out. Additionally, she had the delicate aquiline nose, the sweet, pure, thin-lipped mouth, the rather long oval face, and the clear, dark Spanish complexion that we often see in Cornish faces.

The withdrawing-room, in which she had passed the restless hours since she had been free to quit the supper-table, was a queer mixture of refinement and roughness, of luxury and laxity. There were plenty of superbly burnished-steel mirrors, of gorgeously coloured Italian and German glass, and of grandly-carved furniture. There were also rushes on the floor, and terrible draughts in the room, by reason of the closely-barred windows being curtainless.

The only daughter of the house felt like the falsest foe to it as she listened to the Royalist roars from the banquetting-hall. She trembled as she listened to the derisive shouts of laughter which greeted her brother's lifelike imitation of the mingled snarl and snuffle of some "crop-eared knave" personally known. In these enlightened days we are, of course, spared all false representations of those who differ from us in politics or religion. But in that God-abandoned period before the King had his own again men were still profane enough to laugh at much that was holy and good if it did not chance to coincide with their own views.

She felt as if she were a foe to the cause in which her father had lost his life and her brother his money, because she had fallen in love with a man who looked leniently on the reverse of the shield. Fallen in love with a man who dressed habitually in a sad-coloured suit, who inveighed against all



SURPRISED.—DRAWN BY JOHN GILBERT.

"men of war" with the eloquence of a peace committee, but who, for all these things, was ready to sing (if Moore had only happened to have lived a few centuries earlier, and had written the words then)—

From the heretic girl of my soul shall I fly
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
No! perish the souls and the hearts that try
Love, valour, and truth by a standard like this.

He did not know much about "valour," this lover of Ety Trevarna; for he was a man of peace—he was not a soldier of the Commonwealth. But he knew a good deal about love, and a little about truth, after he knew Ety Trevarna.

"A scholar!" The girl told herself, with pride, that he was this, though he knew nothing of the sword. He had lured her to love him in verses that were always in her ears. A scholar and a gentleman! But very far from being that combination of blood and culture in which a well-known writer of this day delights. In plain words, a spy (though the girl did not know it), and on the track now of the honoured guest at Sir Harry's table—on the track of the gay and careless Cavalier who is actually waving his glass in honour of the announcement of danger.

For ways that are dark, and for tricks that are vain,

a spy, a human bloodhound of that period, may surely match with the heathen Chinese of to-day. He managed to meet and entangle himself about the heart of the god-daughter of the late Queen. He managed to make her believe that fidelity to a fallen cause was, in idiomatic English, humbug; and that, if he had no prejudices, surely she, who was only a woman, need have none. He laughed in neatly-turned sentences at the verbal loyalty and the torn lace, at the rapiers and the ridiculous hopes of the men who drank too much wine, and swore over it that the King should have his own again. And she listened, for he was young and handsome, and it was passing sweet to her to be sought by the other side.

He had arranged it all so cleverly, so wisely, and so well. He was coming to her this evening, while her brother and his friends were revelling; coming to her by means of a ring that she had sent to him—a ring that had been given to her by her Royal sponsor. "It would pass you or a regiment over the drawbridge," she had written, in a burst of that bonnie girlish confidence which—we all pray that our daughters may never indulge in. And Jennifer, who conveyed that letter to his hand, forgave him for being a protestor against all the royal and religious ceremonies of which she had heard vague mention made, and which were dimly very dear to her little mind. It is but human to be devoted to some object less worthy than the sentiment it inspires. It is but womanly to have an exaggerated admiration for something that sounds well—or ill!—so long as it sounds loudly. It is but these things—natural and womanly—to an extraordinary degree to imagine that of which we know absolutely nothing, ever so much better or worse than it is in reality. Consequently, Jennifer's love of country, King, and faith of her forefathers was as colossal as her ignorance on all points concerning all three. With the beautiful consistency that is a characteristic of the majority of her fellow-creatures, Jennifer felt all her strongest sympathies veering round to the opposition when the young Puritan gentleman kissed the ring and the document in which it had been inclosed, and pledged himself as solemnly as he could without swearing to hold the stolen converse that was so sweet to them both with Ety this night. There was a spice of danger in the exploit that was before him that commended it to a certain degree to the lover of Ety Trevarna. To creep into the stronghold of a foe so opposed to the side he was burrowing for as was Sir Harry Trevarna, to think of bringing to bay a man so compromised with the Commonwealth as was Trevarna's honoured guest, surely required no small amount of courage? But it required more to face the fact that from this night, through all the years that might be left to them both, the girl whose heart he had won would loathe him in that heart.

She thought that he was only going to sneak in to try and win the consent she was ready to give to a flight, a secret marriage, and a penitential return in time to her duped brother's house, then to pray for his forgiveness. So she listened for his approach as eagerly, as blithely, and happily as if he had not been about to bring confusion upon her and hers.

There was a sound at last that made the blood of the Royalist girl grow chill with a sudden dread; and, as the sound formed itself into a definite and decided shout of warning and alarm, she opened the door and sprang down the steps that led from the room she had been waiting in to the banqueting-hall, in time to see her lover force his way in at the head of a troop of armed men.

How they fought! How the glittering holly-berries were knocked off in the contest, and how the red blood flowed as freely as the red wine had been flowing awhile ago, need not be told here. The cruellest conflict that went on that night was in the heart of the girl. The spy who had led the men of action in was her lover, and he was a doomed man if by any chance the "brave gallants" could hold their own against the "base carles." He was her lover, and she loved him still, though she hated him when she saw that for some of them, and those the dearest and the best, there was death in the cup that had rendered their hands unsteady that night.

She had been so true to him, so ready to sacrifice all her hopes of Royal favour when the restoration came to this false love of hers, who had only used her as a blind, that the sight of him there now as the embodied spirit of the ruin of her house, goaded her out of all prudence, and made her betray herself. And even in the midst of the confusion her brother heard the cry of recognition—that told the truth, and thought his sister a traitress before he fell dead in trying to cover the flight of the man who carried in his doublet such golden proof that the King had a stake in the country still.

And Jennifer, the simple-minded medium, rapped out more unpleasant truths, after the manner of her kind in the present day, and begged "Mistress Ety to remember how she (Jennifer) had always said that evil would come" of such devious ways as these into which the quiet-toned young scholar had led her. And through these loud outpourings another avenging spirit was raised, whose name was Jealousy, and whose sentiments found a mouthpiece in Pendarves, arose to harass the poor repentant little sinner who fills the part of heroine of this story. For—

He had loved her well and long,
Wished her his, nor thought it wrong.

And unquestionably there had never been anything in Miss Ety's manner to lead him to suppose that she was other than very willing to be transformed into Mistress Pendarves. And now, through her whom he loved so well, and whose pretty face, puckered up into smiles (that might mean anything, and that did, he believed, mean a great deal), was the stumbling-block to the feet of every other woman who tried to lead him to the altar, he found himself in dire extremity.

For he—that careless Cavalier in the foreground of the picture which this story so unworthily translates—was the man on whose head a price was set; he was the one chosen to carry funds and reassurances to the King. And the secrets

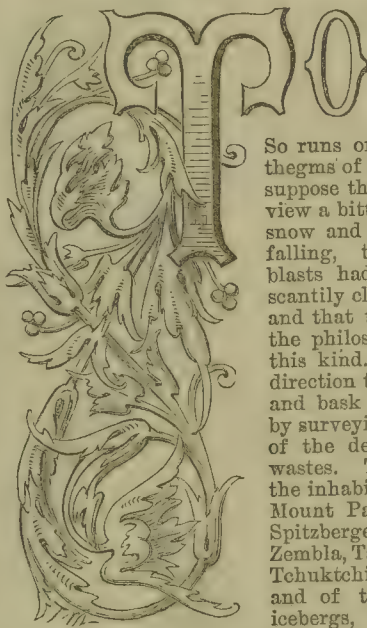
that he carried were legibly written, on fair papers that were sewn into his doublet by the fairer fingers of Ety. The secrets were the death-warrant of any man who carried them if he fell into the wrong hands.

The fight was soon over. What could half a dozen gentlemen do against a cool-headed troop of twenty? Cold and stark on the floor of the room that she had decked so gaily with holly-berries that morning, Ety saw her brother lying. Small comfort was it to her now to reflect that she had meant to do him no bitterer wrong than to run away from him. To whom could she turn now for a kindly look or word? Not to the lover who had made her seem a traitor; not to the friend of her youth, now struggling ineffectually against the fumes of claret and the fetters of leather that confined him; not to the poor little time-server Jennifer, who stood by audibly lamenting that when Heaven had made Mistress Ety such a man as Pendarves, she should have ventured in search of another into the enemies' camp.

The mournful story ended brightly after all—as all stories begun about Christmas-time should end. Remorse for loving in the wrong place and trusting the wrong man did not kill poor Ety any more than it brought her brother back to life. The highly efficacious modern vents for feminine despair and disappointment had not then been discovered. Ladies who were blighted could not turn to the platform, parochial visiting, or writing for publication, for balm. These sanctuaries for sorrowing spirits being denied to her, Ety turned her attention to tapestry, and, greatly excelling in the deft use of her needle, she had enough of her own handiwork wherewith to hang the walls of the noble suite of chambers that were ceded to her sole service in Pendarves Hall. For she finally went there as the bride of the gallant gentleman whose daring deeds culminated in a marriage with the lady whose little ring had once opened the door to what was very nearly proving his destruction.

Jennifer accompanied her mistress thither, as the wife of the guard who, as shown in the Illustration, rushed into the banqueting-hall, but too late to give timely warning. Until this happy event occurred she had been living as cook and housekeeper with the "pretty Puritan gentleman" to whom Ety once sent her ring. Jennifer still lives in her descendants, being the ancestress of a family whom we all know and approve—the sagacious ones, who always adjust their angles cleverly, and so never get roughly handled by the world.

CHRISTMAS IN HIGH LATITUDES.



Most of the famous Arctic explorers paid touching tributes to the beloved anniversary.

secure thy content, look upon those thousands with whom thou would'st not, for any interest, change thy fortune and condition." So runs one of the choice apophthegms of Bishop Taylor. We may suppose the learned Jeremy had in view a bitterly cold Christmas, that snow and sleet had been pitilessly falling, that winter's piercing blasts had been finding out the scantily clad and poorly nourished, and that the solatium provided by the philosopher was something of this kind. Cast thine eye in the direction the magnet does its point, and bask in comparative sunshine by surveying the Christmas season of the denizens of the icy Polar wastes. Think for a moment of the inhabitants of Cape Union and Mount Parry, of Ross Island and Spitzbergen, and of those of Nova Zembla, Taimur Point, New Siberia, Tchuktschi Land, and Baffin's Bay, and of their homes of glaciers, icebergs, icecraigs, icefields, and deserts of snow; of cutting winds, gloomy solitude, thick darkness, and night of months; of frost bites, snow-blindness, ice-blink; of ice-caves, snow-houses, snow-chairs, snow-beds, and snow-dinners, and of a hundred other grim severities; and then just think of an Arctic winter, when, at the beginning of the eleventh month, the darkness comes on with insidious steadiness, and the smallest stars shine out at noonday; when the thermometer indicates 55 deg. below zero, and when, about the time we are going "to Christmas," the last vestige of midday twilight is entirely lost; when the fingers cannot be counted a foot from the eyes, noonday and midnight being undistinguishable in their blackness, and this sunless winter lasting one hundred and forty days! Now you already begin to feel, do you not, that however inclement our English winter may be, it is summer-time compared even with the mildest weather that flits about the North Pole?

But our content may be further secured just now by passing in review some northern Christmases and Christmas customs.

We will begin amongst the men who live nearer to the tip-top of our whirligig of a globe than any other beings we are acquainted with—the Esquimaux. Miserable creatures though they are, they have still their times of pious rejoicing, the spark of humanity within kindling them occasionally to the consciousness of a Good Being. One of the most earnest of these, according to Captain Hall, is the Winter Supplication, held about the period of our Christmas. On a certain evening at the end of what the Esquimaux reckon to be their year, the members of different bands muster in their largest snow-tent, the proceedings being opened by the Angeko (the "wise man," or mediator between the Good Being and the Esquimaux) offering up a prayer for the general prosperity of his fellow-Inuits throughout the year on which they are about to enter. This prayer ended, something like a feast is partaken of; and thus we see that even at the North Pole they know—instinctively, of course—how public proceedings should be terminated. On the following day the Esquimaux all turn out of the tent and form themselves into the mystic circle, from which no one must retire, or the charm will be broken. In the centre of this circle a vessel of snow-water (kept liquid by means of the oil-fire) is deposited. Each member of the company now produces the piece of meat with which he has specially provided himself, and, still standing in the circle, devours it in silence, meditating on the perfections of Sidne, his protecting deity, and inwardly wishing for all the good things of his limited fancy. A cup of water is then dipped up and drunk by one of the party, who, still intent on Sidne, states aloud the time and place of his birth. This solemnity is gone through by every one in the circle in succession. Then when the last has imparted these sacredly-regarded facts, presents of miscellaneous kinds are thrown from one to another, it being supposed that Sidne will proportionately reward this present-making from the bountiful stores of heaven.

Most of the famous Arctic explorers paid touching tributes to the beloved anniversary.

Gerrit de Veer, who set out in company with the expedition dispatched from Amsterdam in 1596, thus tells us how the frozen-in Dutchmen spent the eve of Twelfth Day at the most northerly point of most inhospitable Nova Zembla. They had been very sorely tried, and now "they looked pitifully one upon the other, being in great fear that, if the extremity of the cold grew to be more and more, they would all die there of cold, for that what fire soever they made would not warm them." The old eve came, and, notwithstanding the awful prospect, they did their best to celebrate it. They prayed their "maister" that they might be merry that night, and with the wine which they had spared from their allowance of one glass every second day they made merry and drew for king. "And therewith," relates de Veer, "we had two pounds of meal, whereof we made pancakes with oil, and every man had a white biscuit which was sopped in the wine. And so, supposing that we were in our own country and amongst our friends, it comforted us as well as if we had made a great banquet in our own house. And we also made tickets, and our gunner was King of Nova Zembla, which is at least 800 miles long, and lyeth between two seas."

Parry and his party, who set out in 1819, fared better than the Dutchmen. The illustrious sailor tells us how the crew of the Hecla spent the Christmas of that year; how they revelled in an extra allowance of fresh meat and an extra "go" of grog; how the officers met in a social and friendly dinner, partaking of "roast beef," preserved simply by the cold weather since the preceding May; and how the festa was terminated by the games and frolics popular at home.

We pass over a few years and other attempts to reach the hyperborean goal, till we come to the period when Sir John Franklin, not returning from the expedition on which he departed on May 26, 1845, expeditions were sent out in search of him. Sir Edward Belcher took the command of one of these, and "right merrie" indeed were the Christmases kept aboard the Assistance. The preparations for the feasts were made on a grand scale; the music and dancing were of the liveliest description, notwithstanding that musicians and dancers were swaddled in furs. There were presentations of Christmas odes composed for the occasion. The state sledge was gorgeously decorated, and drawn by twelve of her Majesty's best-bred polars. Roast beef and plum-pudding were plentiful, and so was that necessary without which no toast can be cordially responded to; and the health of the Queen and Royal family was honoured in this dreary region in a manner so heartily as to jeopardise the water-tight qualities of the vessel. Performances in the Royal Arctic Theatre—there were even "bills of the play" printed on rose-coloured paper—brought the amusements to an end.

One of the more recent of the voyages of discovery towards the North Pole was that conducted by Dr. Hayes, in the schooner United States. Having crossed the Arctic circle, the expedition passed from a summer which had no night through an autumn twilight into a winter which had no day; and then they did their best to beguile the Stygian gloom. The ship had never been seen so bright and cheerful. Sundry boxes were produced from out-of-the-way corners, and from the magical manner of their appearance it might be thought, we are told, that Santa Claus, the American St. Nicholas, had charged himself with a special mission to that small world before he had begun to fill the shoes and stockings of good little children, and to give marriage portions to destitute maidens, in the dear old lands where he is patron of the "Christ-Kinkle Eve," and where the silver cord is freshened once a year with the Christmas offering. The cabin table groaned under a mass of holiday fare—kindly mementoes from those who were talking by the family fireside about the intrepid explorers in the north. Shoals of bonbons and Christmas cakes of every imaginable kind, bearing all sorts of tender mottoes, were produced from their tin coverings, and the ship's stores were ransacked for the Christmas feast. The officers dressed the cabin with flags, and the sailors decorated the walls and beams of their quarters with stripes of red, white, and blue flannel "loaned" from the ship's stores. The schooner was illuminated throughout, the upper-deck being refulgent with light, and everybody was busy and in high glee—with the exception, perhaps, of the cook, for upon the development of his skill at the red-hot galley-stove the success of the entertainment depended. Dr. Hayes wished him a merry Christmas. "Thank you, Sir!" was his response; "but I get no time to tinkle about de merry Christmas. De Commander see dese big reindeers." And he went on vigorously basting two fine haunches of venison which had been carefully treasured up for the occasion, and putting the last touches to a kettle of tempting soup. Out on the ice a boisterous group was engaged around two large tin kettles, making water-ice and Roman punch at 34 deg. below zero. After dinner the ball came off, the fiddler doing his work very energetically, wrapped in furs and seated upon a keg. Two of the men went through the sailor's hornpipe with immense éclat. The steward was swung round in the giddy mazes of the waltz, whilst one of the seamen set the ship shaking with laughter by attempting a *pas-de-deux* with Madame Hans, a native Esquimaux.

We will now cross to the south, through Greenland. Here in December, we may pause to note, it is also twilight at mid-day, travellers being assisted by the light from the moon and by the cheerful northern lights, which seem to float close by them, and which the Greenlanders fancy to be the souls of the deceased playing at ball in heaven. The Greenlanders go into their huts about Michaelmas, and, like the Tchuktschi, live while the winter lasts in *puris naturalibus*. During the yule season they indulge freely in their favourite dance. The company forms a circle, in the middle of which a dancer, with a drum in his hands, makes all kinds of grimaces, the more hideous the more highly appreciated, singing and drumming at the same time, the company joining in the chorus, "Amna aja," &c. When one dancer is tired his place in the centre is supplied by one of the circle, and so Terpsichore is unflatteringly honoured, less decently, however, as the dance is continued.

We journey on to Iceland, that ice-covered, snow-capped, lava speck which crops up all alone in the bleak North Atlantic Ocean. So soon as the winter approaches the Icelanders likewise betake themselves indoors. They are never very demonstrative; and even at Christmas their chief enjoyment consists in listening to their famous sagas, repeated by some well-taught descendant of the old Scalds, and to the stories of the parson, who is now no longer busy at the smithy. One of their stories relates the birth of what is now our glorious Christmas-tree; how a brother and a sister were, once upon a time, accused of some crime and condemned to death; how, before the sentence was carried out, they prayed that there might be a miraculous sign of their innocence; how, before long, a rowan-tree—in Scotland the charm against evil influence, in Wales the yew-tree of the graves—shot up from the spot on which they had been executed; and how the branches of this tree, which came to be called the holly-tree, were all seen to be hung on Christmas Eve with burning lights, which could not be extinguished, however strongly the wind blew.

Leaving Iceland, and keeping to the north of the Faroe and Shetland Isles, we arrive in Norway. This is the home of some very pretty and interesting Christmas customs. They will, for the most part, be also found in Sweden and Denmark, as they are of Scandinavian origin. The old Norse Christmas was known as Jul (pronounced Yule), derived from one of the epithets (Jolner) of the Scan linavian deity, Odin; and so they obtained Jul from Jolner as the Romans got Saturnalia from Saturn. Yule fell late in the year, and when our hallowed festival came to be celebrated in northern lands, the one merged into the other. On the introduction of Christianity into Norway the Christmas festivities were regarded as heathenish. The yule feasts were not only prohibited, but those who gave them were punished with death or mutilation by order of King Olaf the Saint. How changed are the times! Long before the advent of Yule nowadays great preparations are made for the due observance of the fête. The weather, which is decidedly cold, suggests the nature of these preparations, which are certainly calculated to keep the cold out. First of all the brandy and other spirits are distilled, then the strong ale is brewed, then the yule-cake (bakkelse) is made; the venison is hung, the pigs and fatted calves are killed, the small game is collected, and a good supply of fish laid in. Large quantities of wood are brought from the forests, and the logs are piled up by the fireside, all in readiness. As the day approaches the invitations are sent out, and the final touches are given to the arrangements at the house, bright fresh leaves being spread over the floors of the principal rooms. On the morn of the appointed day the invited are spirited away in light and elegant sledges to the happy abode, whilst the church bells ring out the sweet music of peace and goodwill to mankind. Most of the Norwegians attend the early service at the parish church, and it is on this occasion that they carry offerings to their minister. Having thus recognised the festival as members of the Christian Church, they return to their homes to honour it after the manner of their forefathers. Their tables are heavily laden, and there is much eating and drinking, the repast opening with the standard dish of fish. Afterwards the Christmas songs of the country are sung, stories are told, and the fairy lore of the country, proverbially rich, is largely drawn upon for the amusement of the little folks—not always exclusively. They tell how the Trolls make their appearance on Yule night and invite the young men to feast with them in their sylphid homes amongst the hills. Norway, too, has the Christmas-tree; the poorest peasant in the country, as well as the richest proprietor, does not fail to light up the toy-bearing fir-tree for the gratification of his children. Card-playing is another of their Yuletide amusements. The favourite dances are a kind of valse and an exciting gallopade. They dance to the fiddle, and the fiddler is invariably a cobbler.

We have yet to notice the prettiest of the Norse Yule customs—that of giving the fowls of the air a feast on Christmas Day. For the sparrows and other small birds sheaves of wheat, oats, or barley are stuck upon long poles and put out on gables of houses, barn-doors, out-buildings, gateways, and other places where the feathered tribe love to congregate. They are said to know when Christmas is drawing nigh, for you may now observe hundreds of birds flocking round the snow-covered houses, while at other times they are scarcely visible.

"Boxing Day" is given up entirely to family and friendly visiting, and towards the end of the holiday parties of young people visit from house to house in peasant characters; and "Julebukker," Christmas goblins or mummers, who pay their visits after dark, amuse the older people. Presents are also made at this season in a curious fashion. The door of the person who is to receive the gift is opened, and a truss of hay or straw, a sheaf of corn, or a bag of chaff is pushed into the house. What has to be done is well understood. The bundle is removed into the middle of the room. The search for the hidden treasure immediately commences, and, amidst a good deal of pleasant excitement, caused by the desire to learn the nature of the present—the little trinket or what not—is brought to light.

The Christmas of Sweden is very similar to the Christmas of Norway. The custom of dining the smaller birds is also popular amongst the Swedes; so attached, indeed, are the people to it that the man who forgets the fowls of the air at this season is sure to lose his character for benevolence. It is, besides, the practice to give the cattle a double feed on Christmas Eve. "Eat well, my good beasts, and thrive," say the farm-labourers, "for this is Jul-afton." The church bell announces the birth of the day almost as soon as the eve has passed away; and at a very early hour people may be seen by hundreds in the streets of the towns, lighted on their way by lanterns. They are going to church. It is an extraordinary sight, and what makes it more so is the vast number of children seen in the throng. They are being taken to the Jul-Otta—the Christmas daybreak (song)—there being a tradition amongst the Swedes that if the children attend this early service they will very easily learn to read. This is followed by the "race home." It forms part of the rustic creed that the bread-winner who arrives first at his house from the Jul-Otta will be the first to get in his next harvest, or, if a bachelor, the first to obtain a wife. The rest of Christmas Day is spent by the Swedes in a quiet and pious manner. St. Stephen's (Dec. 26) is given up to family visiting; it is a more open holiday, differing from Christmas Eve inasmuch as people go out and about; and differing from Christmas Day inasmuch as there is a considerable amount of sledding, eating and drinking, and making merry. Between this time and New-Year's Day the young people divert themselves by "getting married"—à la Suède, of course; and those already "sacrificed," or those who don't care about going to the altar, solace themselves in a round of other pleasures.

Ask any Dane which he regards as the great national holiday of his country, and he will unhesitatingly inform you that it is Christmas Day. Being a sober-minded individual, the Dane, like most of his Northern kindred, spends his Yule by the fireside, and binds a little more closely together his domestic relationship. The eating of grød and the singing of hymns around the Christmas-tree belong to the Eve; church-going, alms giving, card-playing, story-telling form the lighter amusements of Christmas Day; dinner, the heavier. The *pièce de résistance* is the plum-pudding, to which the fair children and blue-eyed maidens of Denmark do ample justice. At the conclusion of the dinner emphasis is given to an interesting ceremony. The children say to the head of the table, "Thank you for my dinner," and the company, on rising, ladies and gentlemen alike, shake hands all round, saying, at the same time, "Good may it do you!" Then follow the drawing-room entertainments, the finale being a Danish Christmas song in which everybody present takes part.

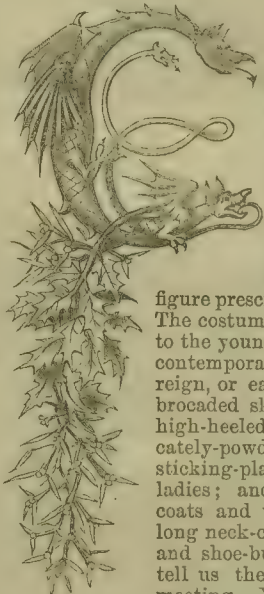
Some of the older Danish customs are preserved in the islands of the Baltic. In Bornholm, for instance, the salt remains on the table during the entire Yuletide; and so with the Christmas cake, and the Jultonne, just as they did in the Pagan days of old. To these all strangers are welcomed with "You shall not carry our yule out of doors;" and "May God bless your yule; may it last till Easter!" Marryat tells us that at this season in Vosborg the cows and horses are fed on the best of everything, and all is specially made tidy for them; and

that, as the clock strikes twelve on Christmas Eve, according to a peasant tradition, the cattle all rise together, and stand straight upright in their stalls. A very similar tradition is to be met with amongst the North American Indians.

The characteristics of the Russian social Christmas, which we have only space to notice briefly, are these. In the country districts a good stock of salted meats, sausages, and kirsch is laid in during the six weeks which precede Christmas (O.S.), and at an early date it is arranged amongst friends and relatives at whose house the festival shall be celebrated. In due time the hostess goes round and invites the company in an old-fashioned but complimentary set speech, followed the next day by the nurse, who invites the young ladies. Subsequently the host himself asks the guests, generally by deputy, "to witness the sports of the fair maidens, to break with them a bit of bread, taste a grain of salt, and partake of the roasted goose." At the time named the guests arrive in sledges, the young ladies and gentlemen first. All is bustle now in the house and neighbourhood. One of the first proceedings is the introduction of the young people, for this is the "mating season," over which the hostess presides. So soon as the elder visitors have been received a lady is chosen to conduct the ceremonies. We need scarcely add that this lady is sure to be the fairest of the matrons. Then are served the refreshments, which comprise many things besides sausages, salted meats, and kirsch; indeed, delicacies of the rarest kinds, and liqueurs of the choicest "brands" are offered to the company. The health of the host, hostess, and their family is now ceremoniously drunk, and the entertainments of the evening commence. Mummers are called in, the national dances are performed, and the company is further amused by the happy allusions of the improvisatore. These amusements are almost invariably supplemented by the famous dish-game. In a deep dish placed on a table in the middle of the room, and filled with water, the ladies deposit their available articles of jewellery. The mistress of the ceremonies takes charge of the dish and its contents. The dish is covered with a napkin, the company sits round the table; bread, salt, and charcoal are brought in, and then everyone present joins in the old song of "The Salt and the Bread." Meanwhile the trinkets are stirred in the dish and short songs are sung, prognosticative of good and evil fortune. As each of these is ended a trinket is taken from the dish, and the owner is supposed to be elated or made miserable by the import of the words. And woe to the owner of the trinket which is taken last from the dish. There are many other indoor amusements. The most popular of those which take place out of doors is masquerading. Both gentlemen and ladies visit their friends in disguises; and much merriment is caused by the attempts made to identify the wearers of the masks.

TOM NICHOLS.

THE OLD COUNTRY DANCE.



CHRISTMAS is the season for all old-fashioned pastimes. The antiquated country dance, in which a party of young folk, dressed in the attire of a hundred and fifty years ago, disport themselves with such frank and unaffected glee, is a pleasant scene, worthy of our illustration. It carries the mind back to the days of Sir Roger de Coverley, that fine old English gentleman, whose name was given with propriety to a variation of the

figure prescribed for this graceful performance. The costume of the period here shown belongs to the younger generation of the good knight's contemporaries, about the end of Queen Anne's reign, or early in the time of George I. The brocaded skirts and peaked stomachers, the high-heeled shoes, the ribbon-tied and delicately-powdered hair, the tiny patches of sticking-plaster on the cheeks of these young ladies; and the pig-tails, the broad-skirted coats and vests, the large sleeve-cuffs, the long neck-cloths of lace, the sword stockings, and shoe-buckles of these young gentlemen, tell us the historical date of their festive meeting. Yet we cannot avoid a suspicion that they are mere masqueraders who have

taken a fancy, in their Christmas merrifictions of 1871, to get up a representation of the attire of their great-great-great-great-grandmothers and equally remote grandfathers, by the aid, perhaps, of a cherished store of ancestral finery, preserved in the hereditary wardrobe of an old family house. The ball-room in which they are now assembled, with its musicians' gallery, may either be a special apartment of the aristocratic mansion, or one hired for this entertainment in the best inn of the neighbouring town. Every reader shall be left free to hold his or her own opinion.

And, if one likes to connect this particular occasion with another scene delineated in an Engraving which appears in this Christmas Supplement, it is allowable to suppose that we have seen the musicians tramping through the snow on their road to the hall of social gaiety. There go the harmonious bandmen—the harp, the clarinet, the flute, the horns, the violoncello, and the fiddles—on their toilsome march to the place appointed. Their breath will be scant, their fingers benumbed, they will need cordial refreshment, a good warm fire, a good hot meat supper, a good hot glass of grog, before they can sound a note. It is not to be doubted that all these good things will be ready for the chilled and fatigued wayfaring minstrels when they arrive. Their bodies in every limb shall feel a glow of returning vigour, which shall pass from the tips of their fingers to the sonorous vibration of the tuneful strings, or blow its mighty inspiration from the expanded lungs through artificial throats of brass, and over the quivering tongue of the hautboy or clarinet. "See the players well bestowed," is an injunction to be minded in this case surely as much as in that of Hamlet's company of strolling actors.

But, having got the fiddlers and fifers so comfortably taken care of, and brought them safely to their post of action, we return to the festive company on the polished dancing-floor. Watching their mazy movements, and remembering the old stories, the old customs, the old characters of English life associated with this form of the exercise, we are led naturally enough to think of the *Tattler* and *Spectator* of Steele and Addison, from whom we have learned something of that bygone age. It is pretty certain that Addison was himself not a dancing man, but he was a friend to all innocent pleasures. Steele, who affected a lighter carriage and easier temper, took a particular interest in the encouragement and artistic improvement of this diversion. He was acquainted with an ambitious teacher of dancing at Shrewsbury named John Weaver, who had a literary knack, and wrote a treatise on the "History of Dancing." Of this essay, it seems good-natured Sir Richard Steele became the patron and sponsor,

and in No. 334 of the *Spectator* he published a long epistle with an editorial comment, in favour of the work and its author. Budgell, some months before, in No. 67 of that journal, had discussed the utility and propriety of dancing in a sceptical tone, proceeding upon the testimony of a correspondent, a plain City tradesman, who was scandalised by seeing his daughter handled and whisked about too familiarly in the school of Monsieur Rigadoon, a French professor of the art. What sort of a performance it was that he witnessed there when the dance called "Moll Pavey" was called for, is nothing to the present subject. He remarks, however, that "After this part was over they began a diversion which they call country-dancing, wherein were some things not disagreeable, and divers emblematical figures, composed, as I guess, by wise men for the instruction of youth. Among the rest," he goes on to say, "I observed one which I think they call 'Hunt the Squirrel,' in which, while the woman flies, the man pursues her; but as soon as she turns he runs away, and she is obliged to follow. The moral of this dance does, I think, very aptly recommend modesty and discretion to the female sex."

It is evident that the forms of this dance have undergone some change since the year 1711. Mr. *Spectator*, not Addison or Steele, in that day's editorship, but poor Eustace Budgell, expressed his opinion that the country dance might prove dangerous to ladies' hearts. "Few," he remarked, "are so obdurate as not to be melted by the charms of music, the force of motion, and a handsome young fellow who is continually playing before their eyes, and convincing them that he has the perfect use of all his limbs. But as this kind of dance is the particular invention of our own country, and as every one is more or less a proficient in it, I would not discountenance it, but rather suppose it may be practised innocently by others, as well as by myself, who am often partner to my landlady's eldest daughter."

More than a twelvemonth later, we find Steele returning to the subject, confessing himself "a passionate admirer of good dancing," and referring to the examples of Marianne and Chloe, ladies of his acquaintance, "to recommend what the soberer part of mankind look upon as a trifle." He has another good word to say for his ingenious friend, Mr. Weaver. It is amusing to remark the zealous advocacy with which he strives to persuade his readers, or to persuade himself, that dancing is more than a mere blameless amusement—an inestimable method of elevating and refining the mind. He concocts evidence, as usual, in the shape of an imaginary letter from one Philopater, a widower with a daughter who was inclined to be a romp. This reckless little girl was actually once caught in the street playing at chuck-farthing with the boys. Her distressed father engaged a discreet young gentlewoman for her governess and companion; he sent her to a genteel boarding-school; but when she reached fifteen he was very anxious about her. Happily, she was taught dancing, which he had always regarded as a ridiculous and contemptible trick; and he is now thankful to own that he was entirely mistaken. He went to see her dance. "My romp," says the fond parent, "now the most graceful person of her sex, assumed a majesty which commanded the highest respect. I could not possibly have imagined that so great an improvement could have been wrought in her by such an art. My child has danced herself into my esteem; and I have as great a honour for her as ever I had for her mother, from whom she derived these latent good qualities which appeared in her countenance when she was dancing; for my girl, though I say it myself, showed in one quarter of an hour the innate principles of a modest virgin, a tender wife, a generous friend, a kind mother, and an indulgent mistress. I'll strain hard but I will purchase for her a husband suitable to her merit."

Love's Retreat.

I.
A garden all aglow
With sun-kissed flowers I know,
Named truly Love's Retreat;
It forms a jewelled crown
To lawns that broaden down
Where gentle waters meet,
That dimple, curl, and foam
Around this happy home,
And, lingering, kiss its feet.
Hither I often stray
On summer holiday—
The longest all too fleet;
For many a keen delight
Of odour, sound, and sight,
Here wooingly unite,
In witchery complete.

II.
But more divinely fair,
More ravishingly rare,
This new-found Eden shows—
A bevy of fair girls,
With heads of sunny curls,
Whose cheeks outbloom the rose;
As they the garden pace,
Enamoured with their grace,
Each bud more brightly glows.
Blithe English maidens they—
What further need one say?
The world nought fairer knows.
Like flowers just taking flight—
Beings of air and light
(Nymph, fairy, sylph, or sprite)
Are not so rosy bright,
So human-sweet as those.

III.
Of this dear sisterhood
One is most fair and good,
With every charm replete;
And her the rest above
A thousandfold I love;
Her name so dainty-sweet,
Birds take it for their song,
And trill it all day long,
In fragments or complete;
So best their love proclaim
With Love's melodious name.
The birds do but repeat
The music which they stole
From out my secret soul,
The tune my heart doth beat.
Hear now the lark, upspringing,
In heaven's far azure winging,
That dulcet name down-flinging,
His listening mate to greet!
With rapturous tumult ringing,
The very air is singing—
This one glad message bringing—
Marguerite!

JOHN LATEY.



GOING TO THE DANCE.
DRAWN BY F. BARNARD.



A CHRISTMAS DANCE A LONG TIME AGO.
DRAWN BY C. J. STANILAND.

THE COFFEE-MERCHANT.

A NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS' TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ORION," &c.



HERE once dwelt at a thriving town in Happy Arabia a young man named Agbin, who inherited a good business from his father as a coffee-merchant, and had large dealings with several wealthy men, both in neighbouring and distant cities. He was an amiable young fellow, good-looking, and very generous, but not of a bright wit by nature, and his education had been much neglected.

In an evil hour he took a fancy for greatly bettering his condition, in the hopes of amassing a large fortune in a short time. Being tired of Happy Arabia, where he lived so comfortably, but not in the splendour he desired, he sold off all his goods and furniture, paid all his debts, collected all the money owing to him, wrote impudent letters to several of his principal patrons who had given him some slight cause for offence, and at once started for Stony Arabia, with the determination of speedily realising immense riches.

Arriving at the city of Petra, he gave out that he was a very great merchant, and that, in fact, all the coffee growers, and roasters, and dealers in Mocha, were almost the same as his slaves. He gave sumptuous entertainments to all the richest and wisest men in the place, and round about. Great cloth-merchants, jewellers, druggists, robe and shawl and carpet merchants, together with men of great learning and science, moreover several royal princes, were continually feasted at his

table. In a short time young Agbin was ruined. He had deserted his business, and now it was in vain that he sought to return to it. All his business was gone. Nobody cared to have anything to do with a silly fellow who had squandered all his money. Not only the merchants of Stony Arabia would have no dealings with him, but those of Happy Arabia treated him with marked neglect, and some of them would not condescend to make any reply to his letters and proposals. Nobody would intrust any consignments of coffee to him, and of course it was still less likely they would lend him any money. Some of his recent friends even treated him as if they thought him a fool, and almost told him so. But most of them laughed at him and the follies he had committed, and made a great jest of him among themselves. His sudden arrival in Petra, which was a wealthy city at that time, his rapid blaze, and precipitate fall, served them for a continual subject of pleasantry. Their amusement was shared with the numerous merchants travelling through Stony Arabia, who stopped at Petra on their way to and from Persia, Egypt, and Happy Arabia which Agbin had so foolishly left.

The poor coffee-merchant now sold all he possessed, down to his last rich silk shawl and turban, his last pipe and sofa, his cushion and carpet, his last mule, his last suit of clothes. Finally, foreseeing great need for the means of life when he should have expended the small sum thus realised, he went to the richest of the cloth-merchants in the bazaar, who had most frequently dined at his table. Making known his poverty and fears for the future, the cloth-merchant listened to all he said, and then, in the kindest possible terms, invited him to dinner. The young man was overjoyed. He returned home, and expended nearly all he had in getting proper garments to appear at the splendid villa of the rich merchant. Arrived there, he found a considerable number, many of whom had been his own guests, already assembled. Everybody welcomed Agbin with smiles—almost too many smiles, he felt, considering his altered circumstances. However, there was a capital dinner, splendidly served on silver and china salvers and plates, with excellent wines, and perfumed water to wash the hands in afterwards; and as to fruits and choice preserves, no expense had been spared. Nothing could exceed the kindness of his host. Delightful music closed the entertainment. As the guests were departing, the poor ruined coffee-merchant tried in vain to take his host aside for a moment, in order to borrow a trifle of money. But the rich man was too much occupied in polite attentions to attend to him. So he returned poorer than he came. He could have dined at home for a fourth part of what it had cost him to dine out luxuriously. He then wrote a piteous letter asking to borrow a trifle, and was again invited to a handsome dinner. This happened several times; but no money. The last time he dined there, swallowed up all he had in hiring a dress to appear in, and next day he was quite destitute.

Agbin now went to a rich jeweller who used to visit him on his first arrival. The jeweller advised him to go to the diamond-mines; also to study the art of pearl-diving; and whenever he forwarded a parcel of really fine diamonds or pearls he should receive a remittance for their fair value. But, as a man of the world, he had made it a religious rule never to lend money: it only encouraged idleness.

The ruined young coffee-merchant next went to a former guest of his, who was a great dealer in gold and silver plate, and chief purveyor of these articles to the King and the favourite ladies of the harem. This great dealer told him that he should at once make a journey to the gold coast of Sierra Leone or Golconda, and, if he did not die of the fevers that prevail there, he would no doubt be as successful in finding gold as he had been in selling coffee.

Being now absolutely in hunger, he humbly sought the wisest sage in all Arabia. And the sage discoursed to him in a very wise and paternal manner; and, finally, advised him to go immediately and get something to eat; but on no account any rich and unwholesome food. So saying, the sage left him.

In utter despair, the poor coffee-merchant now went to a slave-broker who had often feasted at his house, and offered himself for sale as a slave. "Don't you know," said the broker, "that when you become a slave, you and all you possess are the property of your master?" "Of course I do," replied Agbin, like a man in a miserable dream. "Very well," said the broker, patting him upon the shoulder; "as I could immediately take away from you with the left hand the price I had paid you with the right, do not think of so short-sighted a transaction." Saying which, he embraced him, gave him a pipe, and bade him good-day.

In rags and starvation, Agbin chanced to meet with a poor flower-girl. Her name was Zilnah, and she was well known for the beautiful flowers she sold. "Ah! poor young man," said she; "you seem to be in great want." "You say truly, child," replied the poor coffee-merchant; "and I suppose you will offer me a flower." The flower-girl instantly gave him half of a good piece of bread she had in a bag, together with three large dates. She then tore off a broad strip from her dress to make him a sash, as his garments were full of rents and hung down like rags. She had very pretty little hands, which she now held out to him in token of farewell. She looked at him, moreover, with very tender eyes, and gave a deep sigh. They then stood and looked at each other.

"Not long ago," said Agbin, with tears running down his cheeks, "not long ago I could have rewarded you for this kindness towards a person who had lost the cream of prosperity and become like the scum of the earth; but now I can only kiss these little hands." He was about to kiss her hands, when the girl, seeing a lady richly attired, seated upon a mule and attended by slaves, passing on the other side of the way, hurried across to offer some of her flowers for sale.

He now bethought him of the King's chief physician and court astrologer, Zohorob Saimin, who had continually dined at his table, and, in fact, often got drunk before he left. Zohorob Saimin received him in the kindest and most affectionate manner; made him sit down, chafed his temples, placed an embroidered foot-stool for his feet, inquired tenderly after his health, and, perceiving him to look sick and faint,



"The flower-girl gave him a piece of bread, with three large dates."

instantly brought him a large cup full of physic, and insisted upon his taking it off at a draught. At the same time he pledged Agbin in a large goblet of wine. As soon as the young man had recovered from the nauseous draught, he was beginning to unfold his miseries, but Zohorob Saimin instantly interrupted this by calling a close attention to his last discoveries in astrology—predictions (he said) which, first showing him of the present condition of his visitor as a poor scum of the earth, also opened his eyes to the future honours that certainly awaited him. The King's chief physician then handed Agbin another cup of medicine, which he compelled him to drink, while at the same time he pledged him in another goblet of rich wine. This done, he took Agbin by the hand with the most paternal air, assured him of his protection through life, and offered him his daughter in marriage. The King of Petra would, no doubt, be present in person at their nuptial ceremonies.

After the many cruel rebuffs he had received, Agbin was so overjoyed at this sudden turn of affairs that he could scarcely believe his ears, and still less such good fortune. He accepted the unexpected blessing with grateful emotion. The King's chief physician and astrologer now sent a slave to request the presence of his Star of Stars—for so his daughter was called. Meanwhile he affectionately filled another cup of medicine (but this time of a paregoric kind) for Agbin, and another goblet of the finest shiraz for himself. The young man, who did not dare to refuse the prescription, had scarcely finished the bitter restorative when a private door opened, and a tall female figure entered, attired in a long purple robe studded with silver stars, and a long black lace veil similarly studded. She seemed extremely thin. Raising one pale arm, that had a very sharply-projecting elbow, she drew off her veil with a lofty air. She was like a tall ghoul! Her eyes had a sepulchral gleam as they met his! Aghast at the sight of so hideous an object, Agbin staggered back against the wall. Recovering himself by a violent effort, he rushed out of the room, overturning several valuable astrological instruments and choice jars of medicine in his way. He reached the street he knew not how.

As soon as Agbin had gained a quiet spot, he sat down upon the stone steps of a mosque to recover himself. He was too confused to say his prayers, and the Prophet and the Khoran often sadly stumbled over each other. But he had not remained here above five minutes before he heard a noise

of loud voices, and presently he saw Zohorob Saimin coming towards him, accompanied by a number of armed officers of justice. He was instantly seized and dragged before the Cadi. As he seemed very ill, he was imprisoned some days for his recovery. He was then accused of breach of contract of marriage with the only daughter of the King's chief physician and astrologer, thereby doing grievous wrong to the lady and her courtly father, and indirectly insulting the King; also he was charged with wantonly destroying several invaluable instruments of astrology, and jars of incomparable medicine, and causing the Star of Stars to fall down in a fit, and violate the immaculate knee-cap of her left leg.

The court was crowded, and many voices cried shame upon such conduct. As Agbin was of course unable to disprove any of these accusations, the Cadi sentenced him to receive fifty blows of the bastinado upon the spot.

Now, the Cadi was a particular friend of Zohorob Saimin, and they had often amused themselves and made merriment in talking of the follies of the young coffee-merchant and his ruin; so while he was being stripped for the bastinado, Zohorob scribbled a few words on a slip of paper and had it conveyed to the Cadi privately. But the sharp eye of a young girl who was among the crowd saw this, and she managed to squeeze her slight person between the officers. The Cadi read the paper with a suppressed smile, then tore it across and across and flung it down. One by one the girl picked up the pieces, and slipped away in the crowd. The Cadi coughed a good deal, caressed his beard with his left hand while extending his right, and then with a grave countenance addressed the prisoner in a formal speech of condemnation. But as he was coming to the close, the officers being now about to administer the bastinado, the face of the Cadi twitched, and, shading his eyes with one hand, he suddenly exclaimed, "Stop! Do not strike on peril of your lives; for who is this I see before me? Young man, what was your father's name?" "Saleh Zeyn Agbin," replied the prisoner. "My father was a most respectable coffee-merchant of Happy Arabia." "And your mother's name?" hastily exclaimed the Cadi. "Shemsal Saminay, the daughter of a wealthy corn-factor of Damascus," replied Agbin, in much wonder. "I thought so!" replied the Cadi. "My heart told me so by the leap it gave within me when I ordered you to receive fifty blows of the bastinado. Those people were only your foster father and mother. My son, my son! Behold in me your real father; for in truth you are my long-lost only son, the lawful inheritor of all I possess!"

At these words, bared as he was for the bastinado, Agbin started to his feet in utter confusion of mind and astonishment.

While the people, who had all pitied the young man, were crowding round with congratulations, the flower-girl Zilnah—for it was she that had picked up the torn paper—got upon a stone pedestal intended for a large candelabrum at night, and called aloud to the Cadi, as if she were carried beyond herself, "May the light of heaven always fall warmly upon a loving father's head, and be reflected upon the good Cadi's judgment-seat! may the sea never drown him nor sink any ship in which he hath an interest! may fire never scorch his turban, or trouble the wisdom of his brain! may the earth be ever covered with sweet flowers springing up before his feet! and may Providence shower the really best blessings upon him in the way that he also may feel best and most delightful!" The Cadi was pleased with these compliments, but felt obliged to call to the officers to make that girl hold her tongue. Whereupon she was quickly lifted down from the pedestal. The Cadi now recovered himself with a very serious air. "But, young man," said he, addressing Agbin, "prisoner and criminal now before me, justice must be done! Notwithstanding you are my son and the inheritor of all I possess, inasmuch as you are quite unable to disprove the accusation of Zohorob Saimin, you must this moment receive the fifty blows of the bastinado! In fact, I must order you to receive a hundred blows, to show that I am not influenced by my paternal love." At these words the face of the young man underwent such a change that the Cadi, unable to control himself any longer, sank back in his chair convulsed with laughter. But no one else laughed, unless it was Zohorob up in the corner yonder; and the girl Zilnah again sprang upon the pedestal exclaiming, "May the darkness of the devil's frown overcloud the wicked father's head! may the sea engulf him and all ships wherein he hath any interest! may fire torment before it devours him! may the earth breed scorpions under his feet as he walks, and then open beneath him, and send up dreadful cries before it swallows him!"—and she would have said much more, but the Cadi, amidst his hysterics and squeals of laughter, called aloud, "Turn that little fiend out of the court; how often am I to speak?" He rocked in his chair with renewed hysterics, and then fell back, faintly repeating, "How often am I—how often—how often am I to speak?" The officers went to raise him up, but the Cadi was dead. Zohorob Saimin hurried to his side, in his authoritative character of Court Physician, and instantly caused veins to be opened in both arms, at the temples, and at the ankles, while he dispatched three slaves for several kinds of medicine. Nobody observed during this confusion that the flower-girl had again got into the crowd and prevailed upon one of the bystanders to lift her once more upon a pedestal yet higher than the other. Here she cried aloud, "Thank Heaven for this justice! and a happy life to the son and heir of all the Cadi's possessions!" At these words a tumult arose among the lawyers and the people, and Zilnah, leaping down, made her escape in the confusion. The dead body of the Cadi was carried away, and the lawyers immediately began to discourse aloud on the subject of his property, as he was a very rich man, and not known to have any family or relations. "Let the lawyers speak!" shouted Zohorob; "listen to the lawyers! They are learned in all the laws of Arabia, Persia, Greece, Turkey, and the borders of the Red Sea!"

But a cobbler now forced his way through, and mounted the pedestal from which the flower-girl had just leaped down. "There needs no lawyer at all!" vociferated the cobbler; "nor does the case want any new laws from this or any other land, nor the wishy-washy opinion of any fish of the Red Sea. Several hundred people in this very court-house heard the Cadi declare that this young man was the heir to all his possessions; and whether Agbin is really his newly-found son, or only by adoption, or if he is no son of any kind, and no relation of any kind, the evidence of the Cadi's last will and testament is strong enough to settle a hundred such questions." "Stop a little!" cried one of the lawyers, "what should a cobbler know of the law? Do not forget that, in the first place, another Cadi will have to pass sentence upon the crimes committed by this young man against Zohorob Saimin and his injured daughter, the Star of Stars." "Not a bit of it!" retorted the cobbler; "for, see, here is Zohorob's own writing." So saying, he held up the torn paper, which the flower-girl had neatly put together, and he read aloud these words: "The Star of Stars is no daughter of mine, she is only my lamp-lighter; but pray give young Agbin all thou canst." "And accordingly," added the cobbler, "the Cadi gave and bequeathed to him all his possessions." One of the

lawyers here attempted to argue that the "giving all he could" alluded to the bastinado, but he was hooted out of court; and as for Zohorob, he had to make a hasty retreat, followed by several stones of a pretty good size.

The cobbler, whose name was Abon Moradin, was a well-known man and much respected, notwithstanding his frequent drunkenness; and this affair, making a great noise, presently reached the ears of the King of that country. His Majesty highly approved of Abon Moradin's management of so curious a case, and sent him a handsome piece of carpet to sit upon when at work, and an embroidered robe, in the folds of which was placed a purse of nine hundred sequins, with permission to write over his window that he was cobbler in ordinary to the Court slaves by letters patent. The King would have ordered the head of Zohorob Saimin to be struck off, but that he did not know of any other equally great physician to put in his place. He also feared that his liege lord, the Caliph of Bagdad, might be angry at it. As for the little flower-girl, she was nowhere to be found.

Being now settled in the house of the late Cadi, which was very richly furnished and almost surrounded with beautiful gardens full of fruits, and flowers, and marble fountains, Agbin announced a series of grand entertainments to inaugurate his coming into possession of the Cadi's fortune. The first of these entertainments was intended exclusively for his former friends. Those who had shown themselves such very peculiar "friends in need" had little expected this; but they all accepted the invitation gleefully, well knowing his lavish hospitalities. A great supper was set out in the large hall; there were the finest plate, the richest dishes of meat with all manner of choice sauces, the most delicious wines and fruits, and a perfect forest of green wax candles, with music heard all the time from the gardens. When the supper was over they all reclined on sofas round the room, wine being continually presented to them on salvers by handsomely-dressed female slaves; and from time to time one of the guests rose and made a complimentary and congratulatory speech to Agbin, or recited verses and moral reflections on the wonderful dispensations of Providence with regard to men's fortunes, and so forth. The cloth-merchant, who had so richly entertained Agbin when he sorely wanted to borrow a trifle of money, made an elegant speech; so did the great jeweller, who had given him such friendly advice, though he had "made it a rule never to lend money." The purveyor of gold plate and the learned sage indulged in sentiments of a moral and religious kind which did them great honour. The cobbler, Abon Moradin, was there, having washed his great bald head for the occasion, though he had forgotten to bring the robe sent him by the King. He was, of course, nearly drunk by this time; however, he made a speech, as follows:—

"The fortunes of men are often in their own hands and they do not know it; or if they do, they neglect to catch hold of the slippery moments. *Hic!* my boys. There goes my full goblet all over your rich carpets before I have tasted it. *Girl,* fill me another. The fortunes of men are yet more frequently in the hands of their friends—and the friends' heads are turned another way; and they keep close fists and invisible purses. The world, you see, is made up of large numbers; yet the whole are reducible to one within. Has any man a friend when he is in need? Yes; if he has an excellent wife, a dutiful son or daughter, a faithful servant, a good dog, or a sober person, like me, at his side: What is the friendliness of the best society? Inviting you to eat and drink at luxurious tables, and being blind and deaf to your poverty on the morrow. But why should we not, whether wealthy or needy, feast at the cost of another, if it please him to see us enjoy, and even waste, his substance? *Lovely Ethiop!* fill my goblet again. *Hic!* where's my new slipper? Never mind, *girl.* The aloe blooms once in a hundred years. Man is like the aloe—man blooms once in a hundred years; and behold how we are all in full blossom at the present moment! We say our prayers at daybreak—some of us do—all say they do; and everybody acquiesces in what everybody says. Whereof comes politeness, and patronage, and wealth, and hypocrisy, and worldly power. Knowledge is sometimes a worldly power; and truth is now and then ruin, and now and then a worldly power; but lying, my friends, is almost always a power. Therefore have we been able easily to cajole our host, now reclining on the late Cadi's costly sofa, with the belief that we are all his sincere friends, anxious that he should some day have great need of us, which is the reason of our present amiable and smiling countenances."

The cloth-merchant and some of the other guests began to show signs of considerable uneasiness, and a disposition to interrupt the cobbler, but Agbin, laughing, bade him go on; and Abon Moradin thus proceeded:—

"We have all devoutly knelt down upon our prayer-carpet at daybreak. I repeat it:—and we have all led very bad, or very doubtful lives, from sunrise till noon, when we have prayed again;—and so downwards with the hours till once more we have said our prayers at sunset, as if God never saw the spaces between. Nevertheless, we mostly think ourselves safe enough as to the gardens of Paradise. But I, for one, don't think anything of the kind. I consider that we are safe for nothing, and therefore we have everything to hope. It is not often that I indulge in these serious potations—these draughts upon the future. Still, I see things with my own eyes, and very few of us do that. But we are not all made alike, and some people's faculties are like unto plums in a poor man's pillow, that have little connection with one another. It is given to few people to be alive all over at the same moment. Every man's eye is not his nose; every man's ear is not his touch; every man's smelling is not his tasting; every man's heel and big toe are not like his thumb and forefinger, as we see with those who climb for cocoa-nuts. *Hic!* ye richly-clad, yet half-naked Ethiopian hours! fill this gilded crystal, I say—that is, fill the transparent vessel that is to fill this opaque one, that I may drink to the concluding entertainment, provided for his friends in need by the smiling prodigal son of a Cadi on yonder embroidered couch,—together with 'The Health of the King's Chief Ladies' Cobbler.'"

As Agbin laughed, and seemed in no wise displeased with the queer things they had just heard, all the company felt it would be most prudent to appear mightily amused, especially as a hint had been thrown out of some rare entertainment to conclude the evening's festivities.

When Abon Moradin sank down upon his sofa, Agbin rose to address his friends; but, as said at first, his education had been much neglected, and he was not very bright in natural gifts, so he only uttered a few ordinary words about the inestimable value of "friends in need," and his wish to show how much he had been beholden to them. The door now opened, and in walked Zilnah, the little flower-girl, dressed just in the poor, half-naked way in which Agbin had first seen her. She advanced, with an easy, graceful air, into the middle of the room, making a slight obeisance to Agbin and the company. "I have sent for this girl," said Agbin, "because she was the first to comprehend and cry out that the Cadi had made me his lawful heir." He then continued, in rather a high tone, and, as he was stirred within by wine, as well as his present position, he became pompous, and finally stammered

out that he intended to take Zilnah into his service, dress her with splendour, and should perhaps promote her to the honour of being one of his slave-wives. When he had thrown himself at length upon his sofa, the flower-girl replied that she was not insensible of the goodwill Agbin bore her; but remarked that he had omitted to mention their first meeting, when several of the present company had considered him no better than "the scum of the earth." At this disastrously ill-timed and well-timed speech, all the friends there assembled rose or half rose from their reclining positions, with various ejaculations. As for Agbin, he was so confounded that he could only blurt out his previous intention of sending the flower-girl to one of the bath-rooms, after which she should have reappeared richly clad; but now he did not quite clearly see his way to such favours. Upon this Abon Moradin stood up, and reminded Zilnah that their host was now a great noble, whatever losses he had fallen into by over-speculations as a coffee-merchant, while she, poor little wretch! remained what she had always been—namely, one of "the scum of the earth." He had not time to resume his sofa when Zilnah took up a large gilt goblet of water from the table, and, walking close up to Abon Moradin, exclaimed, "Cobbler of slaves! go and try to find the ghost of your unknown father!" saying which, she dashed the cold water upon the top of his bald head, and the shock took so fatal an effect upon him that he fell back as if dying, and the slaves had to carry him out into the air. "What is this?" cried Agbin; "take her to the bath-room!"



"Sacks of feathers were emptied upon them, then a sackful of live rats, succeeded by a dozen monkeys and some score of young serpents."

said he to three female slaves, "strip her and plunge her in; then return to me. My mind is changed about this girl." Presently the slaves came back and told him the flower-girl was in the bath. "Now bring me a good stick," cried he; and when it was brought he gave a significant look at the company, and left the room. All his friends were delighted, and full of expectation. Still, they were not sorry that she had silenced the cobbler, as he was known to have an alarming sort of tongue, and to fear nobody. Some time elapsed, but they did not wait and listen in vain, for suddenly they heard a succession of quick, sharp blows, accompanied by cries and shrieks, from the bath-room; whereupon they all laughed, and declared that Agbin was not, after all, such a silly young fellow as they had hitherto thought him. But while they continued laughing and drinking wine it is proper to relate what took place in the bath-room.

Entering the bath-room with an angry countenance and uplifted stick, Agbin found the flower-girl reclining in the bath. "Stand up," exclaimed he, "that I may duly chastise you for your insolence!" And he gave her a smart blow across her shoulders as she was rising; but her long hair very much mitigated the pain. "My Lord," said she, "before you strike me again, be pleased to hear a few words. When we first met, remember that I had not very much more clothing upon me than at this moment; neither was your Lordship very decently attired, so that a strip of my poor covering was an acceptable present for a sash. We were both of us, if I may venture to compare myself with your Lordship, very like the scum of the earth. But this was only in outward appearance, and inwardly, since you were of good family and education; and I also, though a poor flower-girl, have been well educated by my uncle, who is a man of great wit and knowledge. If I had not felt a sudden love for you, it was not likely I should have at once given you half my bread and the best part of my own scanty garments. But, now that your Lordship is rich, you fancy that I remain altogether the scum of the earth. It is not so. My uncle has instructed me in a great many things besides languages and arts. For instance, I am well aware what punishment Abon Moradin, the King's cobbler, has devised for your ungrateful friends now feasting in yonder hall." Agbin was all amazement. "In the name of the Prophet!" said he, "how came you to know this?" The girl smiled as she thus proceeded: "Abon Moradin is my uncle, my only living relation, since I was left an orphan of six years old. A sudden misgiving now struck Agbin. "But you grossly insulted him just now, and perhaps you have caused his

death!" Not at all, my Lord," said Zilnah; "for that scene was preconcerted between us, in order to have him taken out of the room before something happens. You know what I allude to." "Is it possible?" said Agbin, "that Abon Moradin told you to call him a 'cobbler of slaves,' and bid him go and try to find the ghost of his unknown father?" "No," said the girl, "he did not; but he told me to use some rather strong expressions, so I said that." Agbin lifted up his eyes and the stick, in wonder at what he heard. She went on thus: "I am aware that my appearance is somewhat childish, being often taken for thirteen, but I am much older, and can assure your Lordship that I have already completed my fifteenth birthday. But, in truth, I am quite a woman in education by my uncle and the masters he got for me, besides my experience of life in selling flowers. You would hardly believe me were I to tell your Lordship that I am acquainted with the Arabic, Persian, Indian, and Chinese languages and books; also well grounded in the knowledge of painting, shawl and carpet work, silks, diamonds, drugs, gardening, and astrology, with no mean conception of the beauties of ornamental architecture and the importance of navigation."

"You don't tell me so?" ejaculated Agbin, letting fall his stick with a splash into the bath.

"If you doubt it," said Zilnah, "examine me in any branch."

As there was not the least chance that Agbin should undertake such a thing, he remained silent a while, and then said, "I am well satisfied with all you have told me, my dear little Zilnah, and I will gladly return to all my previous good intentions towards you, for you truly deserve my love."

"But, my Lord," replied Zilnah, "you spoke of making me one of your Lordship's slave-wives, and this offer I at once refuse. Let me repeat that I am by no means so childish as I look, having had much experience of the world, besides all my uncle's teaching; so that I can be of very great service and value to you as your first wife, and your best friend. Only consider what a goose you were—or, rather, permit me to say, what a wild goose your Lordship made of your fortune as a coffee-merchant! You will lose every sequin, and all you have besides, just in the same kind of way as before, unless you marry me. Be sure of it, for it is already written in the great books of astrology! Besides, your Lordship should gratefully as well as generously bear in mind that I fell in love with you when you were quite as poor as myself."

Agbin, without further hesitation, embraced her tenderly, promising to make her his first wife that very night. He then took up the stick that was floating in the bath, and smote sharply upon the wall many times, directing the girl to utter piercing cries, which she did. He then lifted her out of the bath, and, without waiting for her to adjust her wet tresses, proceeded to rejoin his merry friends.

When Agbin returned to the banqueting-hall, leading Zilnah in affectionately by the hand, just as she had come out of the bath, but covered with a rich robe, and wearing a necklace of costly jewels, all the convivial friends were struck dumb! The slave-broker, however, at once understood what olives were in the sealed jar, and would have hastened to kiss the dust from the shadow of Zilnah's little feet, but that he was ashamed to be first in the new mosque.

"Do not wonder at what you behold," said Agbin, "for great and unexpected things often happen to men; and of this you will all presently witness another example. Having properly chastised this girl, I have now forgiven her, and while you continue your merriment we will take a walk round the gardens." Zilnah made a very low obeisance to the company, and they left the hall embracing each other. "Was ever such an ass!" exclaimed the jeweller; and he filled up another goblet of wine, as if needing it to recover himself. "In a few months," remarked the learned sage, "he will have wasted all he possesses, even to the last sequin." The learned sage was about to add many moral maxims and reflections from Arabic philosophers, but his feelings overpowered him, besides which he had eaten rather too plentifully of a choice dish at supper—viz., a baked ram's head, well spiced, and carefully stuffed with veal fat and cinnamon. He had also just tasted a ragout of goose-liver, garlic, and pickled quinces, delicately perfumed with musk and ambergris. "I often invited him to dinner after his ruin," said the cloth-merchant; "but if he is such a fool as to return to the scum of the earth, we must become shy of such visitors." The slave-broker cautiously remarked that, for his part, he had always given Agbin the most disinterested practical advice; but he feared the young gentleman was not very open to instruction. "The fact is," said the purveyor of gold and silver plate, "Agbin's head has been partly screwed on by nature the wrong way, and that little sorcerer has got him by the nose, and will give his head the finishing turn." While they were yet laughing at this sally, the lamps began to get very dim, and a fine shower of rain softly poured down upon them from the galleries above, as if from concealed water-engines, if not by necromancy. At the same time horrible subterranean music was heard, with ringing yells; then the lamps nearly went out; while the rain fell faster, speedily followed by a report like thunder, which caused every door to close with a slam, as they all crowded together to make their way out. And now great sacks full of small feathers were emptied upon them, and very soon afterwards a sackful of live rats, succeeded by a dozen monkeys and some score of young serpents by way of a little variety. Then the narrowest of the doors was flung open, and out they all rushed into the narrowest of the passages leading into the street, accompanied and followed by all the rats, monkeys, and serpents, mad to regain their liberty.

Very soon after this, Agbin, with great ceremony and all sorts of festivities, married Zilnah, with whose beauty and grace everybody was now extremely surprised. They all said, "Who would have thought it?" But Agbin said that he had thought it, and was not much surprised. The truth was, the scene in the bath-room had quite settled him. He sent five hundred pieces of gold to Abon Moradin, with the offer of a suite of apartments in his villa; but the cobbler preferred to live at his shop, and go on in the old way. He, however, wrote over his door that he was "cobbler to the harem, by royal authority," surmounted by a portrait of the King, painted by Abon Moradin himself with a red-hot iron upon a square board, after the encaustic style; but this he was ordered to take down immediately.

Agbin and Zilnah lived very happily together in their lovely villa, with all its fruit and flower gardens, which they greatly improved by adding many statues, and fountains full of brilliant gold, silver, and leopard-spotted fish, as also by the encouragement of nightingales and other birds to come and live there in domestic happiness. Zilnah made him an excellent wife, not only in affectionate devotion, but in the careful management of his property, which he was glad to leave entirely to her control. She delighted him with her sprightliness and knowledge, and never told him any lies, except those which were good for him. She had been his true friend in need, and she remained his true friend when he did not need one—if that ever happens to anybody, which is very doubtful.

PAMPHLET]

ELECTRICITY IS LIFE.

[POST-FREE.

PULVERMACHER'S PATENT GALVANIC CHAIN-BANDS, BELTS. AND POCKET BATTERIES.

These HIGHLY-IMPROVED INVENTIONS render electricity perfectly self-applicable, in a mild, continuous form, and extremely efficacious, no shock or unpleasant sensation being experienced, whereby it becomes a true fountain of health and vigour, speedily soothing agonising pains, reanimating torpid limbs, reviving the sluggish functions of life and imparting renewed energy and vitality to constitutions enfeebled by various influences. The daily increasing number of cures effected by PULVERMACHER'S MEDICO-GALVANIC SYSTEM is so extensive and varied, that it forcibly points to this invention as the embryo of a universal remedy.

THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONY, signed by the elite of the English Medical Faculty, has been received:-

"We, the undersigned, have much pleasure in testifying, that Mr. J. L. PULVERMACHER'S recent improvements in his Voltaic Batteries and Galvanic Appliances for Medical Purposes are of great importance to Scientific Medicine, and that he is entitled to the consideration and support of everyone disposed to further the advancement of real and useful progress."

Dated this 9th day of March, 1866.

CHARLES LOCOCK, Bart., M.D., F.R.S., F.R.C.P.
WM. FERGUSSON, Bart., F.R.S.
EDWARD H. SIEVERING, M.D., F.R.C.P.
HENRY HOLLAND, Bart., M.D., F.R.S.
J. RANALD MARTIN, Esq., F.R.C.S.
Also recommended by:
SIR DUNCAN GIBB, Bart., M.D., LL.D.
T. H. TANNER, M.D., F.R.S., &c.
J. RUSSELL REYNOLDS, M.D., F.R.S., F.R.C.P.
C. B. RADCLIFFE, M.D., F.R.C.P.
A. CLARK, M.D., F.R.C.P., Physician to the London Hospital, &c., &c., &c.

PULVERMACHER'S SYSTEM is also approved of by an official report of the Académie de Médecine, Paris, of which the following is a brief ex- tract:-

"The Voltaic Chains of Mr. Pulvermacher are really a most wonderful apparatus. It is astonishing to see these little piles adapting themselves to the form of the body, and capable of producing under this small volume the most surprising effects. . . . They unite two advantages which no other apparatus has hitherto possessed: they are more portable, and cheaper, two indispensable conditions in an apparatus of this description, in order to make the application of electricity more general, and, to a certain degree, popular, which is certainly very desirable in the interest of patients, as well as that of the profession. In this respect the chains of Mr. Pulvermacher will have a great future. The Committee beg to propose to the Academy to address their thanks to Mr. Pulvermacher for his most interesting communication. Adopted."—Bulletin de l'Académie, Tome XVI., No. 13.

THE INVENTIONS have been approved in like manner by the Royal College of Physicians, London; the Imperial Faculty of Vienna; and the Academy of Medicine, New York; and their curative virtues are confirmed by thousands of private testimonials of cures effected.—(See Pamphlet gratis.)

Extract of a testimonial by Dr. HANDFIELD JONES, F.R.C.P., F.R.S., Physician to St. Mary's Hospital.

"I have seen some of Mr. Pulvermacher's inventions for the application of the continuous galvanic current to the human body in various morbid states. . . . I am satisfied that he is an honest and earnest labourer in the field of the science, and I think that he deserves to meet with every encouragement from the profession and from scientific men."

These facts appeal to the good sense of every sufferer to avail himself of this scientific and curative progress, to which the inventor has devoted a lifetime of study and labour, as an earnest disciple of that great benefactor of mankind, the late illustrious electrician, Michael Faraday.

THE TESTIMONIALS following (as well as the far more numerous ones contained in a pamphlet which can be had on application) represent only a very small proportion of the cures actually effected, the particulars of which have not been communicated. This will be evident, in view of the extreme reluctance of many persons to have their names and sufferings made public.

It should be explained that many of the cases (the results of which are written in the third person) have been communicated by the patients' friends, and commendations from the most eminent British and Foreign medical authorities, together with confirmatory statements in standard works, such as Pereira's "Materia Medica," Dr. Tanner's "Practice of Medicine," Dr. Handfield Jones on "Nervous and Functional Disorders," &c., may always be seen at the Establishment, No. 168, Regent-street, London, W.

INDIGESTION. (Testimonial.)

"Dear Sir,—After wearing your Combined Bands for four months, I feel happy to inform you of the result. After almost constant suffering from acute indigestion in varied forms for ten years (so bad that I find few descriptions by sufferers that I cannot sympathise with), now, and for some time past, I have been entirely free from any decided symptom, and find my general health greatly improved. The few remarks by the editor of the "Christian World" caused me to try the Bands. I shall be very glad to write or converse with any person suffering in a similar way, feeling convinced that it is my duty to all I can to get sufferers to adopt what I consider a certain cure.—I remain, faithfully yours, "HENRY H. COX."

INDIGESTION and SLUGGISH LIVER. (Testimonial.)

"Dear Sir,—Having derived very much benefit by wearing one of your Galvanic Belts, which I had of you last March, I feel it my duty to acknowledge my heartfelt thanks. The complaint was indigestion and Liver. I have now worn it constantly for three months, and I feel myself very much improved.—I remain, dear Sir, respectfully yours, "ALFRED GUNTON."

DEBILITY. (Testimonial.)

"Dear Sir,—I have now worn the Chain-Bands more than three months, and derived great benefit from them. I thank God that ever I heard of them, and that ever I tried them, for they have given me great relief, and braced me up to my daily toil. A thousand thanks to you, Sir, for your kindness, and I feel it my duty to spread their fame as far as I can.—Yours truly, "BENJAMIN VANE."

NERVOUSNESS. (Testimonial.)

"Dear Sir,—I purchased a set of Combined Bands of you some time ago, and have worn them with great benefit. They have done me a great deal of good in curing me of Nervousness, and I shall certainly recommend them to anyone whom I might happen to know suffering similar to myself.—Yours truly, "S. E. G."

"J. L. Pulvermacher, Esq."

"You can make any use you like of this extract, except my name."

PARALYSIS. (Testimonial.)

"Dear Sir,—My wife continues to improve, and to-day she walked quite alone. It must be a source of great pleasure to you that by your studies you have been the means of so much benefit to your suffering fellow-creatures.—I am, Sir, gratefully yours, "JAMES WEST."

"Mr. J. L. Pulvermacher."

SEVERE NERVOUS DEBILITY and INDIGESTION. (Testimonial.)

"94, West street, Farnham, July 4, 1871.
(Extract.)
"Dear Sir,—I purchased a set of your Volta-Electric Chain Bands. They have done me a great deal of good. My digestion is better, and my nerves stronger than they were. I have recommended your Bands to several friends who have been suffering from Rheumatism, as I feel they ought to be more widely known.—Yours respectfully, "H. STRENGELL."

NERVOUS DEAFNESS. (Testimonial.)

"Bradford, June, 1871.
"J. L. Pulvermacher, Esq.
"Dear Sir,—Please send me a good Deafness Chain, as it is for a person that I am anxious should be cured for Deafness. The reason you have such a demand for them near Taunton is, I have been cured of deafness by one of your Chains after being deaf for eleven years, and I have been partially deaf from childhood. I should not like to see my name put in the paper.—I remain, Sir, yours gratefully, "E. C."

PARALYSIS. (Testimonial.)

"118, Bowling Old-lane, Bradford, June 22, 1871.
"J. L. Pulvermacher, Esq.
"Dear Sir,—I have pleasure in informing you that, since writing last, there is a considerable improvement in my mother. She can now walk across the floor backwards and forwards several times in succession without assistance, except in turning. We have now more hope of her ultimate recovery.—I am, Gentlemen, yours truly, "L. MAINSWORTH."

EXTREME NERVOUSNESS. (Testimonial.)

"Napier-street, Moor, Sheffield, July 10, 1871.
"J. L. Pulvermacher, Esq.
"Dear Sir,—I found much benefit from the Galvanic Combined Bands I had from you two months since, as I had suffered from extreme nervousness.—Yours truly, "JOHN WALKER."

SPINAL COMPLAINT. (Testimonial.)

"1, Nile-terrace, Trafalgar-road, Old Kent-road, July 10, 1871.
Mr. Pulvermacher.
"Dear Sir,—It is with pleasure I mention the benefit secured to my wife after wearing one of your Bands for three days.
"The extreme weakness experienced in the extremity of the spine entirely removed after wearing the Chain-Band on the spine three days and nights. I am highly gratified with the Band, and it has already far exceeded my most sanguine expectations. I feel sure if this curative means were more generally known it would be the means of alleviating excruciating sufferings, besides saving a long doctor's bill. I shall not fail to recommend your treatment to my friends and acquaintances who may be so unfortunate as to suffer from spinal complaint, and I have the honour to be, dear Sir, your obliged and obedient Servant, "HENRY HOOKINS."

GENERAL DEBILITY and NEURALGIA PAINS in the HIPS. (Testimonial.)

"East Park, Iddisleigh.
"Sir,—About eight months ago I received the Combined Bands from you for general debility and neuralgia in the hips, and have derived much benefit, for which I am very thankful.—Yours respectfully, "J. L. Pulvermacher, Esq."

RHEUMATIC PAINS in the LEGS and WEAKNESS. (Testimonial.—Extract.)

"Jan. 23, 1871.
"J. L. Pulvermacher.
"Sir,—It is with profound gratitude I have to acknowledge to you the great benefit I have received from the use of your Volta-Electric Chain-Bands. I had for the last two years been suffering from severe rheumatic pains in my legs, so much so that at times I was scarcely able to walk. By the advice of my friends I tried first one thing and another, but could find no relief, and, having been at considerable expense, I concluded that it would be in vain to try anything else. I continued to get worse, and ultimately resolved to try your Volta-Electric Chain-Bands, and I have reason to feel thankful. The effect has been wonderful. I am happy to say that I can now go about with the ease of a healthy person. I will give this my humble testimony to the curative powers of your Volta-Electric Bands publicly for the benefit of those who may be suffering as I have done.—Yours respectfully, "JOHN S. NOLTINGHOPE."

PARALYSIS. (Testimonial.)

"Haslingfield Vicarage, Cambridge, Oct. 24, 1871.
"J. L. Pulvermacher, Esq.
"Dear Sir,—The young woman for whom you supplied Combined Bands and Battery about thirteen months since, has been daily under their influence for about twelve months. I am glad and thankful to be able to report that, after being paralysed for eleven years, and brought down to such a state as to be unable to be removed from her bed for a period of several months, she has now been benefited as to be able, on three occasions, to go to church, and to take daily exercise in an invalid chair, and she is gaining more and more strength now.—Yours truly, "GEORGE CLEMENTS, Vicar of Haslingfield."

NEURALGIA. (Testimonial.)

"Cornhill, Coldstream, N.B., Jan. 25, 1871.
"J. L. Pulvermacher, Esq.
"Dear Sir,—Some time ago I got a Volta-Electric Chain-Band, which entirely cured me of my Neuralgia, &c.—Yours truly, "G. DICKENS."

SEVERE NEURALGIA. (Testimonial.)

"6, Catherine-street, Pimlico, S.W., Feb. 8, 1871.
"To J. L. Pulvermacher, Esq.
"Having been a sufferer from neuralgia for some years past, I was advised to purchase one of your Chain-Bands, which I did, and am happy to say, after wearing the same for two or three weeks, was entirely relieved from pain.—Yours gratefully, "ALICE JEFFRIES."

RHEUMATIC GOUT. (Testimonial.)

"Bitchfield, near Grantham, Lincolnshire, July 10, 1870.
"J. L. Pulvermacher, Esq.
"Dear Sir,—The Galvanic Chain-Band that I sent for has quite cured the young person of the Rheumatic Gout, which she has been suffering from for three years, and has been to all doctors of note, but without obtaining relief. She could not walk across the room without being in danger of falling. Now she can walk several miles with ease, and did yesterday, and is quite well to-day. Hoping you will make it public for the sake of other sufferers, with many thanks, I remain, yours respectfully, "THOMAS TAYLOR, jun."

NERVOUS DEBILITY, PAINS, &c. (Testimonial.)

"Marlborough-street, Devonport, July 3, 1871.
(Extract.)
"Sir,—I have worn the Chains I purchased of you while staying at Plymouth ever since, and find my general health better, and can sleep much better and have lost the aching pains of which I complained. I have been recommending your system to many others, and shall continue to do so.—Yours truly, "ISABELLA EDGECOMBE."

GENERAL DEBILITY and INDIGESTION. (Testimonial.)

"Shoreham, Sussex, Aug. 15, 1871.
"J. L. Pulvermacher, Esq.
"Dear Sir,—I have great pleasure in informing you that I have received great benefit from wearing the Combined Bands I purchased from you about two months ago, and I feel it my duty to put my case before the public. For four years I suffered very much from General Debility and Indigestion so much so that I quite despaired of getting any better; but, thank God, since I have worn your Galvanic Bands I am quite another man. I would recommend all suffering from the same to try your wonderful invention.—I am, Sir, yours obediently, "A. EADE."

STIFFNESS in LEGS and WEAKNESS. (Testimonial.)

"R. M. Barracks, Chatham, Aug. 23, 1871.
"J. L. Pulvermacher, Esq.
"Dear Sir,—I am happy to be able to tell you that I feel better since wearing your Galvanic Appliances. I have worn them about a month. Previous to commencing their use I was always troubled with a stiffness in the legs in walking, and especially in mounting a hill; but now I walk with ease, the stiffness having entirely disappeared.—Yours truly, "J. F. SNOOK."

HYSTERICAL FITS, PALPITATION of the HEART, and GENERAL DEBILITY. (Testimonial.)

"Peterborough, Aug. 20, 1870.
"J. L. Pulvermacher, Esq.
"Dear Sir,—It is more than two months since you sent the Chain-Band for my wife, who had been suffering for nearly six months with Wind at the Chest, day and night, attended with much pain and hysterical fits, with a fearful palpitation of the heart, and such a trembling of the whole body that quite shook the bedstead. Since she has worn the Chain-Band constantly, as you directed, she has felt great relief, and at the end of the month was well enough to do without the Band, and then began to wear it for the back; she has not been low-spirited since, nor has she ever had one hysterical fit since. She has been gradually improving, and can now walk well about the house and garden. I should like every woman to see and know this, who may be suffering in the same way, that they may get the same miraculous cure, for it seems nothing short of such, as six months' doctoring altogether failed to do any good. I hope, Sir, you will let people know what a marvellous power there is in your Bands to cure such cases as this. You may publish it whenever you like.—Believe me ever your truly, "F. SEWELL."

INDIGESTION and LIVER COMPLAINT. (Testimonial.)

"Tapley Cottage, Wimbledon-common, September, 1871.
"J. L. Pulvermacher, Esq.
"Dear Sir,—I have been wearing one of your Galvanic Bands for Indigestion and Liver Complaint. I have derived great benefit from the use of the same. Yours truly, "THOMAS BISHOP."

NERVOUS EXHAUSTION and PAINS. (Testimonial.)

"Clarence-road, Clapton, 7, Colham-place, S.E., 1871.
"Your past kindness and attention shown in my case, together with a desire to fulfil my promise, prompts me to drop you these few lines. You will be glad to hear that my entire nervous system is gradually improving; my back feels very much stronger and more free from pain. A year ago, when trying to sit up just for half an hour, although pillowed and propped in every possible way, I used to get into a most fearful state of pain and exhaustion; now I can sit up for some hours at a time with comparative ease. This is a very marked improvement. I feel stronger on my feet, can stand with a firmness I have not felt for years. I have walked across a room without help. I am thoroughly convinced by personal experience that there is a mighty power of good in your appliances; indeed, I feel the Bands are an untold comfort to me. Dr. M., whom I have been under for some years, on coming to see my mother, was perfectly struck to see me out of bed and down stairs. He said, "What do you think has done you good?" I replied, "Undoubtedly, the persevering use of Mr. Pulvermacher's electric appliances." He said, "I must say they have done a great thing for you, if it is only to get up and come down here." I name this, Sir, because it is a remark of my own doctor, who, some months since, laughed at me for even thinking of putting any faith in such a remedy as yours. "LAVINIA JONES, J. L. Pulvermacher and Co., 168, Regent-street, W."

RHEUMATISM. (Testimonial.)

"8, Sutton-common-road, Kidderminster, July 23, 1871.
"J. L. Pulvermacher, Esq.
"Dear Sir,—I thank you for your Galvanic Chain-Band, which I purchased of you in January last. I have worn it constantly ever since, as you directed, and with considerable benefit to myself. I consider your remedy a most valuable one, and shall take every opportunity to recommend it to my friends. You can make what use you like of this, but use only the initials.—From yours truly, "Th. J."

PARALYSIS. (Testimonial.)

"4, Pettit-terrace, St. Mary's Church, Oct. 2, 1871.
"To J. L. Pulvermacher, Esq.
"Dear Sir,—I am glad to inform you that I have found great relief from the Combined Band you forwarded me, at Alma-terrace, Newton, in April last. I am very much better in my body, and can move my hands freely.—Yours truly, "M. W. MUDGE."

GREAT WEAKNESS. (Testimonial.)

"Ferrington, Oct. 3, 1871.
"J. L. Pulvermacher, Esq.
"Dear Sir,—I have received the Bands and Belt, and have received benefit, especially from the Combined Bands.—I remain, yours, ever gratefully, "JAMES HERBING."

INDIGESTION. (Testimonial.)

"Beverley, Oct. 7, 1871.
"J. L. Pulvermacher, Esq.
"Dear Sir,—I feel much pleasure to inform you that I have received great benefit from the Chain Band I had of you. I have worn it about ten weeks. My digestive powers are much better, and I feel better of myself than I have done for many years.—Yours respectfully, "ANN BRANDHAM."

GENERAL DEBILITY and WEAKNESS. (Testimonial.)

"12, Serwick-street, West Derby-road, Liverpool, Sept. 30, 1871.
"J. L. Pulvermacher, Esq.
"Dear Sir,—About three or four months since I purchased from you one of your Combined Chain-Bands, and I must certainly say the result has far exceeded my expectations. Two or three months since I could not walk a mile without being completely done up; in fact, I had a continual feeling of weariness and fatigue in my limbs and a general feeling of languor all over me but now I can walk twenty miles at a time, and scarcely feel any fatigue. Since I began to wear the Bands I have a situation in which I have about five hours' hard walking daily, and I come home at eight quite fresh. You are at liberty to make what use you like of this letter, giving my name and address in full, as I consider it a duty I owe to yourself, and also sufferers like what I have been myself, to bear testimony to the great benefit I have received from your Bands.—Yours grateful servant, "F. WILSON."

GREAT WEAKNESS. (Testimonial.)

"Lambrook, Wiveliscombe, Oct. 14, 1871.
"J. L. Pulvermacher, Esq.
"Dear Sir,—I am glad to say that I am deriving great benefit from the Bands; it is especially evident to me in walking and standing.—Yours truly, "J. E. H. LUTLEY."

SCIATICA. (Testimonial.)

"Craigness, Stirlingshire, Oct. 13, 1871.
"J. L. Pulvermacher, Esq.
"Dear Sir,—Having received one of your Chain Bands for Sciatica in the leg, and, being much benefited by it, I beg to inform you of the result.—Yours truly, "ROBERT WILSON."

SPINAL COMPLAINT. (Testimonial.)

"Weedon, near Aylesbury, Oct. 5, 1871.
"J. L. Pulvermacher, Esq.
"Dear Sir,—I have great pleasure in informing you that I have received great benefit from wearing your Volta-Electric Belt down the spine. Now, Sir, I have to thank God that I can walk two miles and back again, without any help, what I had not done for the last fifteen years; throughout that period I have passed through a great deal of pain and suffering. I have been in different hospitals, one at Aylesbury and two in London; wore a spinal instrument, had seton in my back for eighteen months, but have never experienced so much benefit by anything as I have from your appliance, for I feel that I have gained a great deal of strength, and I daily improve. I feel grateful to Mr. Pulvermacher for his wonderful invention, and I shall take every opportunity to recommend it to the public.—Yours truly, "MARY ANN SIMMONDS."

SCIATICA. (Testimonial.)

"11, Edward-street, Greenwich, Oct. 13, 1871.
"J. L. Pulvermacher, Esq.
"Dear Sir,—For twelve years I have been a martyr to Sciatica. Last April I purchased one of your Chain Bands, and in less than forty-eight hours I was greatly relieved. I can now walk well and do my work with ease, scarcely feeling anything of my complaint.—I am, Sir, yours truly, "W. FIELD."

EPILEPSY. (Testimonial.)

"10, Washington-street, Birmingham, Oct. 19, 1871.
"J. L. Pulvermacher, Esq.
"Dear Sir,—I have great pleasure in testifying to the benefit my son has received from your Chains; he was badly afflicted with Epileptic Fits and falls for three months, and every remedy applied to him seemed to do no avail. At last I purchased two Bands for him, and from the second day of his wearing them he has not had a fit or a fall, and that is near four months since.—Yours truly, "J. G. WHITE."

INDIGESTION and NERVOUSNESS. (Testimonial.)

"London, Oct. 30, 1871.
"J. L. Pulvermacher, Esq.
"Dear Sir,—Some time back, being a sufferer from Indigestion and Nervousness, I purchased of you a set of your Combined Bands. After wearing them for about six weeks I felt completely recovered, and have not required the use of them since. I have much pleasure in testifying as to their excellence, and you have my permission to make use of this letter as a letter of no avail. At last I purchased two Bands for him, and from the second day of his wearing them he has not had a fit or a fall, and that is near four months since.—Yours truly, "BERNARD BARNETT, The Great Eastern Railway Company's Solicitor's Office, Bishopsgate Station, London, E."

PARALYSIS and LOSS of SPEECH. (Testimonial.)

"Wood-street, Brompton, Oct. 29, 1871.
"J. L. Pulvermacher, Esq.
"Dear Sir,—Some months ago I wrote to you about a patient of mine suffering from Paralysis of both lower extremities and Loss of Speech, and for whom the usual medical treatment seemed of no use. You furnished him with two of your Bands, and by steadily persevering in their use for three or four months he has quite recovered his speech, and almost entirely his powers of locomotion. I enclose a copy of a letter written by the man himself expressing his gratitude.—I am, Sir, truly, "EDWARD HENRY HUGO, L.R.C.P. Ed., M.R.C.S. Eng., L.S.A. Lond."

PRICE LIST of PULVERMACHER'S GALVANIC CHAIN-BANDS, BELTS, and FLEXIBLE BATTERIES.

A. NARROW CHAIN-BANDS for Sciatica, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and Gouty Pains, Chronic Rheumatism, Local Paralysis, Cramp in the Extremities, according to Electric Power, 18s., 22s., 40s., and upwards.	
B. BROAD CHAIN-BANDS or BELTS for Lumbago, Indigestion, Liver, Chest, and Nervous Debility, &c., wearable as a belt, 22s. to 40s., and 55s.	
C. BROAD CHAIN-BANDS for Nervous Debility, Head, Tooth, and Face Ache, and Numbness in the Head	21s. and upwards.
D. BROAD CHAINS for Loss of Voice and other Affections of the Throat, Asthma, and Spinal Complaints	10s. 6d., 18s., 22s., and 40s.
E. BROAD CHAIN-BANDS for Writers' Cramp, Trembling, Nervousness, &c.,	22s. to 30s., 40s., and 60s.
F. COMBINED BANDS for General Debility, Central Paralysis, Epilepsy, and Functional Disorders, Complete Set, with Volta-Electric Belts, for Restoring Vital Power	£5.
G. CHAIN BATTERIES for Extreme Nervous Debility, Paralysis, and for restoring exhausted Vital Energy (to be used in conjunction with specially combined Bands)	£3 10s. to 4s.
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No Galvanic Bands or Belts are genuine but those bearing the facsimile of J. L. PULVERMACHER'S signature on the label.

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ILLNESS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.



SANDRINGHAM CHURCH, SUNDAY, DEC. 10: ANXIOUS INQUIRIES.

The intense anxiety that has prevailed everywhere through the country during the last week seemed, in the neighbourhood of the place where the Prince of Wales lay sick unto death, to bear the character of a family affliction. On Sunday morning the churches in all the district were filled with devout worshippers, and all offered up prayers for the Prince. The morning service at Sandringham church was touching and impressive, and marked by more than one incident which strongly aroused the feelings of the worshippers. The small congregation assembled early, as it was understood that her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales would attend the service, and it was felt that it would be right to respect the privacy of her sorrow. There were no loungers in the narrow churchyard through which she had to pass, or along the short path connecting the church with the private grounds of Sandringham House. The Princess had written in the morning to the Rev. Luke Onslow, Vicar of Sandringham and Chaplain to his Royal Highness, saying in few and simple words:—

"My husband being, thank God, somewhat better, I am coming to church. I must leave, I fear, before the service is concluded, that I may watch by his bedside. Can you not say a few words in prayer in the early part of the service, that I may join with you in prayer for my husband before I return to him?"

The Princess attended service, reaching the church by the private path from Sandringham grounds. She was attended by Lady Macclesfield and General Sir William Knollys, and at the time of her entrance the Princess occupied the Royal pew alone. To meet the wishes of her Royal Highness, the Vicar, the Rev. Luke Onslow, before reading the Collect, speaking in

a voice trembling with emotion, which he vainly sought to suppress, said, "The prayers of the congregation are earnestly sought for his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who is now most seriously ill." The prayer is in this form:—

"O Almighty God, Father of all mercies, we implore Thy aid for this sick member of the Royal family. To Thine ever-watchful care we commend him, his body and soul. O Thou heavenly Physician, Thou only canst heal him. O most merciful, Thou only canst strengthen and comfort him. Bless, we beseech Thee, the means which may be used for his recovery, and, if Thou seest fit, restore him to health and strength. O, arm him against the special temptations to which he is now exposed, and fill him with Thy holy spirit. Grant that in all his distress he may patiently submit himself to Thy will, and, looking upwards to Heaven, may see by adoring faith the glory that shall be revealed hereafter. O God, guide, support, and bless him in this life, and after this scene is over, O, receive him into Thy Kingdom, through Him who died and rose again for all men, Jesus Christ, our Lord and Redeemer."

As this prayer was read with deep feeling and in accents of fervent sympathy by the Minister, who prayed for a kind, gracious, and well-loved friend no less than for the Royal Prince; round whom so many hopes and strong affections clustered, there was a deep and reverent emotion throughout the small congregation, consisting chiefly of the household and dependents of the house, among whom their Royal master is deeply beloved. All joined fervently in the prayer, which reflected their heartfelt trust.

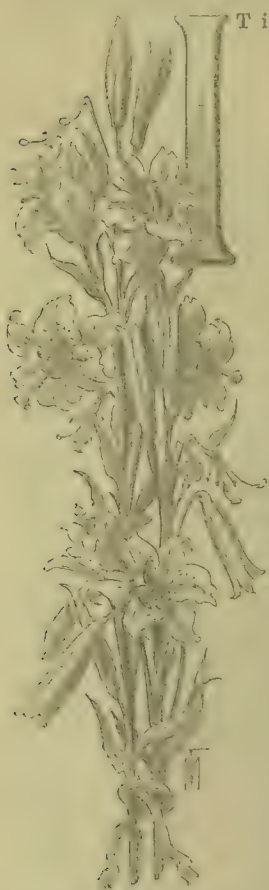
Very soon after the special prayer for his Royal Highness

the Princess of Wales rose from her seat, and noiselessly quitted the church by the side door through which she had entered, and which adjoins the Royal pew. The Duke of Cambridge and Princes Alfred, Arthur, and Leopold were present. Before commencing the Litany, the Minister again besought the special prayers of the congregation for his Royal Highness.

The text of the sermon was from Psalm cxlvi., verse 5, "Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the Lord his God." Very delicately and very affectionately, without immediate reference by name to the sufferings of the Prince, it suggested and touched upon the topics of grave self-examination and trustful hope suggested by the prayerful consolations which the selected text implies. The sermon was short, impressive, and preached with a simple and earnest emotion which went straight to the hearts of the congregation.

When the little congregation separated the Vicar was met at the door by crowds of his people, who eagerly asked him what he knew of the state of the Prince at midday, a message having reached him from the house. They were able to learn with thankfulness that the condition of the Prince continued to offer some slight encouragement, and so they went their way, doubtfully and oppressed with anxieties, but refreshed in spirit and entertaining feelings of prayerful hope. Very shortly, however, after the midday bulletin was issued there was once more a return of the suffocating respiratory spasm and obstruction of the chest. The bulletin which was next issued, at five o'clock on Sunday afternoon, was evidently dictated by feelings of renewed and most serious apprehension.

"THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON."



above the mighty orb of his ample breast! With outspread wings, and broad tail high upraised, how he displays his pomp of body-plumage, all mottled of black and bronze, the tail barred with grey! He considers himself a very good-looking bird, as he struts forward, modestly followed by his demure female consort. "The compliments of the season to you, Sir!" "The same to you, Miss, and many of them!" "We shall be glad to see you at our Christmas dinner, Sir, if you will favour us with your company on Monday!" "Oh, yes!" says he, "I'll be sure to be at your table." "Good-by till then," exclaim the laughing girls. And so they part, with mutual promise of good cheer.

The worthy feathered biped is scarcely yet aware of his unfeathered friends' kind intentions towards him. He accepts their hospitable invitation in simple good faith. He fully expects to be present at their Christmas feast; to march in half an hour before his respectable colleagues, Plum Pudding and Mince Pie. He means to make himself quite agreeable to the company. In this, we are sure, there will be no disappointment.

But if we had a private interview with this too-confiding Turkey, we could tell him a thing which would surprise him greatly. It would make his comb and wattles turn redder with rage and stand on end with affright. He has lived but twenty months in this wicked world. It was nearly twenty years ago, we remember, there was a fearful picture of somebody very much like him, a member of his family, in another illustrated journal. That was about the time when poor Mr. David Urquhart was predicting all manner of mischief from the Eastern Question. What did *Punch* make of it but a figure of a fat bird neatly trussed and dished, with a knife and fork in the resolute carver's hands, descending upon him? beneath which device was inscribed the title of Mr. Urquhart's last book, "Turkey and its Destiny." But thou, O thou finest of farmyard fowl, art not a bird of Oriental race!

For it is an erroneous opinion, as has been remarked, that this fine creature, like the Colchian pheasant, came to us from the East. On the contrary, he is an American, and owes his introduction into Europe, which took place about 1524, to the conquest of Mexico. The Spaniards used to call him "Pavon de las Indias," meaning peacock of the West Indies. But when he found his way from Spain into France, some of the French people, mistaking the name he bore, supposed him to be a native of Hindostan, and called him the "dindon." A similar process of geographical, ornithological, and verbal confusion attended his arrival in England about the same time. He was mistaken for a larger kind of guinea-fowl, which in shape he resembles in some degree. Now, the Portuguese had been accustomed to bring guinea-fowl from the west coast of Africa during many years before. The same traders might, in all likelihood, import into this country the African fowl, with the various commodities of Morocco, including some articles, no matter what, of Arabian or Turkish produce. Both the one species of bird and the other, in the reign of Henry VIII., were called here indifferently by the names of Turkey-fowl and Guinea-fowl, as many people fancied that they came from Turkey. This is the explanation given by learned antiquaries; we cannot vouch for its correctness.

But why should we be led into this dry track of discussion? The Christmas Turkey, we feel, deserves better treatment in our pages. Will nobody rise to propose his very good health? Will nobody deliver an oration upon his virtues? Will nobody sing a song in his praise? Let the trick of parody, at least, supply the lack of poetic inspiration. So the reader is here presented with an

ODE TO A CHRISTMAS TURKEY.

AFTER BURNS' "ODE TO A HAGGIS."

Fair fall thy honest, jolly face!
Great Chieftain of the Poultry race!
Above them all thou tak'st thy place,
Goose, Duck, or Dorking!
Well art thou worthy of a grace
At knife-and-forking!

The spacious dish I see thee fill;
Thy swelling breast, a shining hill,
With many a steaming butter-rill
Was hotly basted;
Then did thy roast a dew distil
Ripe to be tasted!

His knife I see our host prepare,
White slices of thy bosom share,
Sever the joints, with artful care,
Of legs and wings;
Then dig inside—a mine is there
Of daintiest things!

Thy stuffing, O thou Bird of Pleasure!
Thou hast kept buried as a treasure,
But givest to us now, at leisure,
The compound nice,
Egg, suet, bread-crumbs, all in measure,
Sweet herbs, and spice.

Kind carver, let me now behold
Your valiant steel uplifted bold
To cut his sausage-chain of gold;
I beg one link of it—
Gravy—and bread-sauce. Can't be told
The good I think of it!

Is there who, from his Strasburg pasty,
Unnatural, unwholesome, nasty,
A sneering, scornful glance would cast ye
At such a dinner?
Stomach and palate spoilt, at last he
Dies, fool and sinner!

Ye Pow'rs who for mankind have care,
And write each month its bill of fare,
Old Christmas wants no kickshaws rare
Of foreign boast;
But grant this feast, our fervent prayer,
A Turkey Roast!

R. A.

PAN'S WAND.

BY R. GARNETT.



IRIDION had broken her lily. A misfortune for any rustic nymph, but especially for her, since her life depended upon it. From her birth the fate of Iridion had been associated with that of a flower of unusual loveliness—a stately, candid lily, endowed with a charmed life, like its possessor. The seasons came and went without leaving a trace upon it; innocence and beauty seemed as enduring with it as evanescence with the children of men. In equal though dissimilar loveliness its frolicsome young mistress flourished by its side. One thing alone, the oracle had declared, could prejudice either, and this an accident to the flower. From such disaster it had long been shielded by the most delicate care; yet, in the inscrutable counsels of the gods, the dreaded calamity had at length come to pass. Broken through the upper part of the stem, the listless flower drooped its petals towards the earth, and seemed to mourn their chastity, already sullied by the wan flaccidity of decay. Not one had fallen as yet, and Iridion felt no pain or any symptom of approaching dissolution, except, it may be, the unwonted seriousness with which, having exhausted all her simple skill on behalf of the languishing plant, she sat down to consider its fate in the light of its bearing upon her own.



Meditation upon an utterly vague subject, whether of apprehension or of hope, speedily lapses into reverie. To Iridion, Death was as indefinable an object of thought as the twin omnipotent controller of human destiny, Love. Love, like the immature fruit on the bough, hung unsoliciting and unsolicited as yet, but slowly ripening to the maiden's hand. Death, a vague film in an illimitable sky, tempered with it obscuring the sunshine of her life. Confronted without suddenly she found it, in truth, an impalpable cloud, and herself as little competent as the gravest philosopher to answer the self-suggested inquiry, "What shall I be when I am no longer Iridion?" Superstition might have helped her to some definite conceptions, but superstition was not invented in her time. Judge, reader, of its remoteness.

The maiden's reverie might have terminated only with her existence, but for the salutary law which prohibits a young girl, not in love or at school, from sitting still more than ten minutes. As she shifted her seat at the expiration of something like this period she perceived that she had been sitting upon a goatskin, and, with a natural association of ideas, "I will ask Pan," she exclaimed.

Pan at that time inhabited a cavern hard by the maiden's dwelling, which the judicious reader will have divined could only have been situated in Arcadia. The honest god was on excellent terms with the simple people; his goats browsed freely along with theirs, and the most melodious of the rustic minstrels attributed their proficiency to his instructions. The maidens were on a more reserved footing of intimacy—at least so they wished it to be understood, and so it was understood, of course. Iridion, however, decided that the occasion would warrant her incurring the risk even of a kiss, and lost no time in setting forth upon her errand, carrying her poor broken flower in its earthen vase. It was the time of day when the god might be supposed to be arousing himself from his afternoon siesta. She did not fear that his door would be closed against her, for he had no door.

The sylvan deity stood, in fact, at the entrance of his cavern, about to proceed in quest of his goats. The appearance of Iridion operated a change in his intention, and he courteously escorted her to a seat of turf erected for the especial accommodation of his fair visitors, while he placed himself on one of stone.

"Pan," she began, "I have broken my lily."

"That is a sad pity, child. If it had been a reed, now, you could have made a flute of it."

"I should not have time, Pan;" and she recounted her story.

A godlike nature cannot confound truth with falsehood, though it may mistake falsehood for truth. Pan therefore never doubted Iridion's strange narrative, and, having heard it to the end, observed, "You will find plenty more lilies in Elysium."

"Common lilies, Pan; not like mine."

"You are wrong. The lilies of Elysium—asphodels they call them there—are as immortal as the Elysians themselves. I have seen them in Proserpine's hair at Jupiter's entertainments; they were as fresh as she was. There is no doubt you might gather them by handfuls—at least if you had any hands—and wear them to your heart's content, if you had but a heart."

"That's just what perplexes me, Pan. It is not the dying I mind, it's the living. How am I to live without anything alive about me? If you take away my hands, and my heart, and my brains, and my eyes, and my ears, and above all my tongue, what is left of me to live in Elysium?"

As the maiden spoke a petal detached itself from the emaciated lily, and she pressed her hand to her brow with a responsive cry of pain.

"Poor child," said Pan, compassionately, "you will feel no more pain by-and-by."

"I suppose not, Pan, since you say so. But if I can feel no pain, how can I feel any pleasure?"

"In an incomprehensible manner," said Pan.

"How can I feel if I have no feeling? and what am I to do without it?"

"You can think," replied Pan. "Thinking (not that I am greatly given to it myself) is a much finer thing than feeling, no right-minded person doubts that. Feeling, as I have heard Minerva say, is a property of matter, and matter, except, of course, that appertaining to myself and the other happy gods, is vile and perishable—quite immaterial, in fact. Thought alone is transcendent, incorruptible, and undying!"

"But, Pan, how can anyone think thoughts without something to think them with? I never thought of anything that I had not seen, or touched, or smelt, or tasted, or heard about from some one else. If I think with nothing and about nothing, is that thinking, do you think?"

"I think," answered Pan, evasively, "that you are a sensationist, a materialist, a sceptic, a revolutionist; and, if you had not sought the assistance of a god, I should have said, not much better than an Atheist. I also think it is time I thought about some physic for you instead of metaphysics, which are bad for my head and your soul."

Saying this, Pan, with rough tenderness, deposited the almost fainting maiden upon a couch of fern, and, having supported her head with a bundle of herbs, leaned his own upon his hand and reflected with all his might. The declining sun was now nearly opposite the cavern's mouth, and his rays, straggling through the creepers that wove their intricacies over the entrance, chequered with lustrous patches the forms of the dying girl and the meditating god. Ever and anon a petal would drop from the flower; this was always succeeded by a shuddering tremor throughout Iridion's frame and a more forlorn expression on her pallid countenance; while Pan's jovial features assumed an expression of deeper concern as he pressed his knotty hand more resolutely against his shaggy forehead, and wrung his dexter horn with a more determined grasp, as though he had caught a burrowing idea by the tail.

"Aha!" he suddenly exclaimed, "I have it!"

"What have you, Pan?" faintly lisped the expiring Iridion.

Instead of replying, Pan grasped a wand that leaned against the wall of his grot, and with it touched the maiden and the flower. O strange metamorphosis! Where the latter had been pining in its vase a lovely girl, the image of Iridion, lay along the ground, with dishevelled hair, clammy brow, and features slightly distorted by the last struggles of death. On the ferny couch stood an earthen vase, from which rose a magnificent lily, stately, with unfractured stem, and with no stain or wrinkle on its numerous petals.

"Aha!" repeated Pan; "I think we are ready for him now." Then, having lifted the inanimate body to the couch, and placed the vase, with its contents, on the floor of his cavern, he stepped to the entrance, and, shading his eyes with his hand, seemed to gaze abroad in quest of some anticipated visitor.

The boughs at the foot of the steep path to the cave divided, and a figure appeared at the foot of the rock. The stranger's mien was majestic, but the fitness of his proportions diminished his really colossal stature to something more nearly the measure of ordinary mortals. His form was enveloped in a sweeping sad-coloured robe; a light, thin veil resting on his countenance mitigated, without concealing, the not ungentle austerity of his marble features. His gait was remarkable; nothing could be more remote from every indication of haste, yet such was the actual celerity of his progression that Pan had scarcely beheld him ere he started to find him already by his side.

The stranger, without disturbing his veil, seemed to comprehend the whole interior of the grotto with a glance; then, with the slightest gesture of recognition to Pan, he glided to the couch on which lay the metamorphosed lily, upraised the fictitious Iridion in his arms with indescribable gentleness, and disappeared with her as swiftly and silently as he had come. The discreet Pan struggled with suppressed merriment until the stranger was fairly out of hearing, then threw himself back upon his seat and laughed till the cave rang.

"And now," he said, "to finish the business." He lifted the transformed maiden in the vase, and caressed her beauty with an exulting but a careful hand. There was a glory and a splendour in the flower such as had never until then been beheld in any earthly lily. The stem vibrated, the leaves

shook in unison, the petals panted and sighed, and seemed blanched with a whiteness intense as the core of sunlight, as they throbbed in anticipation of the richer existence awaiting them.

Impatient to complete his task, Pan was about to grasp his wand when the motion was arrested as the sinking beam of the sun was intercepted by a gigantic shadow, and the stranger again stood by his side. The unbidden guest uttered no word, but his manner was sufficiently expressive of wrath as he disdainfully cast on the ground a broken withered lily, the relic of what had bloomed with such loveliness in the morning, and had since for a brief space been arrayed in the vesture of humanity. He pointed imperiously to the gorgeous tenant of the vase, and seemed to expect Pan to deliver it forthwith.

"Look here," said Pan, with more decision than dignity, "I am a poor country god, but I know the law. If you can find on this plant one speck, one stain, one token that you have anything to do with her, take her, and welcome. If you cannot, take yourself off instead."

"Be it so," returned the stranger, haughtily declining the proffered inspection. "You will find it is ill joking with Death."

So saying, he quitted the cavern.

Pan sat down chuckling, yet not wholly at ease, for if the charity of Death is beautiful even to a mortal, his anger is terrible, even to a god. "Anxious to terminate the adventure, he reached towards the charmed wand by whose wonder-working instrumentality the dying maiden had already become a living flower, and was now to undergo a yet more delightful metamorphosis. Wondrous wand! But where was it? and, above all, what was it? For Death, the great transfigurer of all below the lunar sphere, had given Pan a characteristic proof of his superior cunning. Where the wand had reposed writhed a ghastly worm, which, as Pan's glance fell upon it, glided towards him, uplifting its head with an aspect of defiance. Pan's immortal nature sickened at the emblem of corruption; he could not for all Olympus have touched his metamorphosed treasure. As he shrank back the creature pursued its way towards the vase; but a marvellous change befell it as it came under the shadow of the flower. The writhing body divided from end to end, the sordid scales sank indistinguishably into the dust, and an exquisite butterfly, arising from the ground, alighted on the lily, and remained for a moment fanning its wings in the last sunbeam, ere it unclosed them to the evening breeze. Pan, looking eagerly after the Psyche in its flight, did not perceive what was taking place in the cavern; but the magic wand, now for ever lost to its possessor, must have cancelled its own spell, for when his gaze reverted from the ineffectual pursuit the living lily had disappeared, and Iridion lay a corpse upon the ground, the faded flower of her destiny reposing upon her breast.

Death now stood for the third time upon Pan's threshold, but Pan heeded him not.

ILLUSTRATED GIFT-BOOKS.



MONG the various handsome publications of this season, adorned with graphic illustrations, and bound in a style of elaborate elegance, we notice several the subjects of which belong to the history of art. Of these volumes none better deserves our attention than the one entitled *Raphael of Urbino* (Macmillan and Co.), which is an abridged translation of the biographies of that famous painter and his father, Giovanni Santi, by M. Passavant, formerly director of the museum at Frankfurt, with a complete descriptive catalogue of all Raphael's paintings and other designs, and a very useful chronological index. The

illustrations consist of twenty beautiful photographs, taken by Mr. Woodbury's new permanent process from the finest engravings of the original pictures, so as to avoid the defects too often perceived in such photographs as have been taken immediately from oil paintings. They represent some of Raphael's most characteristic works in the Vatican Palace, at the Brera of Milan, and in the collections at Florence, at the Louvre, at Dresden, at St. Petersburg, and in English galleries. The biography has long been known to German and French scholars as a book of standard value, a portion of it having appeared in 1839, and the remainder in 1868. The next book to be noticed is a new and original treatise, by Mr. Charles L. Eastlake, on the development of the taste for mediæval architecture in England during the last thirty or forty years. It is *A History of the Gothic Revival* (Longmans, Green, and Co.), and seems to give a very exact and considerate view of the whole subject, in all its bearings on the social, ecclesiastical, and artistic conditions of the age. Mr. Eastlake observes that the Gothic revival is quite independent of religious creed, though it happened that some of its eminent architectural promoters were Roman Catholics or High Churchmen. He ascribes it, rightly, in our opinion, to the growing interest in national and local antiquities, the influence of Sir Walter Scott's poems and romances, and a combination of other causes, in which the stimulating effect of Mr. Ruskin's eloquence and enthusiasm had its share. Mr. Pugin's career is fully related and examined, as well as that of Sir Charles Barry; and the examples of contemporary architects, Mr. Gilbert Scott, Mr. Street, Mr. Waterhouse, and many others are referred to in a candid and cordial spirit. The work is both instructive and interesting to all who care for the building arts of construction and decoration. It is furnished with more than fifty engraved views of architectural subjects. An attractive book to be laid on the table is *Gems of Dutch Art* (Sampson Low, Marston, and Searle), which contains twelve fine photographs, by Mr. Stephen Thompson, from choice specimens of which the engravings are preserved in the British Museum. They are five pictures by Ostade—"The Cottage Door," "The Smoker," "The Dutch Alehouse," "The Village Alehouse," and "A Country Gathering;" one by Mieris, "The Drinker;" "A Conversation," by Jan Steen; two by Dusart, "The Jocund Peasants" and "The Happy Cottagers;" "The Spinner," by Netscher; "The Trumpeter," by Terburg; and

Metzu's "Bunch of Grapes." The selection has been made by Mr. G. W. Reid, Keeper of the Prints and Drawings at the Museum, who has written the short historical and critical notices. If a fastidious taste rejects those vigorous Dutch pictures of rustic conviviality as unsuitable for drawing-room amusement, another volume is at hand, *Homely Scenes from Great Painters* (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin), which presents twenty-four permanent photographs, by the Woodbury process, of agreeable domestic, or romantic, or dramatic, or pathetic scenes in human life, depicted by many different artists, from Rubens to Reynolds, and to Horsley, Absolon, Sant, and Frith. Each picture is accompanied by Mr. Godfrey Turner with a pleasant, lively chapter of descriptive comment, full of references to good English poetry.

Illustrated books of travel or of natural history may be preferred by some readers to those which contain purely imaginative or ideal representations. We have the first portion, called a half-volume, though comprising above 300 quarto pages, and very well bound, of *A Journey Across South America*, by Paul Marcey (Blackie and Son), which will extend to four half-volumes of equal size. Its entire text, superbly printed in the best type, on the finest paper, with a stately margin, is accompanied by ten maps in colour, and by 600 engravings on wood, drawn from the author's sketches. The present instalment of the work contains its fair proportion of these designs; and the style of their execution, with so much as we have yet perused of the narrative and descriptive writing, assures us that the whole is likely to be good. It was highly commended by the late Sir Roderick Murchison, in his annual address to the Royal Geographical Society, last year; and its original French publication obtained the praises of the best critical authorities, in Paris and elsewhere. The journey of M. Paul Marcey was from the Pacific to the Atlantic coast, across the broadest part of the South American continent, through the interior of Peru, passing by Arequipa and Cuzco to the head-waters of the Ucayali, and so on to the Amazon, and down that great river to the sea. He traversed those wild regions, some districts of which had scarcely been explored before, with the faculties most needful to perceive, to record, and to comprehend their novelties of every kind. As a naturalist he could observe their plants and animals; as a linguist, philologist, and ethnologist, he could distinguish their native tribes of men; as an archaeologist, he could trace the relics of the ancient Peruvian Empire. He was stopped by no peril, hardship, or toil; and his pen and pencil are used with such dexterity as to show the European reader what he found worthy worthy of remark. The style in which this book is published is befitting its importance.

As an example of what can be done by gilding and colouring in such artistic hands as those of Mr. Marcus Ward, *The Royal Illuminated Book of Legends* (W. P. Nimmo) is most brilliant. It contains three stories—those of Cinderella, of Fair Golden Locks, and of the Sleeping Beauty, told in verse, with music to sing the verse. The verses of the first two are by Mr. F. Davis; the last by Tennyson, and well known. The music is arranged by Mr. B. H. Carroll. There are six gorgeous pictures, of humorous design, for each of the three ballad-stories, making eighteen in all. The book, open or shut, will look splendid in the lamp-light at an evening party; and when opened will yield much amusement. *The Literary Bouquet* (Nimmo) contains about one hundred well-selected pieces of English prose and verse, appealing to sentiment or imagination; with a number of illustrative wood engravings, some of which have been seen before. *Birds and their Nests* (S. W. Partridge) is a series of Mrs. Howitt's thoughtful and graceful essays on pleasing incidents of natural history, illustrated also with many woodcuts.

Who has been with "Alice in Wonderland," under the clever guidance of Mr. Lewis Carroll, and has not felt the delight of sympathising with an infant's fresh pleasure in the novelties, the oddities, the impossibilities of fancy innocently wild? It is a wholesome recreation for the mind, too long strained and jaded with business care or painful study, to accompany the dreamy thoughts of inexperienced and illogical childhood in a short frolic among the loose ends and stray notions of conceivable, but not practicable, existence—as the kitten will playfully catch and toss your threads of wool or cotton, heeding not the skein or pattern. Mr. Carroll is a master of this kind of agreeable nonsense, which he manages the more effectually as he possesses the trained intellect of a scholar, with a serious poetic imagination and some insight into metaphysical questions, such as are apt to beset the debatable ground between nonsense and philosophic truth. His new story, *Through the Looking-Glass, and What Alice Found There* (Macmillan), is quite as rich in humorous whims of fantasy, quite as laughable in its queer incidents, as lovable for its pleasant spirit and graceful manner, as the wondrous tale of Alice's former adventures underground. It needs but a little reflection to show the meaning of the present title; and how the lonely maiden, seven years old, had stared at the "other room," or the "other house," which she saw in the mantelpiece mirror, till she was tempted to jump through the glass, and so was transported into a world of things all reversed and topsy-turvy. The amazing behaviour of the miscellaneous creatures she encounters there—some of them, which have seemed inanimate in our human experience, displaying a capricious activity, getting into passions, making speeches, and still contradicting Alice or each other—is the main subject of the fable. Hans Christian Andersen may, perhaps, be considered the modern originator of this species of invention; but it is probably an extension of the old basis of quaint fictitious narrative, in which beasts, birds, fishes, and insects were endowed with thought and speech. Mr. Carroll makes rather too much use here of the Red and White pieces in the game of chess, as he did of the four Court sets of playing-cards in his first story; but he contrives to keep up the diversity and succession of incidents with admirable skill. His more abstract and ideal characters, such as the famous Humpty-Dumpty and that inseparable pair of twins named Tweedledum and Tweedledee, are irresistibly comical, and so are the Lion and the Unicorn fighting for the Crown. Mr. Tenniel's designs, it need scarcely be said, are so good that the little volume would be worth buying for their sake alone, as we might buy the staidest and weakest writing of forty years ago for George Cruikshank's etchings to go with it.

A number of annuals for juvenile use, minor story-books, and other books for children must be commended according to merit, but we defer some till next week. Mr. Edward Lear, the landscape-painter and traveller, whose "Books of Nonsense" have amused many thousands, young and old, in the last twenty-five years, now gives us a third book of that kind, "More Nonsense, Pictures, Rhymes, Botany," &c. (R. J. Bush). We all know the sort of thing. "Mother Goose's Melodies for Children" (Sampson Low), with music and notes, is remarkable for its biographical preface. The designs, by Mr. H. L. Stephens and Gaston Fry, are very diverting. "Sage Stuffing for Green Goslings; or, Saws for the Goose and Saws for the Gander," by the Hon. Hugh Rowley, with 120 comic designs, engraved by Dalziel (G. Routledge and Sons),

is sufficiently indicated by the style of its title. It is not at all adapted to the minds of young children; but there is a stage of adolescence, which may find some passing entertainment in its satirical drolleries. "Aunt Judy's Christmas Volume" (Bell and Daldy), "Routledge's Every Boy's Annual" (Hodder and Stoughton), and "The Children's Hour Annual" (Johnstone, Hunter, and Co.) reappear this year, and have not lost their merits formerly acknowledged. Miss Christina Rossetti, who is known as a poet, will please many a baby, and every mother or nurse, with her "Sing-Song," a nursery rhyme book (Routledge), which has 120 woodcuts, designed by Arthur Hughes. "The Mother's Book of Poetry," selected by Mrs. Alfred Gatty (Bell and Daldy), is certainly the best collection we have seen for reading aloud to boys and girls from seven to fourteen years of age. It is beautifully printed, and is adorned with fifteen fine steel engravings, by eminent artists, which appeared long ago in more costly volumes.

THE FIRST SNOWBALL.



NE of the great events of early life is witnessing for the first time a pantomime, or a Christmas extravaganza, when children look with shuddering awe upon the dreadful doings of ill-favoured ogres; whose fiendish tricks are, however, happily thwarted by a lovely fairy, that springs out of a descending cloud, and, with star-tipped wand, puts to rout a host of evil genii and gnomes. What wonderful beings, too, are Harlequin, Clown, and Pantaloon! and how the young ones' souls look out of their eyes at the transformation scenes, when a howling desert is changed—hey, presto!—into a blooming garden, with golden fruit on every bough, and with fairies tripping it daintily on the enamelled greensward; or some deserted village, going to ruin, is, by the same locus-pocus, instantly converted (as when the Fairy Prince kissed the Sleeping Beauty, thereby waking all things to sudden life) into one of order, comfort, and gainful industry—a picture of the Golden Age! These are wonders never to be forgotten. But a greater marvel to children still is

the first fall of snow—not merely the first of the season, but the first their eyes have seen. Does it not stand out in the memory of most persons as the great event of child-life? Let us trace its operation in a single household. One winter morning little Lily (the darling of the flock) is roused by loud cries of "The snow! the snow!" from her two brothers, and is borne by Nurse to the window, where the excited youngsters already are, and whence she sees the dull, brown earth of yesterday covered with a delicate white mantle, and the trees, with their gaunt, leafless boughs, now glistening in white robes, tinged with roseate hues by the morning sunshine, and pranked in a thousand fanciful devices, some oddly grotesque, yet all charming. Can any transformation-scene in a theatre equal this? What natural magic, what white art by spirits of air, what celestial enchantment, has been at work? If the snowflakes should be still descending, the child wonders where all the feathers come from, and why, being so white, they darken the sky. She half believes what Nurse says about an old woman picking geese in the sky, although her strong-minded elder brother laughs the legend to scorn. He knows better than that. Has he not read "Brewer," and doesn't that explain all about snow and hail, and how they are made? It is all owing to the cold, he briefly sums up. You may be sure that the washing and dressing are hurried over that morning, for Mamma has promised that they shall have a good game with the snow. Directly after breakfast Lily, warmly clad, is taken by Mamma to the doorstep, where, all a-tremble with fear and delight, she makes footprints in the feathery mass. A little confiding robin, perched on the window-sill, attracts for a moment the delighted attention of herself and brothers. Some crumbs are quickly taken to it, and the boys, well gaitered and with wrappers round their necks, are soon up to their ankles in the snow. Master Tom makes on this occasion his first snowball, and throws it at his little sister—to make her pay her footing, as he says—but Mamma's hand is ready to ward off the missile from her pet. But she need not trouble herself, for it falls harmlessly short. Jack, the eldest, has known several winters, and is an old hand. He has seen, bless you! ponds—yes, whole rivers—frozen over, and hundreds of men skating and sliding upon the ice; and once Papa took him upon it, and (we have his word for it) he was not the least afraid, and had a good slide without falling. He is about to set a snowball rolling, to clear, he says, the garden paths. Meantime, Gip, mad with delight, barks furiously, and makes desperate plunges at the snow, burrowing in it, and, as he leaps out, shakes himself free from the snow, again to bury and to extricate himself, with the most obstreperous glee. Can any grown-up man see boys enjoying a game of snowballing without its calling to mind the scimmages in which he was engaged when a boy? Ah! there was that huge snow-fortress, which resisted all attempts at scaling, or which was triumphantly stormed amid a shower of snowballs—one of which (surely it was an ice-ball thrown from a catapult) caught him a spanker full in the face, making both eyes flash fire and gleam with ten thousand sparks. Then, too, that snowball which he helped to set rolling, and which grew so rapidly as soon to resist the efforts of the whole school to make it budge, although its course was down hill, until some men from a building-yard, armed with levers, helped them, and the ball, now a snow mountain, was forced along, gathering in its course, not only snow but a coating of stones from the newly macadamised road. At the foot of the hill even levers failed to move the huge mass, and it was left, perforce, in front of someone's door, to be next morning sawed and chopped ere ingress or egress to the house could be obtained. The man who has not many such memories as these is to be pitied. Not even the mantle of oblivion—falling flake-like and quiet as snow, and more effectually concealing—which Time throws over the days of our past can efface these remembrances. They stand out sharply distinct. And, happily, fresh generations are ever rising to have their first delightful impressions of a snowfall, and to see the erstwhile naked earth

Clothed in white samite mystic wonderful!

J. L.



ILLNESS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES: THE BULLETIN AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.



ILLNESS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES: POSTING THE BULLETIN AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

No Londoner can remember, in the last quarter of a century, that any news—except, perhaps, that of the war in the Crimea or the Indian Mutiny—was ever so anxiously watched for in the City and at the West-End as the morning, mid-day, and afternoon bulletins of the physicians at Sandringham. Day by day copies of the bulletins, as they arrived at Whitehall by telegraph, have been dispatched to the Lord Mayor by the Home Secretary, and his Lordship has lost no time in having them posted regularly in front of the Mansion House, where they have been read by thousands of people. They have also been posted at the gateway of Marlborough House, in Pall-mall, by order of General Knollys. So eager and general was the desire to learn the state of the Prince on Friday and Saturday that the aid of the police had to be resorted to in maintaining order among the crowds which collected there from time to time to peruse the official bulletins. The same intense feeling obtained every day from morning till night. On Friday, when the condition of the Prince had produced such deep concern, an excited crowd lingered in front of the official residence of the Lord Mayor until long after midnight. The Lord Mayor on Sunday received copies of the official bulletins direct from General Knollys, in addition to those from the Home Office. On Monday, again, in the City and in all parts of London the condition of the Prince was the all-absorbing subject of conversation and anxiety, and great excitement prevailed throughout the whole day and far into the night. The arrival of every successive bulletin was awaited with evident alternations of hope and fear, and each was read with intense interest. All business, except such

as was absolutely unavoidable, appeared to have been suspended, and the principal thoroughfares in the immediate neighbourhood of the Mansion House and the Royal Exchange—for the time centres of information—were thronged by crowds of excited people. The Lord Mayor lost no time in having each bulletin, as it reached him from the Home Office or from General Knollys, posted outside his official residence, and in sending copies, as on Saturday and Sunday, to the Mayors of various cities and towns, both in England and Ireland, in answer to urgent appeals for information. As each placard was exhibited there was an eager struggle to read it, and those who succeeded in getting near usually repeated the intelligence to those who were less fortunate.

The publication of the successive editions of the London evening papers was likewise an occasion of much excitement in some parts of Fleet-street and the Strand. Crowds of eager inquirers gathered round the various newspaper offices, as well as round the shops and stalls of the news-venders, and earnest conversations were carried on. At Marlborough House the telegrams were watched for by large numbers of persons, who remained standing on the pavement and in the street, regardless of the piercing cold, anxious only to learn the latest intelligence as speedily as possible. As might be expected, the excitement there became very great on the arrival of a telegram. Within a few minutes after the messenger had brought in the intelligence the door was opened, the people were admitted, and copies were distributed to the fortunate individuals who were enabled to get near

the office. Some one or other of the recipients would then read the document aloud to those who were waiting outside. Immediately on the receipt of one of these messages a copy was dispatched to the head office of the metropolitan police in Scotland-yard, and the intelligence was instantly telegraphed to every police station within the metropolitan district. At all these stations there were numbers of persons waiting during the day, many of whom came from considerable distances, especially in the rural districts. From the provincial towns we learn that equal anxiety was shown all over the country.

At Windsor, as might well be expected, the townspeople shared the feelings of domestic concern with which the occupants of the castle and its dependents were affected. A crowd assembled round the telegraph office, anxiously waiting the last announcement on Sunday, which was made at midnight and which proved to be very unfavourable. The students from Eton College went backwards and forwards to the telegraph station between the hours of their studies during the day.

At Edinburgh, at an early hour on Sunday morning, the medical bulletin from Sandringham was posted up in the Post Office vestibule and on the door of the Philosophical Institution, and was eagerly scanned by thousands on their way to morning church. In many places of worship the intelligence was read out from the pulpit with expressions of deepest sympathy for the Prince and his illustrious relatives, and at nearly every public religious service in the city prayers were offered on his behalf. A second bulletin confirming the more favourable news of the morning was posted in the afternoon.

THE ANCESTRAL PORTRAIT.



OR the Squire's hall, Sir!"

Such was the answer made to young Mr. Horton, who, on a morning shortly before Christmas Day, was taking a near cut to Bassett Hall, and who, in passing the farm-bailiff, inquired of him the destination of some laurel and holly which (as shown on page 572) he had been gathering, assisted by his wife and children. "The young ladies are busy at it," pursued the bailiff, "decorating the portrait of a gentleman—one of the olden time—a very noble chap by all accounts, but with an uncommonly stiff frill, that seems meant for a sort of purgatory. Thank you, I am sure, Sir." This ejaculation was called forth by the transfer of something from the young gentleman's purse to the

bailiff's hand, accompanied with the wish of "A merry Christmas." "Thank you, Sir; the same to you and to the young ladies at the hall!" This was shouted after the stalwart youth, who was striding away in hot haste. Then he resumed, in a lower key, for his young wife's information, "Master Horton has got his seven-league boots on. Though hot-tempered at times, he is of the right sort, and comes of a good old stock."

The young ladies mentioned by the bailiff, or one of them, had something probably to do with his rapid motion and with his taking such a short cut over hedges and ditches; for surely if anyone could quicken the steps of a young fellow and make his blood course more nimbly, it would be one of the young ladies of Bassett Hall. Before their arrival the place seemed somewhat dull and desolate, but their gladdening presence filled it with sunshine and life. The building was centuries old, and had broken out into all kinds of excrescences, as the exigence or whim of several generations had dictated. More care had been taken of the convenience of its inmates than of the appearance it might present, and the result was a most heterogeneous pile; yet, in its deviations from regularity—betokening a disregard, if not a defiance, of the outer world—the irregular, incongruous structure wore an air of cosy, solid comfort, in which reality was not sacrificed to show. There was, however, as has been stated, in its massiveness a sombre gravity which required the light and sparkle of youth to give it warmth and colour. This want was amply supplied by Charlotte and Amy Bassett, nieces of the owner, who, at his desire and that of his wife (they having no children), had for some years taken up their abode at the hall. Their presence, as was natural, drew others of both sexes thither, the most frequent of the visitors being the aforesaid young gentleman, son of a neighbouring squire, one of the untitled aristocracy of England, with lands stretching through whole shires.

These young ladies had one peculiarity, and a very pleasant one it was. On the birthday of any one of the family—which, with its offshoot, was a numerous one—they repaired to the picture-gallery and decorated his or her portrait with laurel intermixed with holly or flowers, according to the season. Nor did they confine their attention to the living. All who had been known to themselves or to their uncle and aunt were in turn thus distinguished. They went still further back, and decked the portraits of all who had distinguished themselves in the Bassett annals. Chief among these was the founder or reviver of the family—the gentleman who, in the opinion of the bailiff, and of others too, "looked uncommonly awkward in his stiff frill." As his birthday was not clearly ascertainable, it was resolved that he should be honoured at Christmas; so, every year, as the great festival came round, their progenitor's portrait gleamed out of a framework of laurel and holly.

As Mr. Horton entered the picture-gallery the young ladies were busily engaged in their labour of love. They were too intimate with him for it to be necessary to suspend their work to give him a formal greeting. So, with a nod of recognition from the elder, whose cheeks mantled with a tell-tale flush, and a call for help on the part of the younger sister of, "Oh, Charles, you are just in time!" the work was carried on more easily, though perhaps not more quickly, with his help.

When the portrait had been fully ensconced in its framework of greenery young Horton vented a series of growls. He wanted to know what was recorded of Old Starched Frill (youth is shockingly irreverent), that they should, year after year, make such a fuss about his portrait. Of course, if he was the founder of the family he was entitled to respect, perhaps reverence; but their feeling towards him seemed to be that of love. He only wished they would decorate his portrait in like manner. He believed that one of them had a carte-de-visite of him; and he thought he might say, without any great disrespect to the venerable deceased, that the living one was, upon the whole, a better-looking chap, if not so good a fellow; and that, at a pinch, he might not be found wanting in doing his duty. Here the impulsive younger sister broke in with "Perhaps you will wait till you are in a manner one of the family, as we don't profess to give honour to all the Horton worthies—that would be too great a task." But, as I have promised to tell you something concerning our worthy ancestor, I will proceed to do so, though I must be very brief, as luncheon-time is close at hand. So while I go for the papers, perhaps Charlotte will strive to bring you into a fitting frame of mind to appreciate excellence. I wonder, by-the-by, whether she ever scolds you as she does me at times. A downright scolding might do you good, though I cannot say the regimen ever agreed with me." With that the fair lecturer skipped from the hall. Ere many minutes she returned with some manuscripts yellow with age. There did not seem, judging from the appearance of the young couple, to have been any scolding during her short absence. Both looked very demure; and Charlotte's rosy cheeks had deepened in hue, and her eyes sparkled brightly, but not with anger, from under the drooping lids.

Miss Amy noted these signs (is any girl, out of arms, too young to note them?) without making any remark; and, sitting in the large bay window, with the papers by her side, thus proceeded with her narrative, sometimes using the very words of the letters, which were from George Bassett to his "ever-honoured mother."

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF GEORGE BASSETT.

"Our hero lived in the time of 'good Queen Bess,' when a glorious sunburst had succeeded a period of gloom and dread;

the great Armada had been scattered, and England ruled supreme at sea. George, then a lad, living in seclusion in his remote home in Devon, thrilled with admiring delight at the news of one glorious deed after another, by our naval heroes, many of them Devonshire men, oozed out slowly and reached him tardily—for, as you know, telegraphs were not, and the Post Office—not the marvellous scheme of dispatch it now is—was then in an embryo state (although Queen Elizabeth had appointed a chief Postmaster), and consequently worked slowly and irregularly, with very little, if any, benefit to the public. He longed to go to sea, and, if possible, to emulate the fame of our naval heroes. But his mother, whom he devotedly loved, succeeded in weaning him from this dream of glory by instilling into his soul the desire, which was with her a burning passion, to reinstate in its pristine glory the ancient house of the Bassetts, then much dimmed. Two generations of carelessness and profuse expenditure had caused not only the disappearance of many thousands of stately trees, but the transference of entire estates, which had one after another melted away, so that the rent-roll had become 'fine by degrees and beautifully less' when Mrs. Bassett, left a widow at an early age, took charge of affairs. Under her skilful management matters soon took a turn for the better, and at the time of which I am speaking she had, by dint of economy, without meanness, and of a watchful supervision, repaired some of the worst ravages. Fired by the same strong feeling of family pride as his mother, George resolved to forego his desire for naval renown, and to bend all the energies of a strong nature to the re-establishing his ancient house. For this purpose he so far sacrificed his pride as to determine upon entering on a mercantile career, for at that time trade was thought dishonourable. A ready road was open to him. Mr. Granger, an uncle of his mother's, had disgraced his family by making a princely fortune as a merchant, and he had offered to take her son by the hand, to ground him in trade lore, and to set him in a fair way of becoming, like himself, a City magnate. The offer was accepted, and George was soon in London. Smothering his distaste, he set himself earnestly to work; and by his close application, by his cool, far-reaching judgment, and by his courteous demeanour he completely won his old uncle's heart.

"Meantime, the heart of the young man became touched to the quick. This tender passage in his life will be best explained by an extract from a letter to Mrs. Bassett:—'You must know, my ever dear and honoured mother, that Cupid's shaft has smitten me sore. Yesterday I was making my way, in hot haste, through Newgate-street, where the prison abuts on the street, when a cry of horror made me turn my head, and I beheld a poor woman trampled on by the huge Flemish horses of a state coach that was making its way at as rapid a pace as its heavy build would allow. I soon had the poor wretch's head upon my knee; and, by my faith, I shouted fiercely after the carriage, that was plunging on, disregardful of the accident. But the curses were stayed on my lips, and my right hand, which was being shaken at the on-going coach, remained rigid, as though turned to stone; for in this tempest of passion, behold, a young lady, most sumptuously appareled, did spring from the coach and make her way through the mire to where I knelt with the old woman in charge. O, mother, I never felt the divinity of beauty till then. I used to think, when looking at your portrait, as a girl, hung in our picture-gallery, that I never should see loveliness like unto that. But, indeed, a kind of glory rayed around this girl, as you see depicted about the heads of saints. And was she not some saint or angel? So she seemed to me as, in musical tones of pity, she inquired into the condition of the moaning mass of dirt and rags which I held in my arms, and sought to know what could be done and whether the poor creature could be taken. Never had I experienced such difficulty in speaking. I felt dumbfounded, but at length succeeded in stammering out that Bartholomew's Hospital was nigh at hand, and that she had best be taken there. "Will you then, kind Sir, complete your good services by causing her removal thither, and so earn my grateful thanks?" These were her very words, uttered with a modulation inexpressibly tender and charming. I bore the poor wreck of humanity to the coach, in which I gently laid her, and she was conveyed slowly to the hospital, I walking with this lovely girl by my side. Indeed, it was not a vision of ardent youth which creates the beauty that it sees. Others felt the influence as well as I, though not so deeply, perhaps; for the crowd, drawn by the accident, which had begun to hoot and yell, and were about to proceed to rough measures, became silent as she appeared, and followed us in wondering awe. It would do your heart good, mother, to see this hospital—one of three—with its rooms for all kinds of diseases and injuries, and with its kind and skilful physicians and surgeons, and comely dames for nurses, all provided by the hand of charity, to lessen, if not remove, the ills that flesh is heir to. Here the injuries of the poor woman were promptly attended to, and you will be glad to know that they were not considered dangerous, although she had been greatly bruised. I attended the fair unknown to her carriage, receiving the warmest thanks, given with the sweetest of smiles; and, without venturing to inquire her name, saw her borne off, like the fairy she is, in her state coach. I trust, however, to see her again next visiting day, when she has promised the hospital authorities to call, and then I would fain hope that my tongue will be somewhat loosened. Ah! mother, she is so lovely, and, I am persuaded, is as good as she is fair. Would that you could see her, and she could see you, for I know that you would love one another! May you one day welcome her as your daughter! From her surroundings it is evident that she is of a noble family. So you see how towering is my ambition—say rather my love. Among the waifs and strays of Court gossip aloft here it is said that our brave countymen, Sir Walter Raleigh, inscribed on a pane of glass in the presence of her Sacred Majesty this line—

Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall;

Whereupon the Queen wrote—

If thy heart fail thee, why then climb at all?

Be this true or false I know not, and mention it to you only as the idle breath of rumour. But this much I know, that my heart fails me not. Life has now a deeper interest than ever, for Love has startled me with his trumpet-call. Adieu, my much-honoured and ever dear mother."

"Letters between mother and son passed rapidly for that age. Those to him were running over with affection and tender counsel, while George's abounded with reports of larger and larger ventures, planned with a happy audacity, which seemed to take fortune by storm, as, with scarcely a check, they ended prosperously. With respect to the young lady, however, who had made such a vivid impression upon him, fate had not proved auspicious to him. She had been prevented by illness from visiting the hospital on the appointed day. George was greatly disappointed, but he learned her name, and some months afterwards exchanged a few words of recognition with her at a civic banquet which she graced with her presence, along with other illustrious guests.

"Then there was a pause in his letters. He was suddenly stricken down by over-application to business, and went to a remote village, the quiet beauty of which had charmed him in past days. Lying fallow there for a few weeks, he rapidly recovered; but, as he was on the point of leaving, a malignant fever burst out in the village, and in many cases the dying were left to die uncared for by their nearest relations, who fled in terror, crying 'The plague!—the plague!' Instead of hastening his departure, he resolved to stay and help the doctor and the parson, for whom he had formed a strong attachment, and who stuck bravely to their posts. George's services were invaluable, and he was by turns parson, doctor, nurse, and sexton. For every day, as the sun flamed more fiercely, the fever raged with deadlier force. Not only that village, but the villages in a large district around, were being depopulated by death and desertion; so that bread and other necessities had to be fetched from a distance, at a point where four roads met. Nearer than this no person could be prevailed on to come for love or money. Fortunately, as much wine as was wanted was obtainable from the cellars of the Great House in the neighbourhood; for, though it was shut up, the family being away, those in charge had received orders to supply every want during this dire calamity—orders which were liberally interpreted. George, too, had promptly obtained all that was requisite in the way of the remedies then known to pharmacy. Still, there were but these three men to cope with the deadly foe; and after a while those who died had to be buried uncoffined and in a common grave—a ditch ready at hand—and but lightly covered with earth; for no one was left to make coffins or even to dig graves. By-and-by refreshing showers fell, and the deadly disease seemed dying out, not, however, before it had wellnigh killed all the villagers who had not fled. There was now time for the three coadjutors to snatch, though in turn, some hours of sleep; and the parson and the doctor would occasionally, of an evening, solace themselves with a pipe. The use of tobacco, which had but recently been introduced into England, had spread to this remote village, and the doctor and the parson were both inveterate smokers, and over their pipes they argued, as persons nowadays do, many a subtle question of doctrine, without settling any one.

"About this time, to George's astonishment and delight, Mrs. Bassett made her appearance in the village. She had been informed of his stay, and hastened thither to be of comfort and assistance to her son. Soon there was for him a still greater surprise and delight. The sole daughter of the persons who owned the Great House, hearing of the dreadful ravages made by the fever, and of the noble conduct of the minister, doctor, and strange gentleman, resolved to brave the danger of infection and give such aid as her presence and example might afford. Accordingly, one day, as George and his mother were attending a dying patient at one of the cottages, the young lady (of whose coming he had heard without knowing or inquiring who she was) entered. There was a moment of bewilderment, and then there was a hearty greeting between the young lady (who flushed very red) and George. The new-comer was no other than the Honourable Miss Darvell, the young lady of whom his heart was full. By her kindness, grace, and beauty, she soon won Mrs. Bassett's heart; and a happy trio, I warrant you, these three made.

"At this period of exaltation George was laid low. The departing fever, throwing a Parthian shot, struck him as its last victim. But the attack was not fatal. Youth, a good constitution, the tenderest nursing which mortal ever had, and the assiduous care of the doctor, who looked on him as a son, brought him safely, though slowly, through.

"Little of stirring incident remains to add, and that must be briefly told. When thoroughly recovered, George returned to London, having first told his love and obtained Miss Darvell's promise to become his wife. He grew rich again, and his uncle, dying without children, left him his vast wealth. There was now no obstacle in the way of his marriage with Miss Darvell, offered by the head of her noble house; for wealth was then thought, as it is now, compensation for want of rank. If it were not lunch-time I would describe to you the grand wedding, of which I have here a full, true, and particular account; but it must suffice to say that 'they married and were happy ever afterwards.' The mother lived many years, and had the pleasure of seeing estate after estate brought back; of witnessing a noble hospitality exercised, where she had been constrained to practise a decorous frugality; of welcoming troops of friends, and of living again in her two children and their numerous progeny.

"So, you perceive, my tale ends happily, as all tales of the good ought to end; and now, Master Supercilious, that you know some of the reasons for our decorating this portrait, do you approve of our taste?"

"Most assuredly," he replied; "Old Starched Frill was a trump. And, if you ever want laurel to deck his portrait with, you may reckon on me to get it, whatever be the weather. Indeed, I intend presently to propose his 'immortal memory'—a toast in which I expect both of you to join." So saying, he led the young ladies from the gallery. J. L.

Lost?

I.

Two little children, o'erwearied with play,
Once in a fisherman's boat fell asleep;
Up stole the tide, and it bore them away,
League upon league, to the billowy deep.
Daylight was gone ere the lorn mother knew
Two of her darlings were drifting to sea;
All round the bay, as the tidings fast flew,
Quick every boat was afloat, going free.

II.

Drearly, wearily, passed the long night;
Wringing her hands, still the mother would pray—
Shrieking a passionate cry for the light—
"Waves, cease your tumult! ye winds, die away!"
Pacing the strand in a frantic unrest,
Strove she to pierce the thick darkness in vain.
Ah! will that mother e'er hold to her breast,
Throbbing with rapture, her lost ones again

III.

Morn comes at length, with its first feeble ray;
Look at yon strip of the pale eastern sky!
Boats, sure, are crowding fast into the bay—
Or do the tears blur the over-strained eye?
Day shines out bright, and the boats they draw near;
Firm in the foremost a fisherman stands—
Hark! 'tis her husband whose voice rings so clear;
See! their two darlings are safe in his hands.

JOHN LATEY.

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